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HEATHER MOORE • HASSAN OTSMANE - ELHAOU

BLOOD STAINED TEETH

TM

• **BOOK ONE** •
BITE ME

Image Comics presents...

BLOOD STAINED TEETH

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BOOK ONE - BITE ME



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There are two types of Vampire.

One is born.

One is made.



Only First Born Vampires have the ability to turn someone. The First Borns are rich and powerful and have long watched from positions of power over human society. The world is theirs.

Sips--those that are turned--are vicious, unsatisfiable killers and are decreed forbidden by the First Born.

This is the story of those Sips and the Vampire who made them.



The humans
always want
to tell me
their stories.



They come to
me thinking
I care.



I don't.



JENNIFER ROSEN
THE INFLUENCER
WITH 2 MILLION
FOLLOWERS!
(and now undead SIP)

ATTICUS SLOANE
Vampire for hire.
(Bastard.)

I just want
their money.



I'm not running
a charity here.

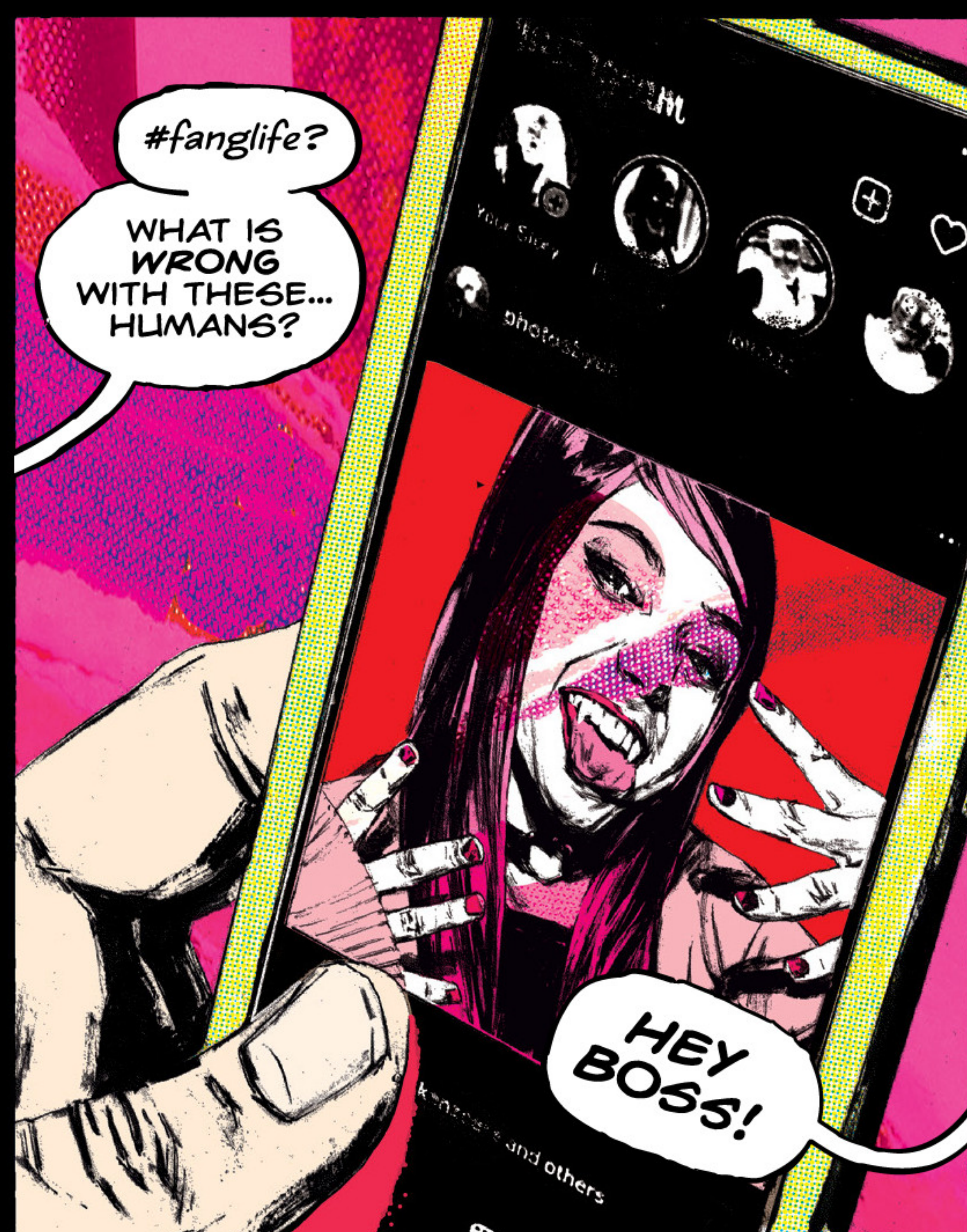
There's a sliding scale.
Starts at ten
thousand, minimum.

Plus ten percent of
all future earnings.

Immortality
isn't cheap.



--the
fuck?



#fanglife?
WHAT IS
WRONG
WITH THESE...
HUMANS?

HEY
BOSS!







THIS
WAS *SUCH*
A BAD IDEA.
THIS IS THE
FLICKING
FLYERS
ALL OVER
AGAIN.

THAT WAS
ALMOST FORTY
YEARS AGO, BOSS.
EVERYONE MAKES
MISTAKES.

"MISTAKES WITH
FANGS, JOEY.
MISTAKES WITH
FANGS."

BLOOD!
**THE
BLOOD!**

15 YEARS AGO...

I NEED
THE **BLOOD**.
Blood save
me.

THREE
STAB
WOUNDS.
TWO UPPER-
LEFT THIGH.
ONE UPPER-
LEFT
CHEST.

START
ME A
CENTRAL
LINE.

GET ME TWO
UNITS OF
O'NEG!

PULSE
ONE-
TWENTY!

**RANDOLPH
KINSKI**
*Dracula
super-fan.*

MR.
KINSKI,
CAN YOU
HEAR
ME?

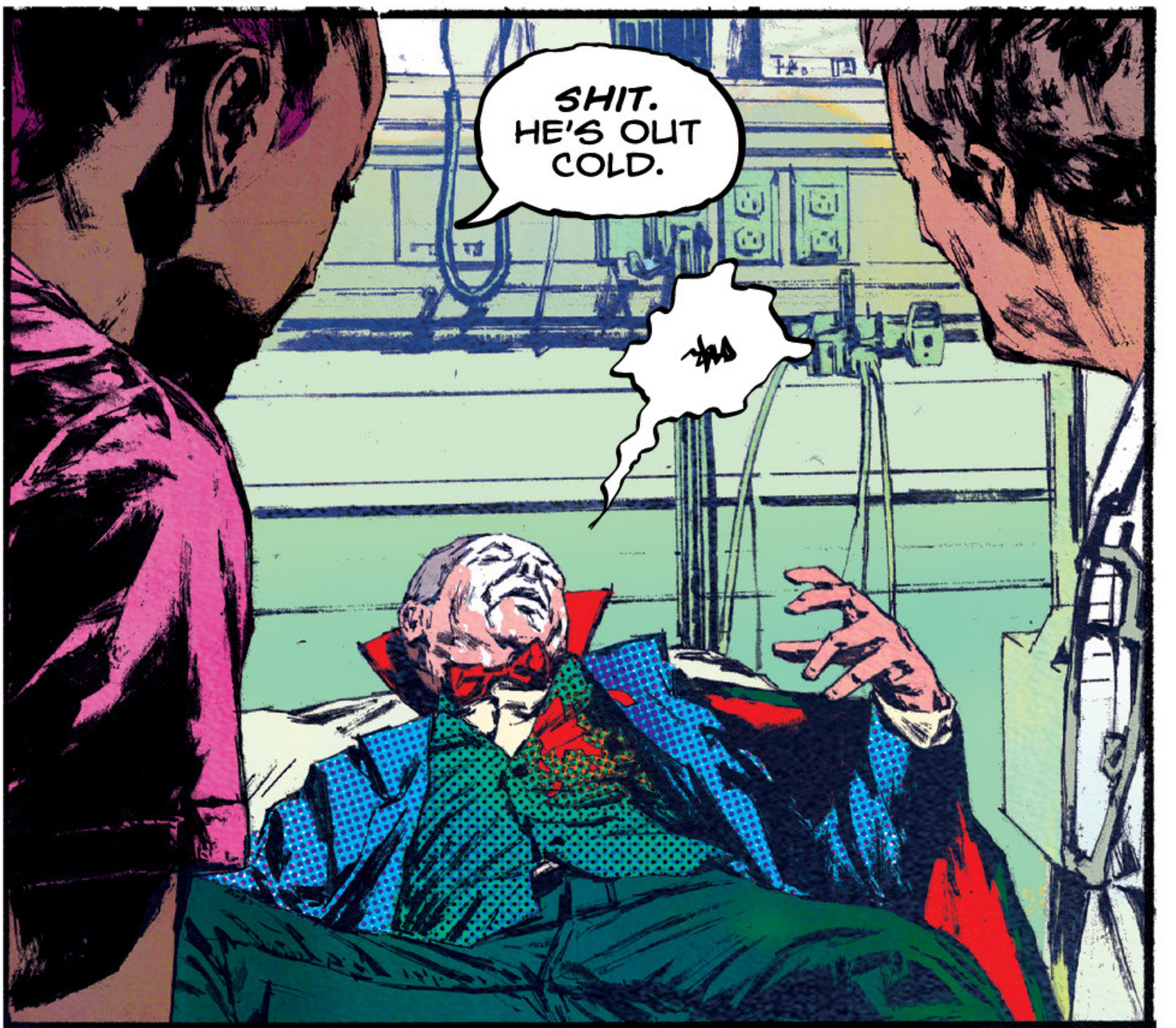
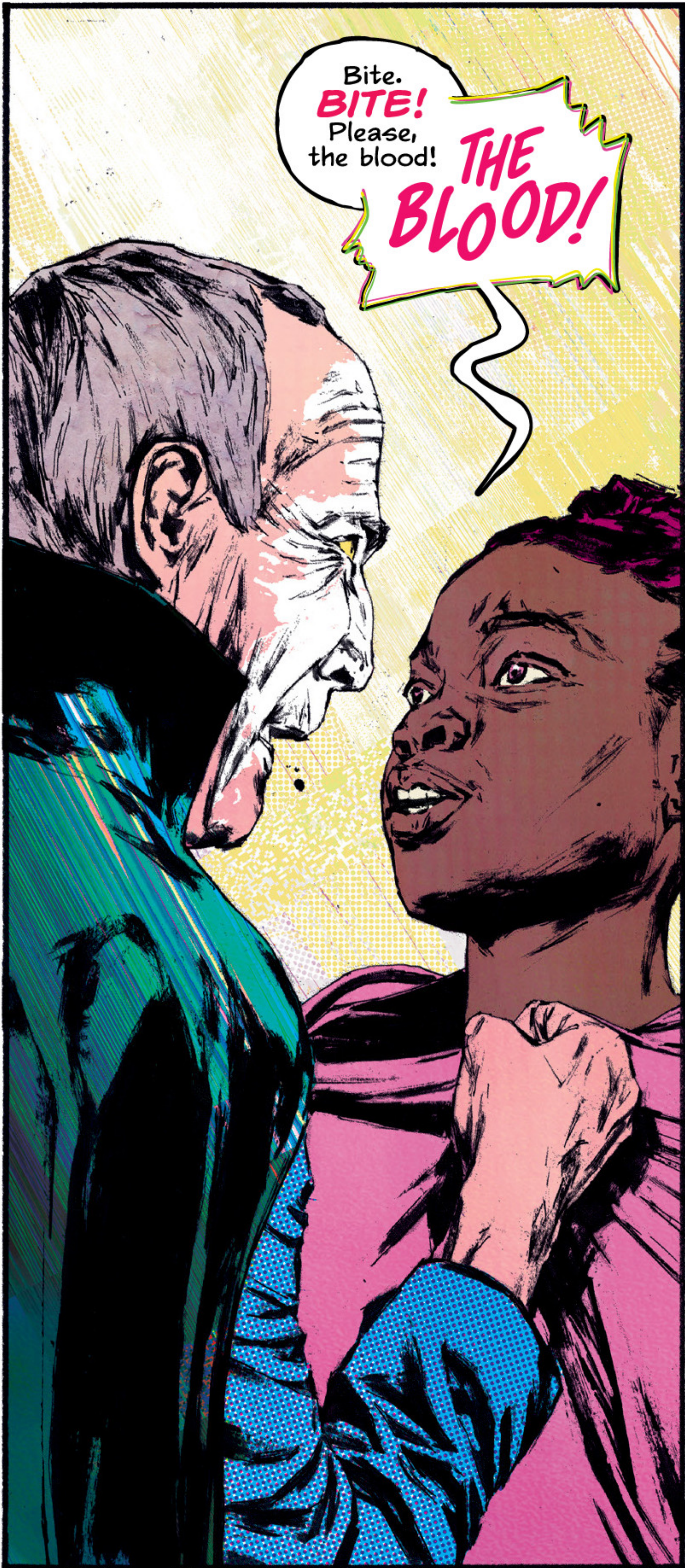
What the
hell is he
wearing?

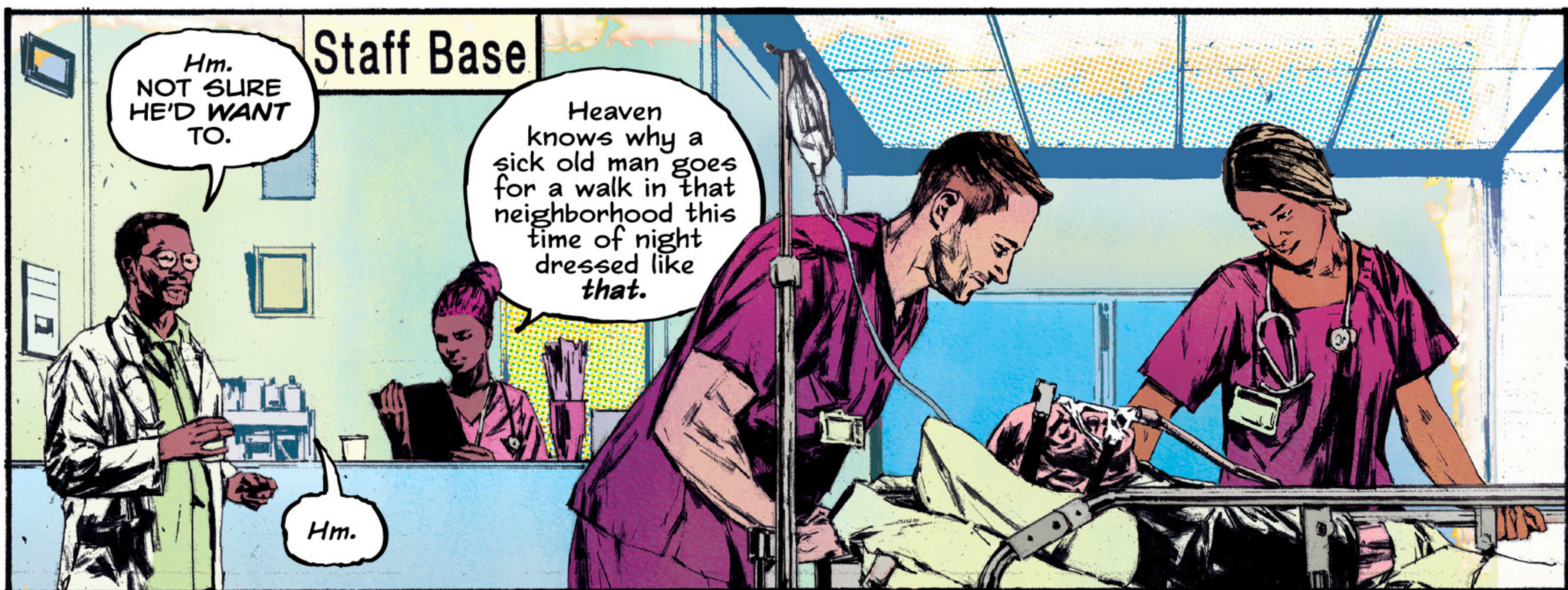
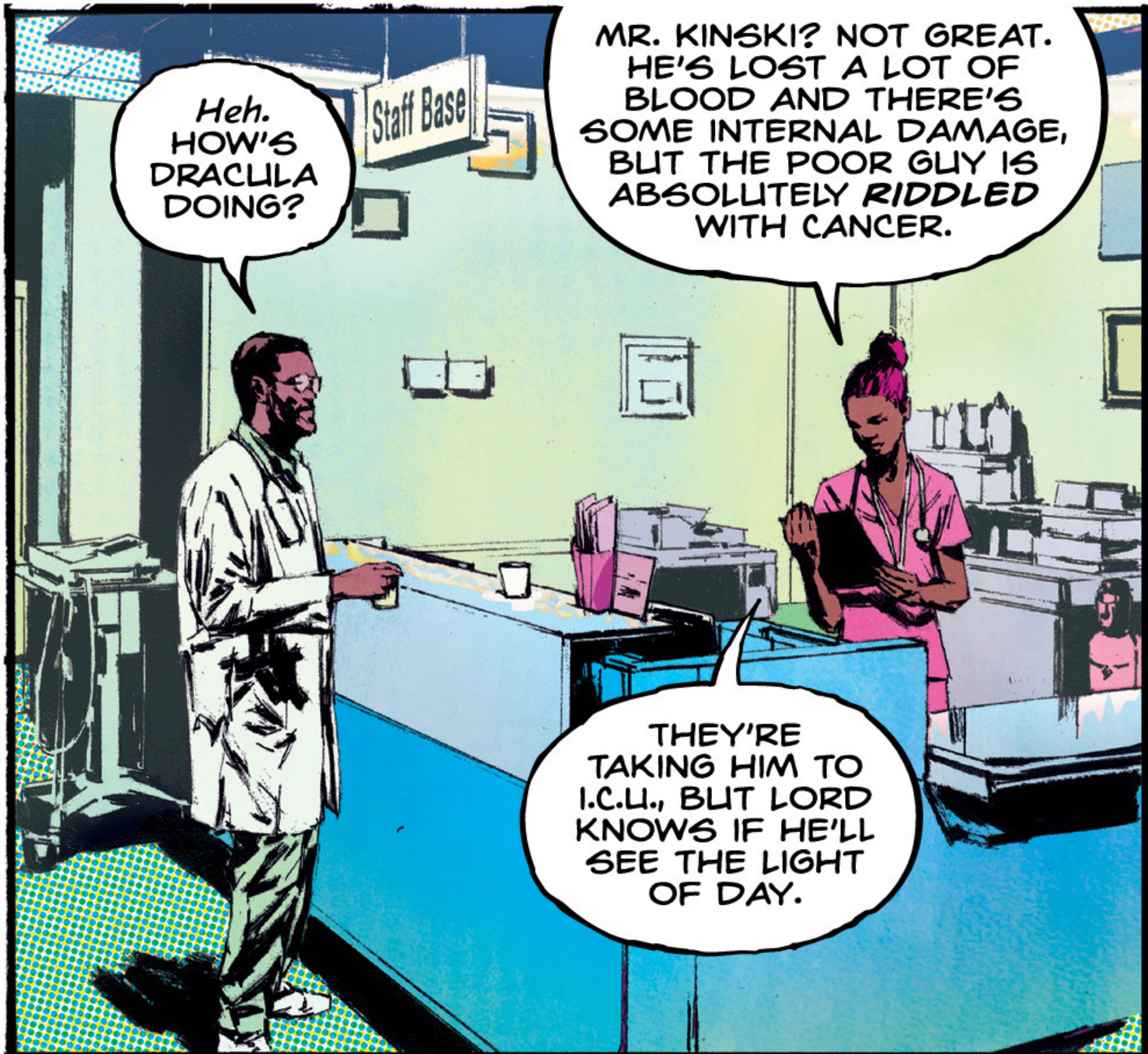
MR.
KINSKI?
DO YOU
HEAR
ME?

Someone
needs to tell
him it's not
Halloween.

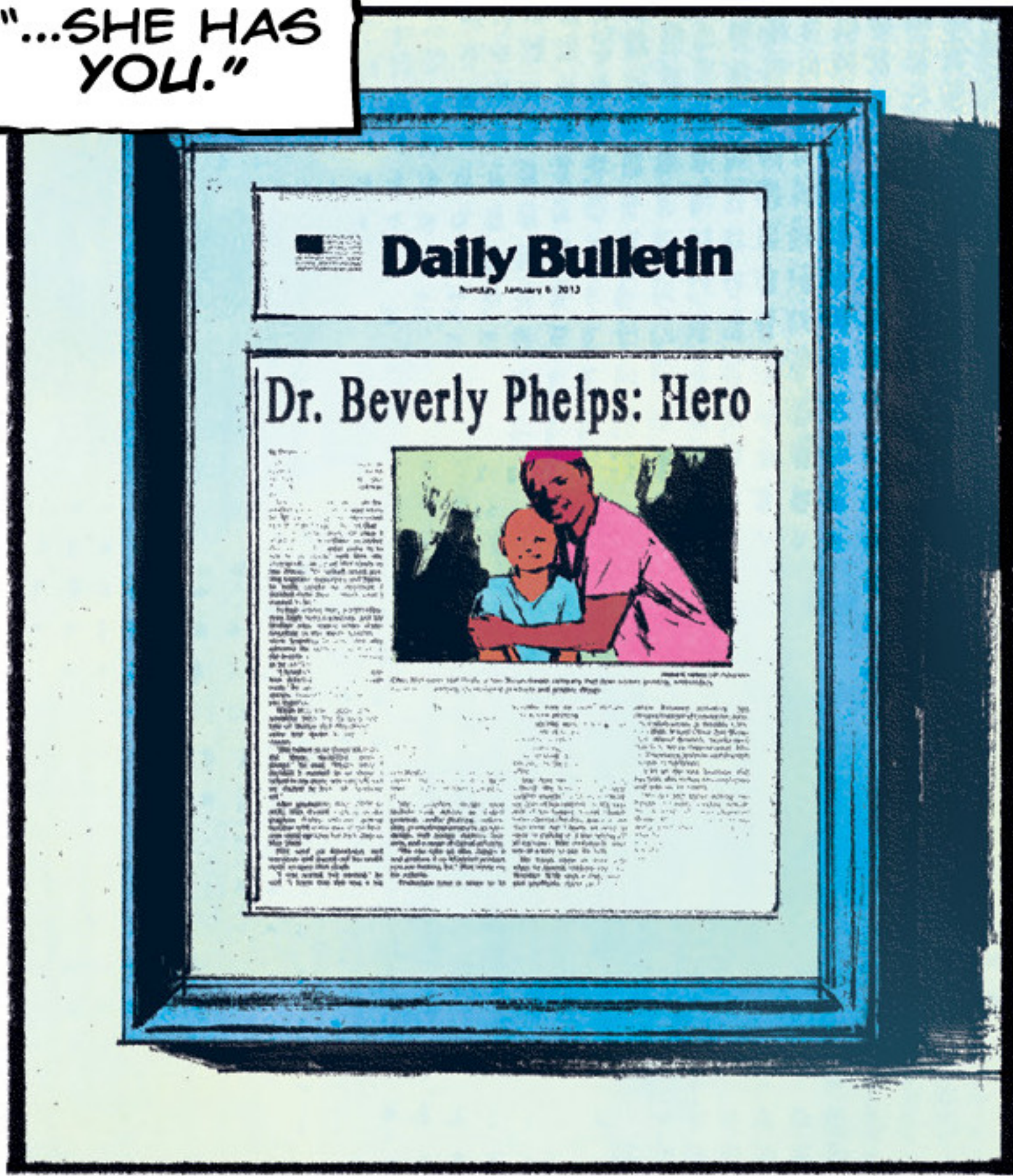
One
of those
tourist photo
op costume
guys?

MR.
KINSKI?





"...SHE HAS YOU."



COME ON, MR. KINSKI, YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING IN HERE TO LET US KNOW WHO TO CALL.



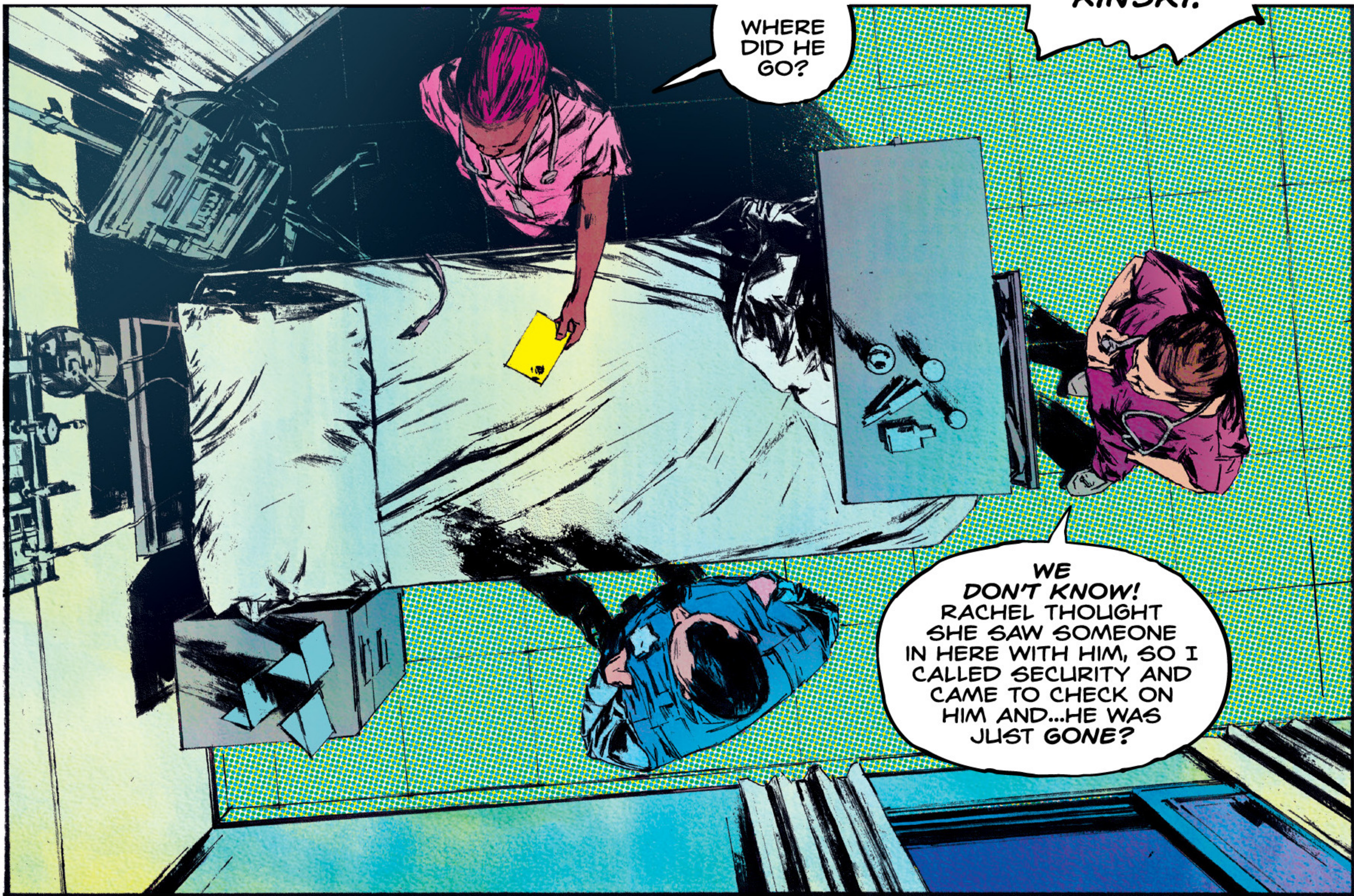
What is...?

DR. PHELPS!

COME QUICK--



--IT'S MR. KINSKI!



WHERE DID HE GO?

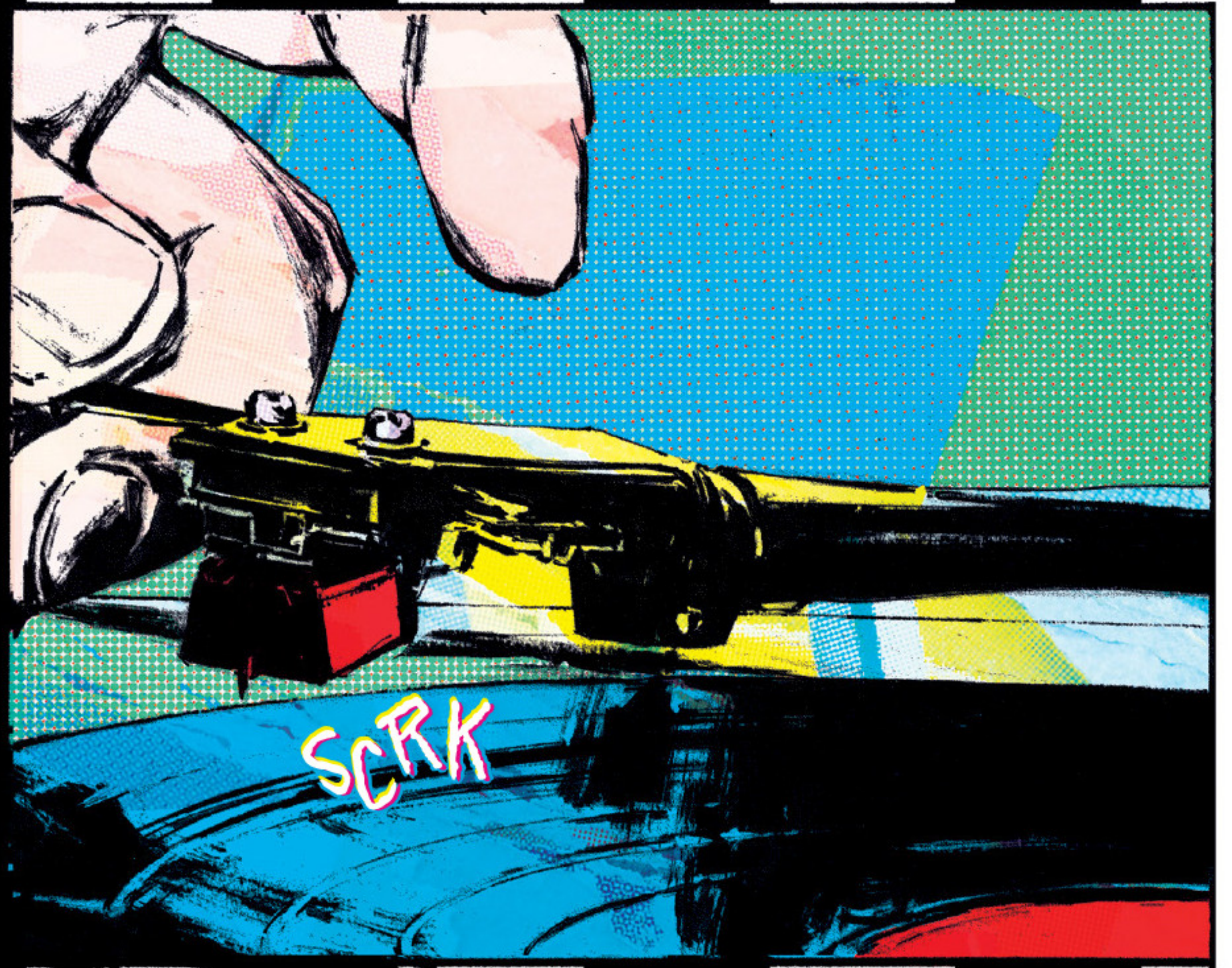
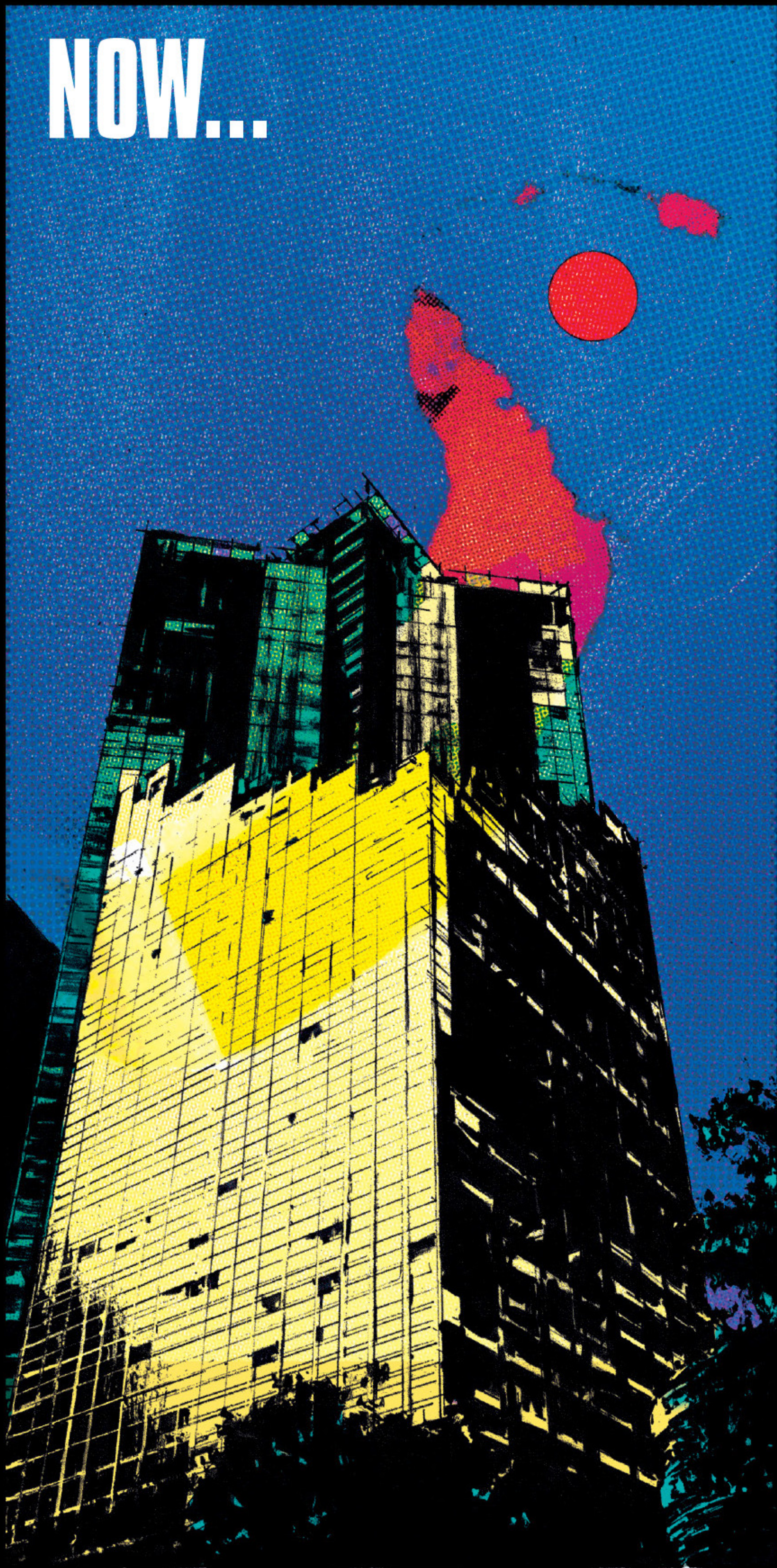
WE DON'T KNOW! RACHEL THOUGHT SHE SAW SOMEONE IN HERE WITH HIM, SO I CALLED SECURITY AND CAME TO CHECK ON HIM AND...HE WAS JUST GONE?



IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. IT'S NOT... It's not possible.



...What were you doing, old man?





EARLIER THAT EVENING...





THE
FRESHEST
AND RAREST OF
DELICACIES ON THIS
FEAST NIGHT. ONE-
HUNDRED-PERCENT
UNTETHERED.

AN
UNTETHERED
SIP?

Vile,
vicious
creature.

Ffffuck.

Got
what's
coming
to it.

SIP'S
DELICIOUS.



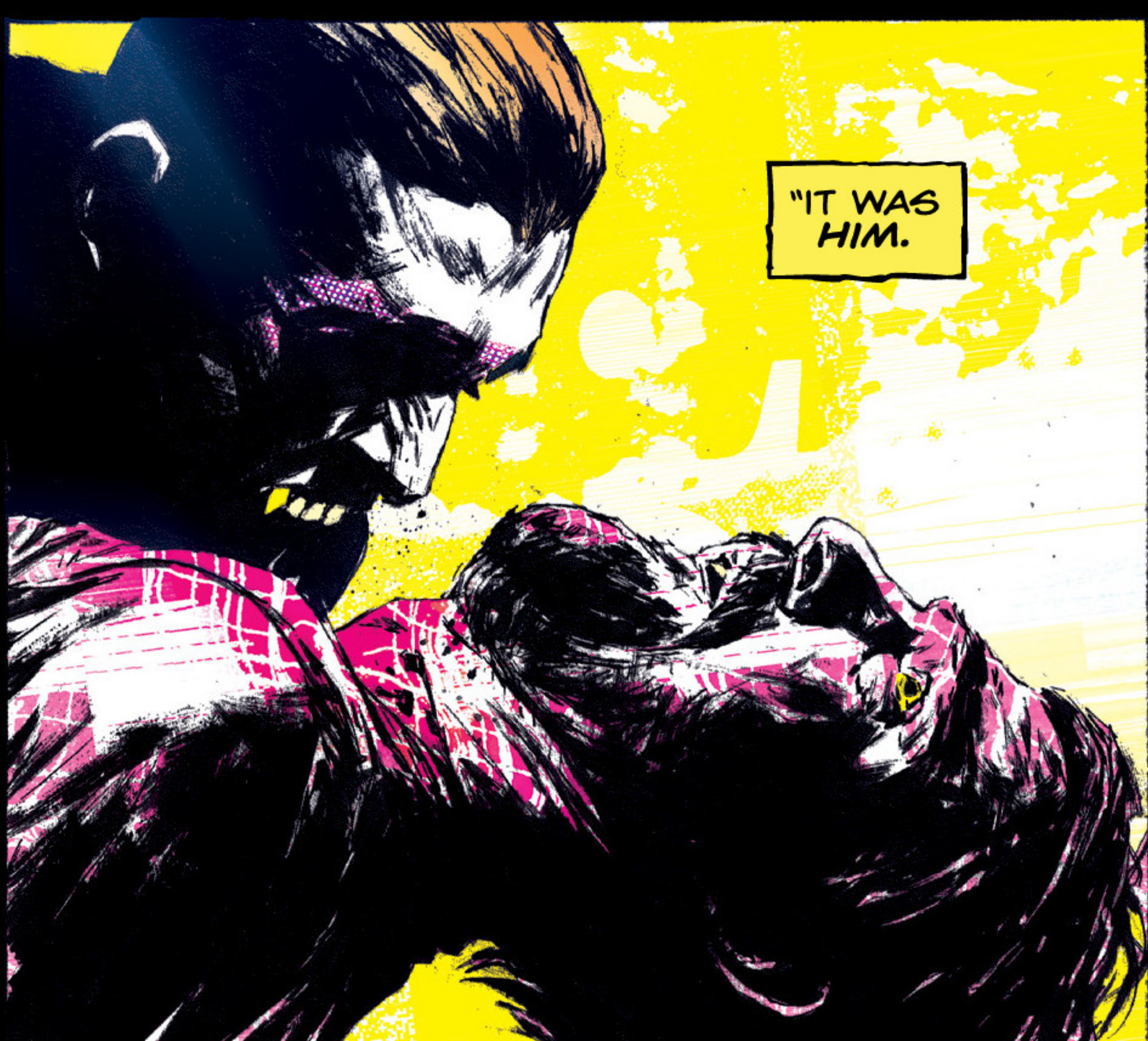
FLUCK.

Yeah,
fuck.



"YOU
SURE
IT WAS
HIM?"

"YEAH."



"IT WAS
HIM."

"THAT BLIND ARTIST
WHO WANTED TO
SEE AGAIN. TURNED
HIM, WHAT, TWO
YEARS BACK?"





BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THOSE MONSTERS ARE MADE *REAL*?

THESE SIPS AREN'T LIKE FIRST BORNs. THEY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE AND THEY DRAW ATTENTION.

TO US.

BROTHER STOKER
First Council's head of public relations.

MR. TOOTH
First Born heavy.





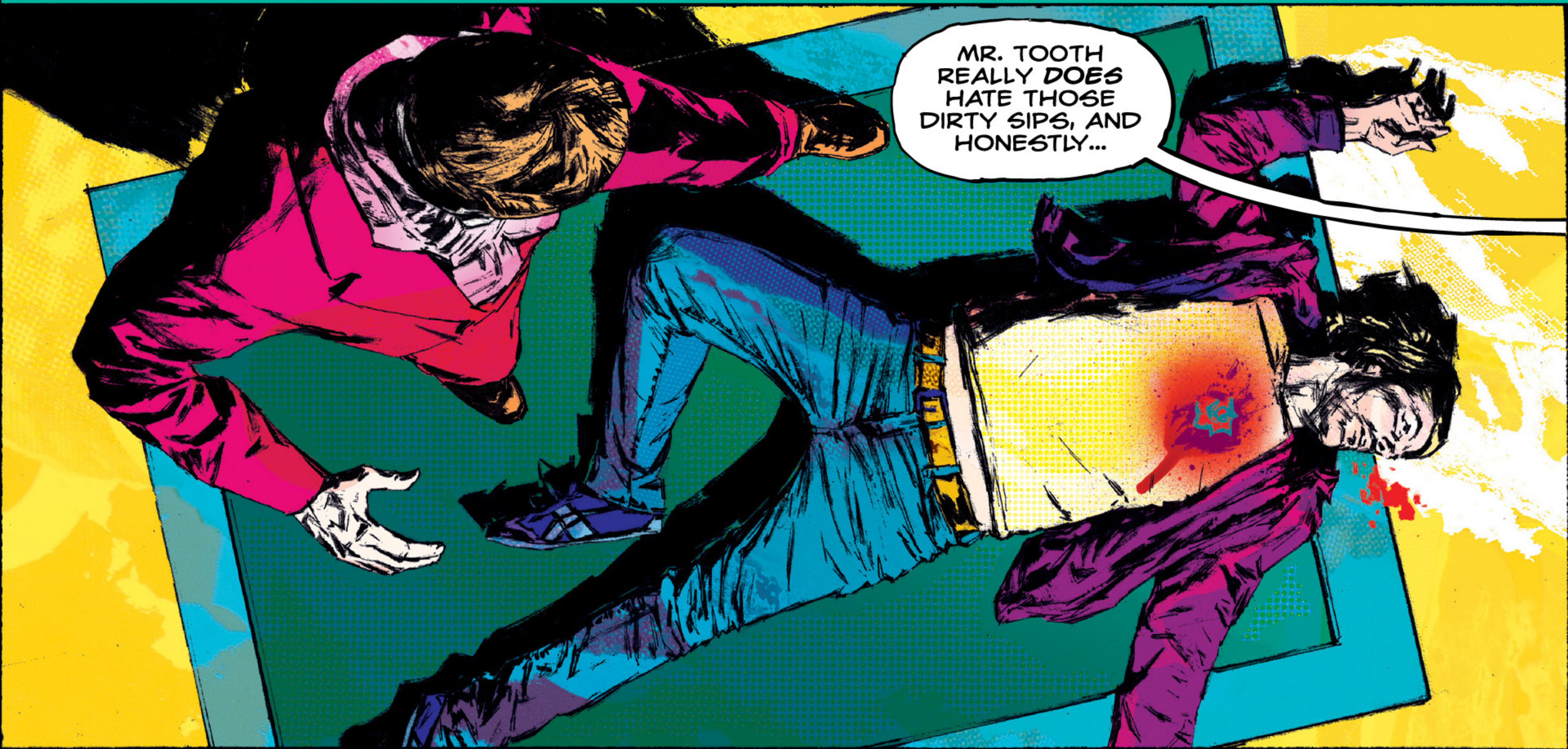


"FETCH YOUR TOY,
MR. TOOTH. I BELIEVE
ATTILIS SLOANE
NEEDS *FURTHER*
EDUCATION ON THE
ERROR OF HIS WAYS."

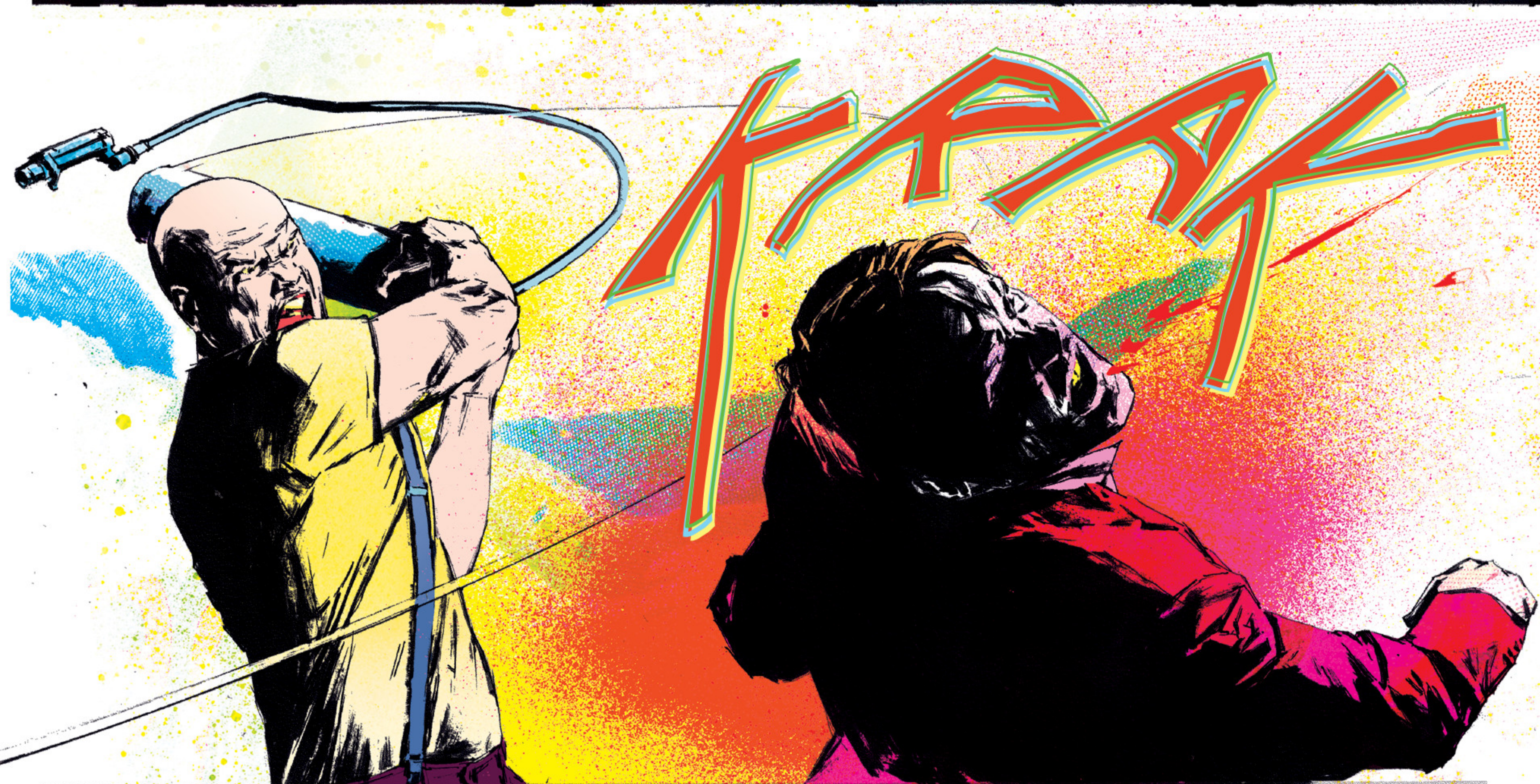


FFFFUCK!

KRAASH



MR. TOOTH
REALLY *DOES*
HATE THOSE
DIRTY SIPS, AND
HONESTLY...



NOW, LET'S
GET YOU
COMFORTABLE
BEFORE WE ASK
YOU SOME
QUESTIONS.

LATER...



You motherfuckers. You knocked one of my teeth out.

ATTICUS SLOANE, I'M GETTING TIRED OF ASKING. HOW MANY HUMANS HAVE YOU TURNED INTO SIPS?



I DLINNO, MAN. I TOLD YOU. THEY ALL BLUR INTO ONE.

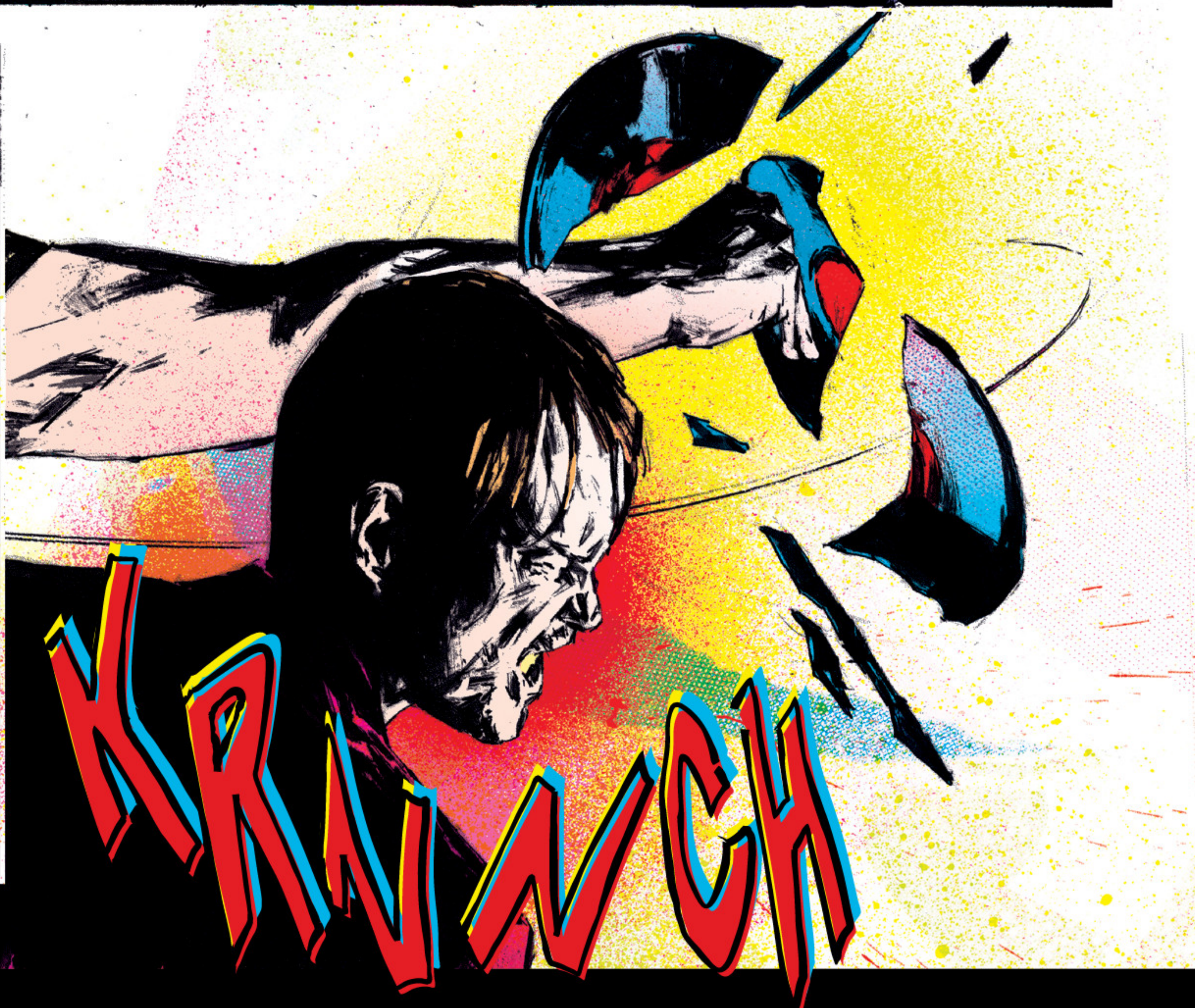
COME ON! ALL THIS STUFF IS EXPENSIVE.



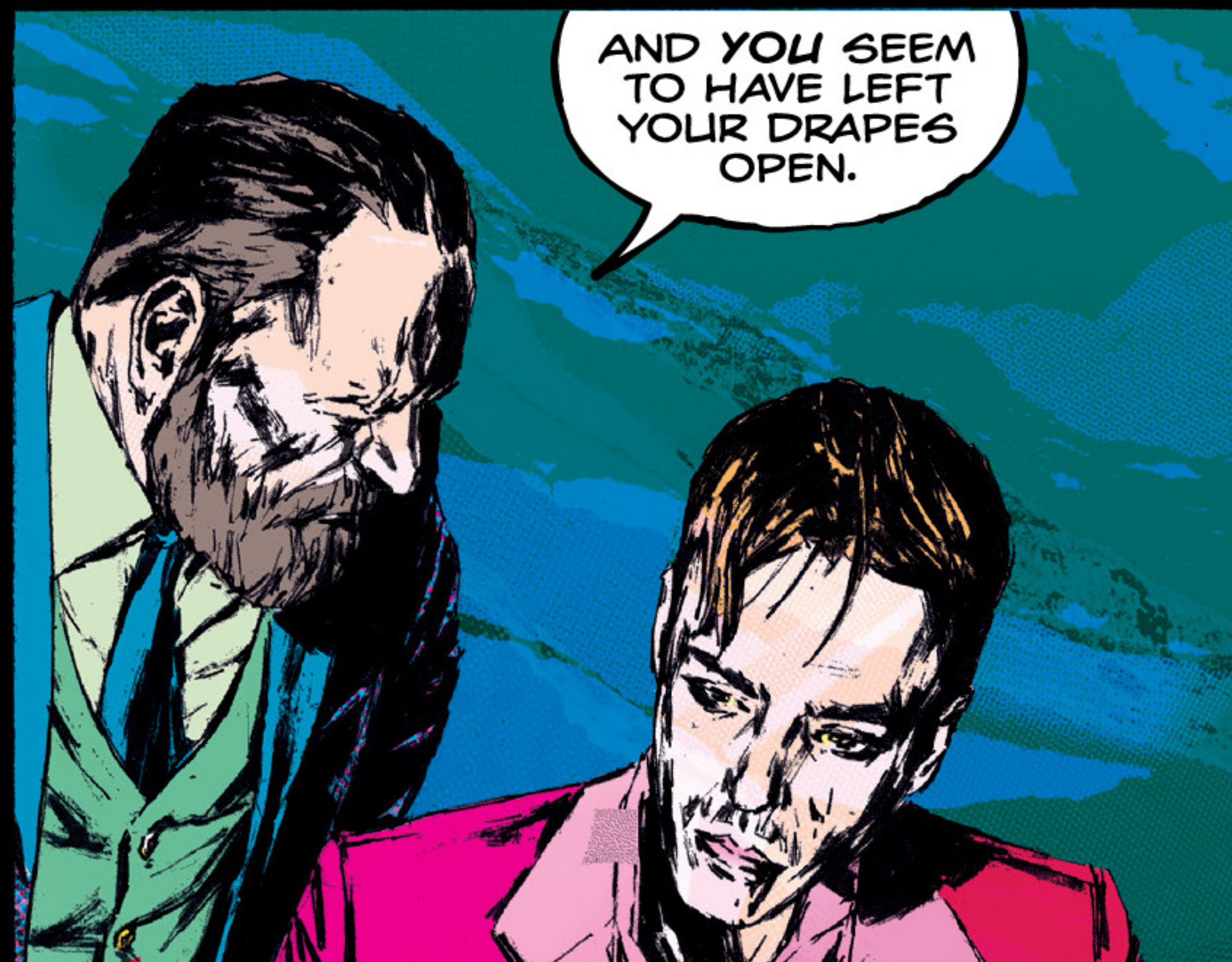
YOU REALLY LIKE THIS HUMAN SHIT?

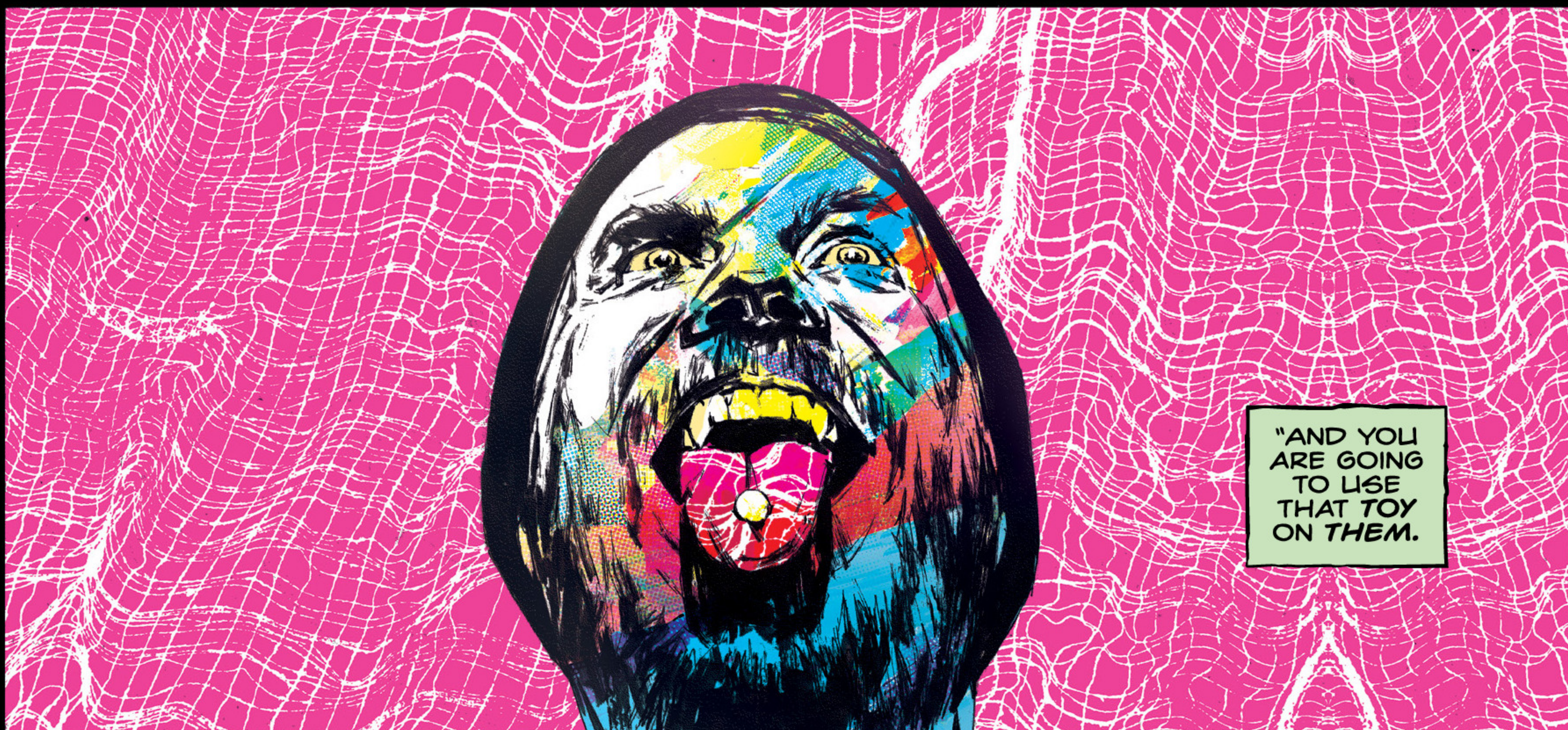
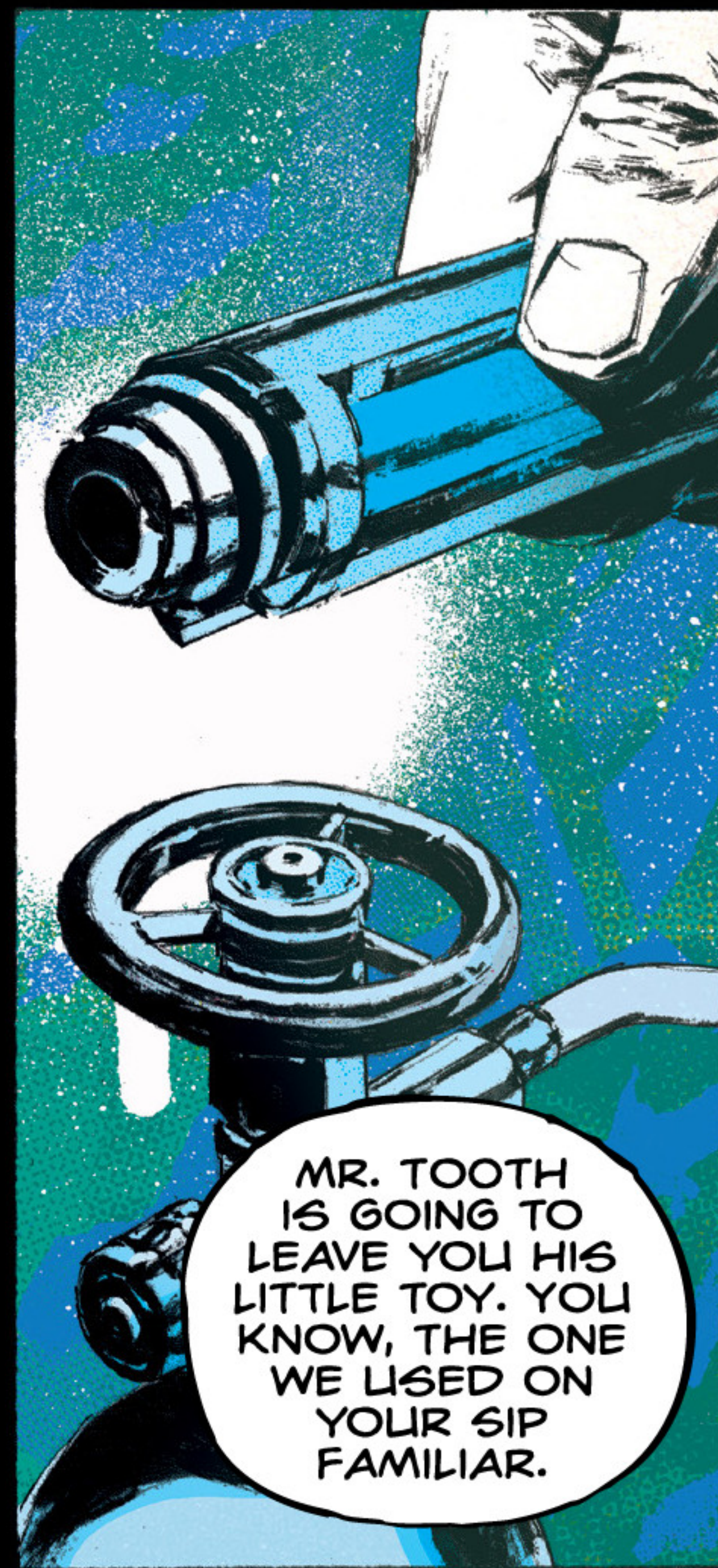
NO, I DON'T REALLY LIKE THIS HUMAN SHIT. I JUST LIKE THAT SHIT.

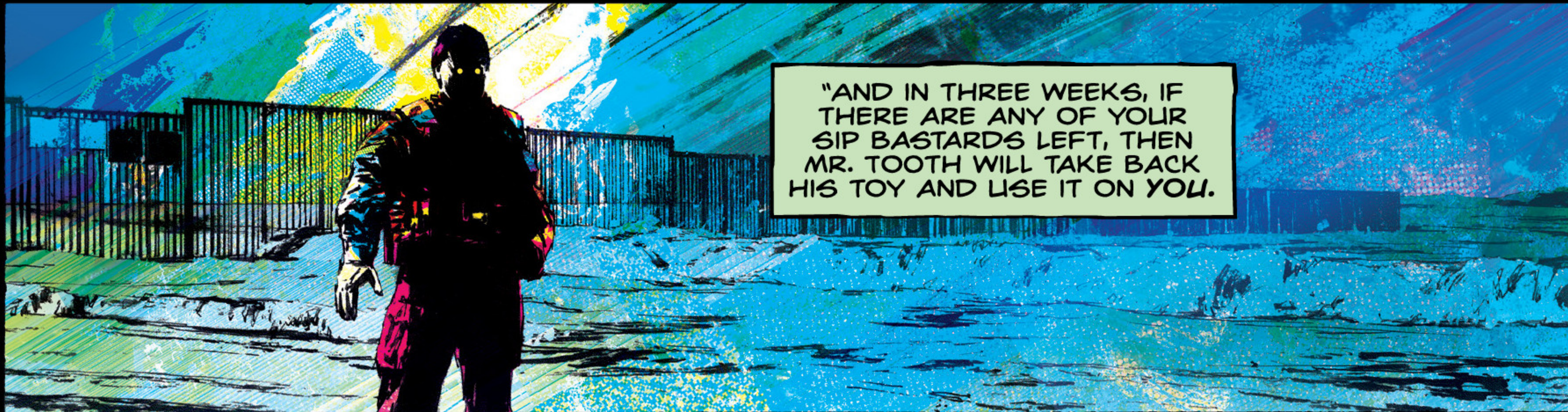
JUST BE CAREFUL. THAT'S A FIRST PRESSING, YOU GORILLA. DON'T YOU FUCKING SCRATCH--



KRUNCH







"AND IN THREE WEEKS, IF THERE ARE ANY OF YOUR SIP BASTARDS LEFT, THEN MR. TOOTH WILL TAKE BACK HIS TOY AND USE IT ON YOU."



"DO YOU UNDERSTAND, ATTICUS SLOANE?"



"YOU'RE GOING TO KILL THEM."

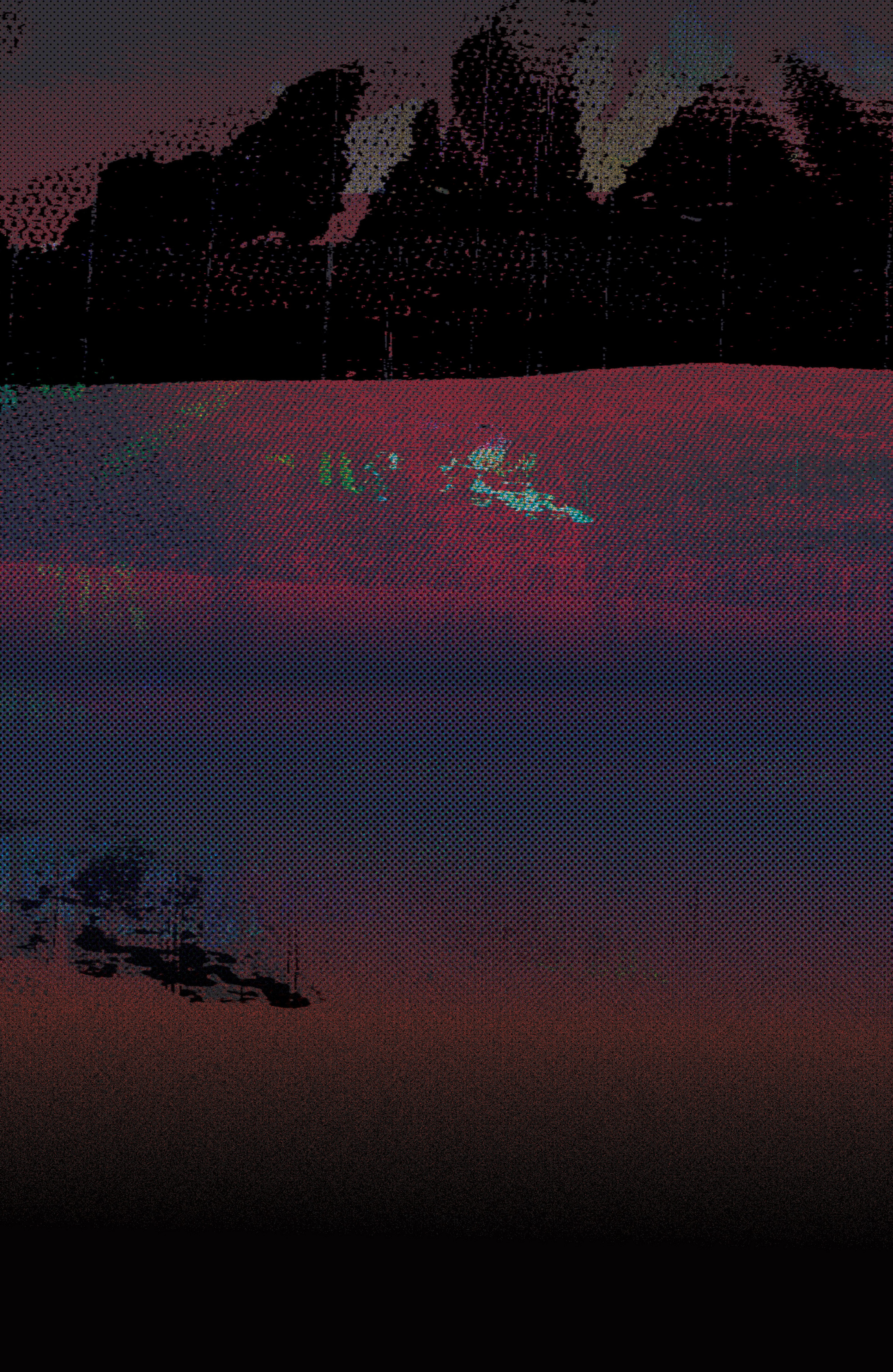


"YOU'RE GOING TO KILL YOUR VAMPIRE CHILDREN."



"EVERY SINGLE ONE."

for JPL

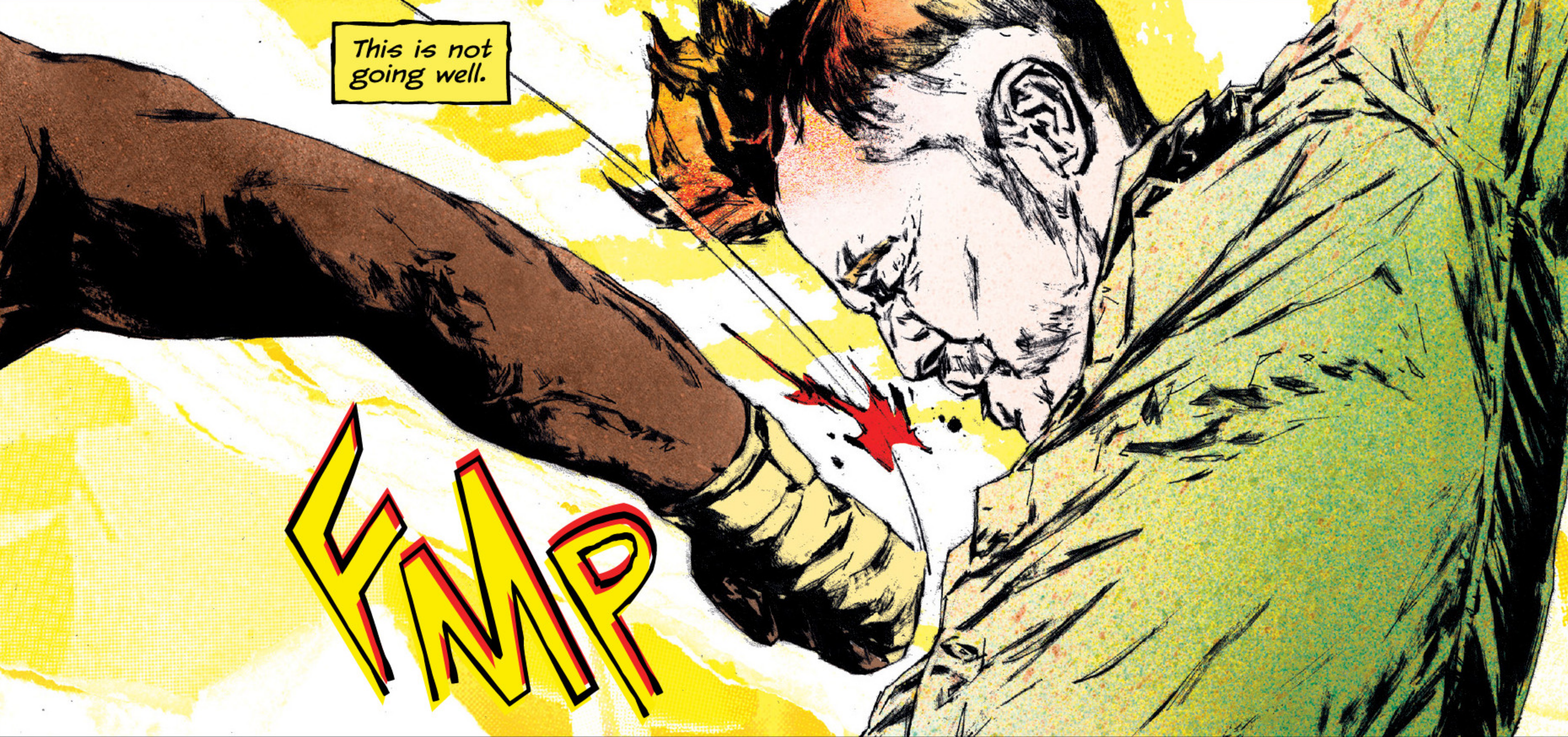




**For decades, Atticus Sloane has been
turning humans into Vampires. Referred
to by the First Council as 'Sips'.**

**Now, he has a month to find all those that
he turned or face deadly consequences.**

**Kill all that he has
turned or the First Born
Council will kill him.**

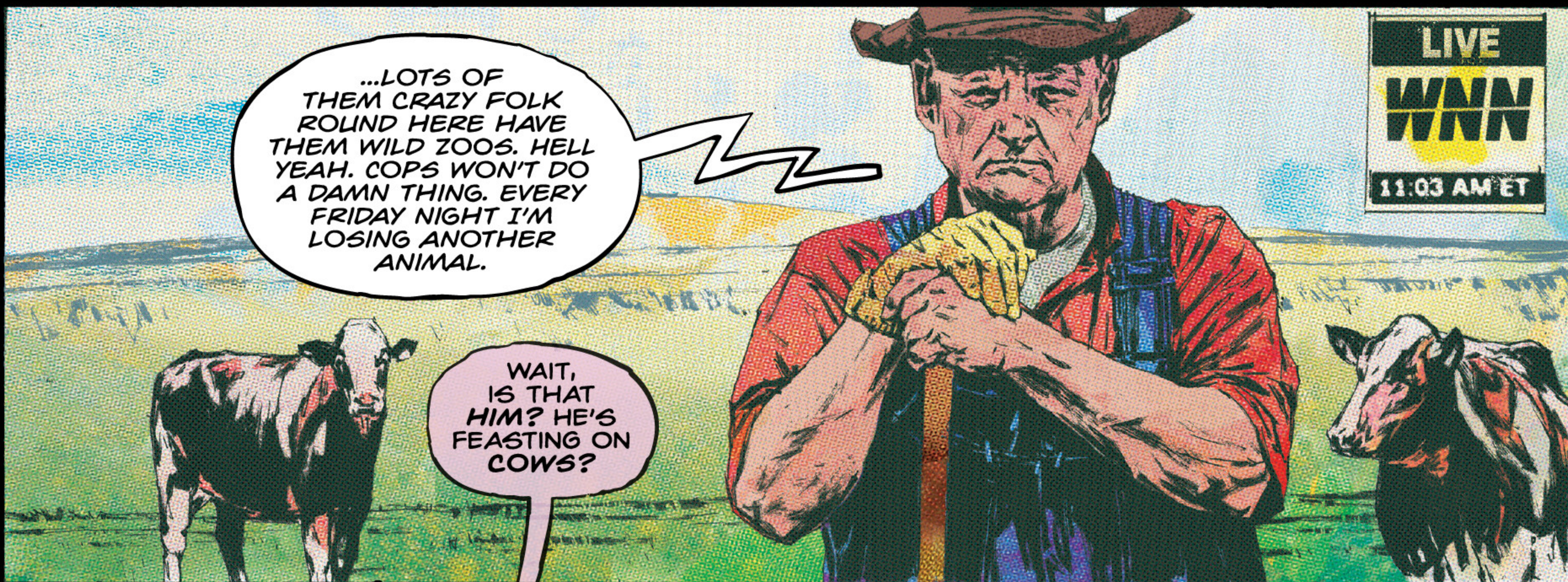




WHAT THE FLICK DO YOU KNOW? YOU'RE DEAD.

I DUNNO, BOSS. I RECKON THAT KINDA MAKES ME AN EXPERT ON THE MATTER.

SURE, SOME ESCAPED LION. OR TIGER. SURE.



...LOTS OF THEM CRAZY FOLK ROUND HERE HAVE THEM WILD ZOOS. HELL YEAH. COPS WON'T DO A DAMN THING. EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT I'M LOSING ANOTHER ANIMAL.

WAIT, IS THAT HIM? HE'S FEASTING ON COWS?

LIVE
WNN
11:03 AM ET



YES, JOEY.

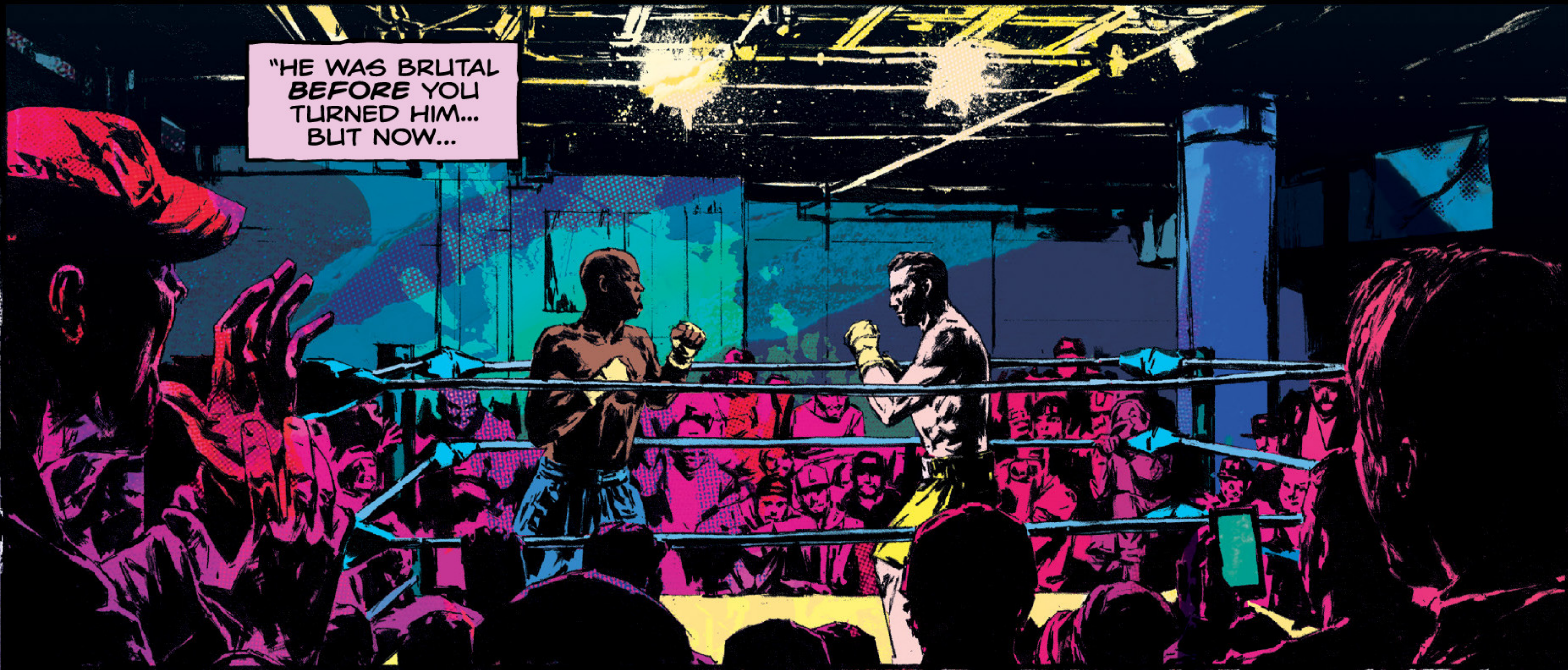
I'D SAY HE'S FEASTING ON COWS.



DUKE ELLIS

*Cage Fighting
Sip Vampire.*

"LISTEN, BOSS,
THIS GUY'S
NO JOKE.



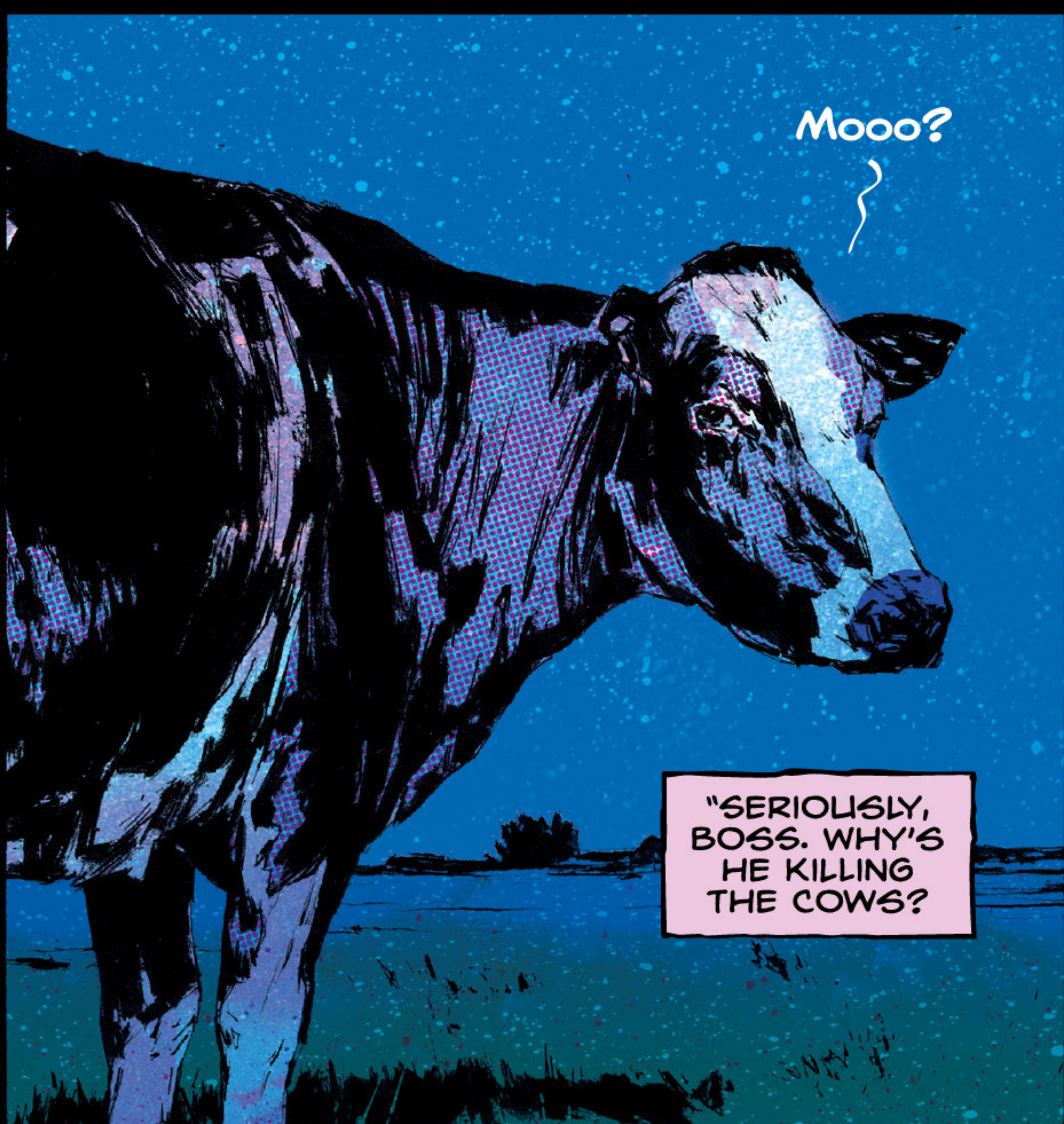
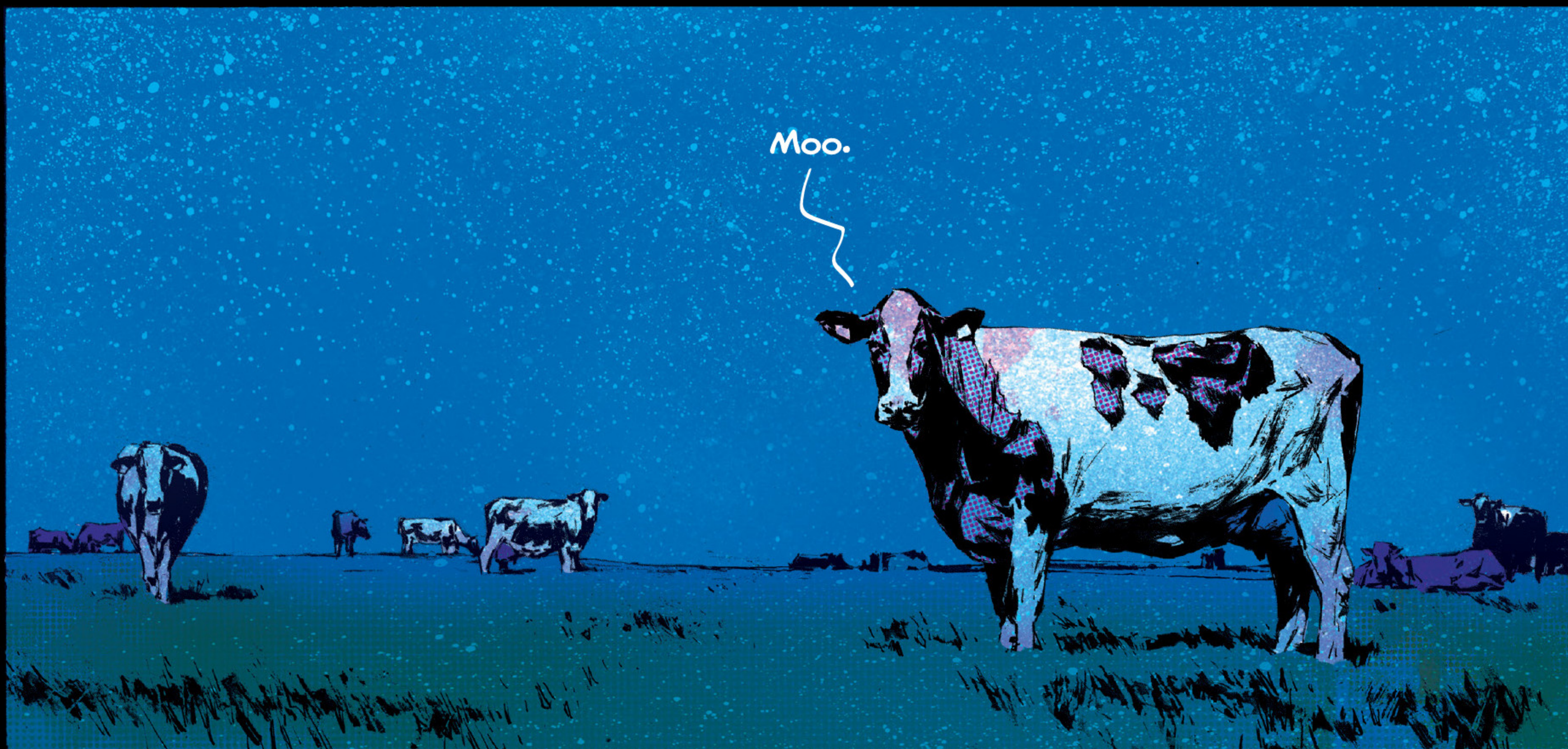
"HE WAS BRUTAL
BEFORE YOU
TURNED HIM...
BUT NOW...



"...christ..."



MOTHERFUCKING
**APEX
PREDATOR,**
Y'ALL!





"...IT'S FRIDAY
NIGHT. FIGHT
NIGHT."

WHERE
YOU GOING,
YOU PALE
MOTHER-
FLICKER?

SO, BOSS, HOW DID
THE PLAN OF LETTING
HIM WEAR HIMSELF
OUT ON YOUR--

--how'd
you put
it?

"PRACTICABLY
INDESTRUCTIBLE
SELF"?

Joey.
Shut. The
fuck. **UP.**

CALL ME DUKE.
AND I AIN'T EVEN
TALKING, WHITE
BOY.

YOU
CRAZY VAMP
BASTARD...



YOU
COME
HERE--

--hn.



--AND
YOU
TRY--

--ghh.



--TO
KILL--

--ack!



--ME?!

--ooff!



YOU'RE
OUT OF
YOUR DAMN
MIND.



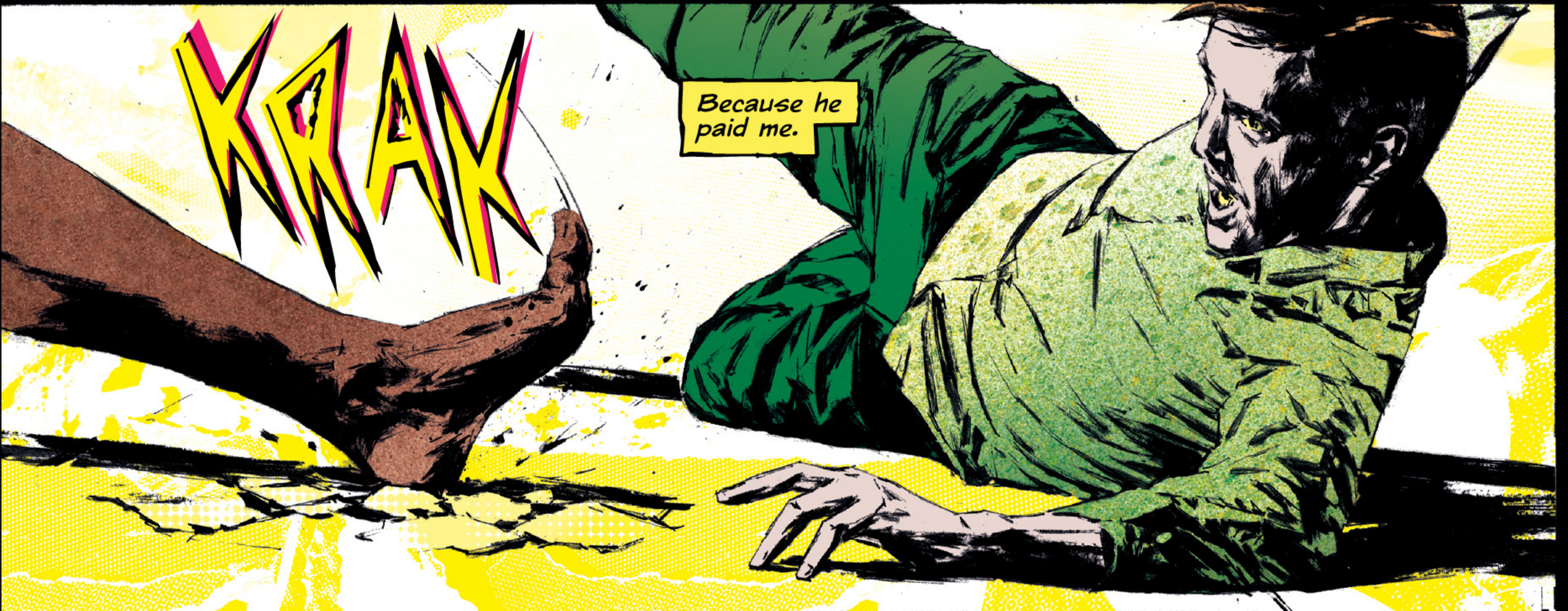
Fer
fuck's
sake.



So...
yeah...
I wasn't
talking
to you.
But...



...YOU
CAN SHUT
THE FUCK
UP, TOO.





=Hhff=
=Hhff=

People always come to me thinking I care about their reasons. The why of it all.



Hn.

Nope.



They all think they're so unique. Imagining their reason for wanting to be like me will inspire...

...I don't know...

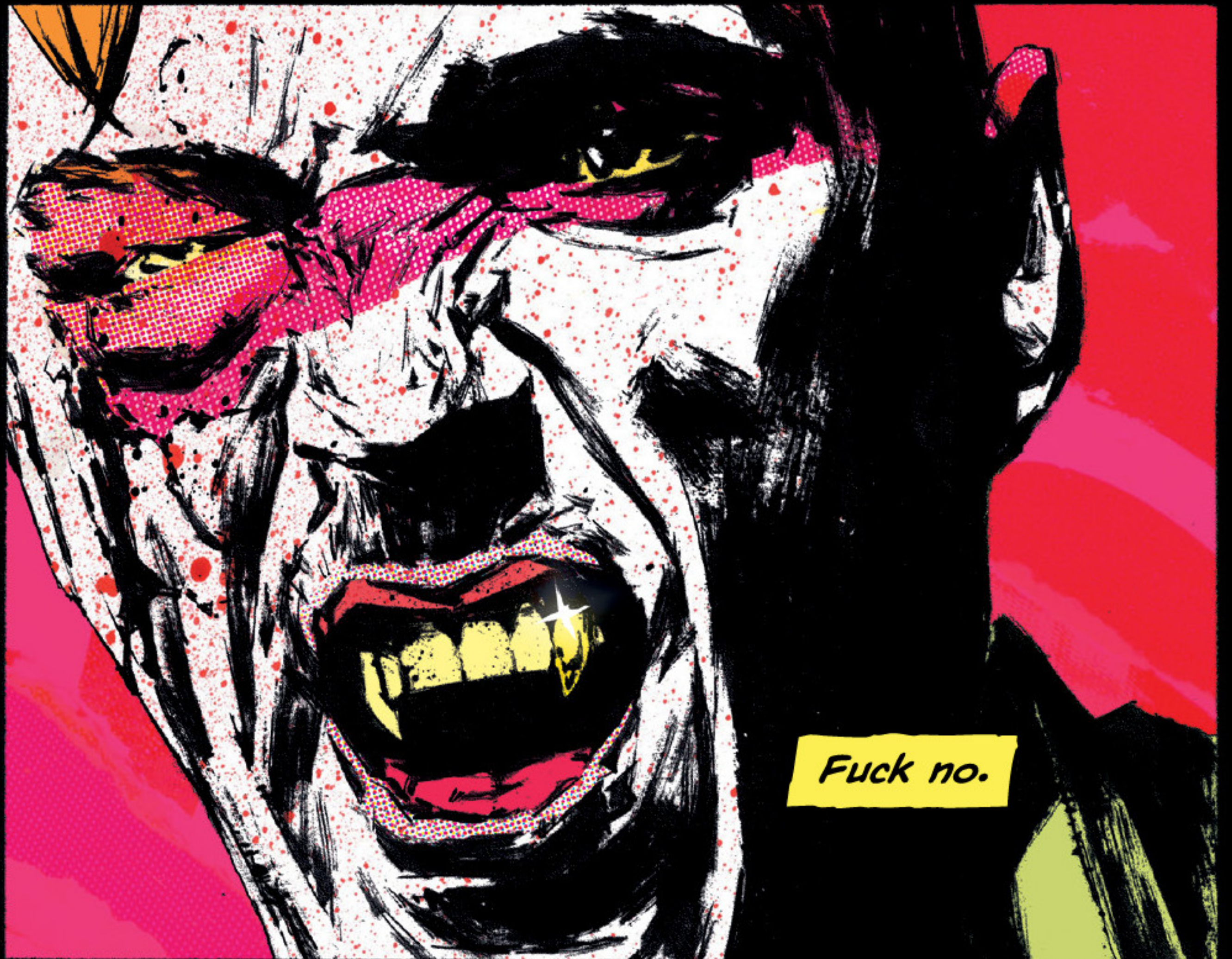


...

...a freebie?
A discount?



Friendship?



Fuck no.



They want to be...

⇒Hhh
huh hhh
huh←

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME
HERE. NO
WAY.



Stronger.

SCRAWNY
LITTLE
FLUCKER.

Dad,
please.



Faster.

No!



To be
feared.

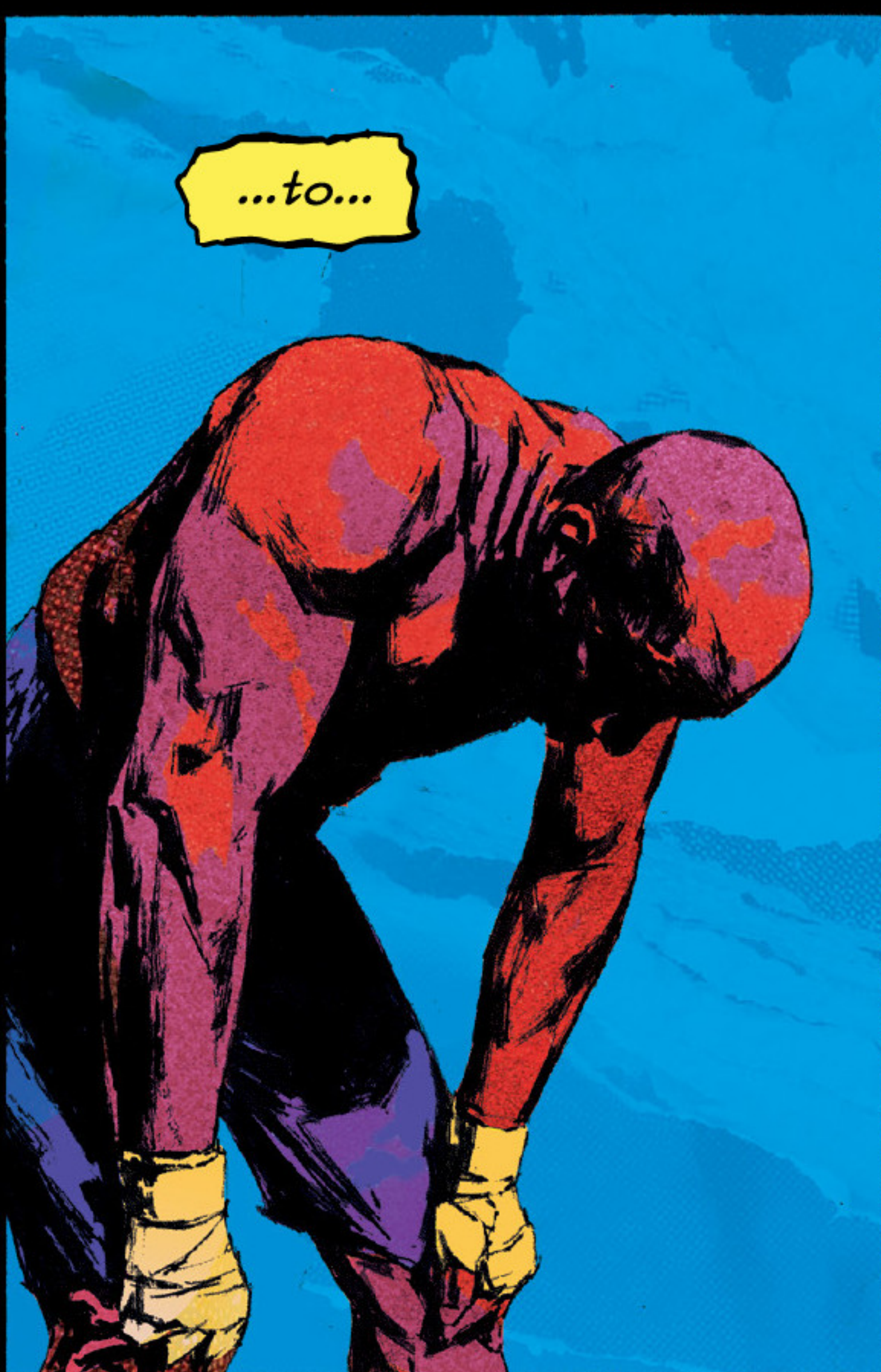
NO WAY,
MOTHER-
FUCKER.

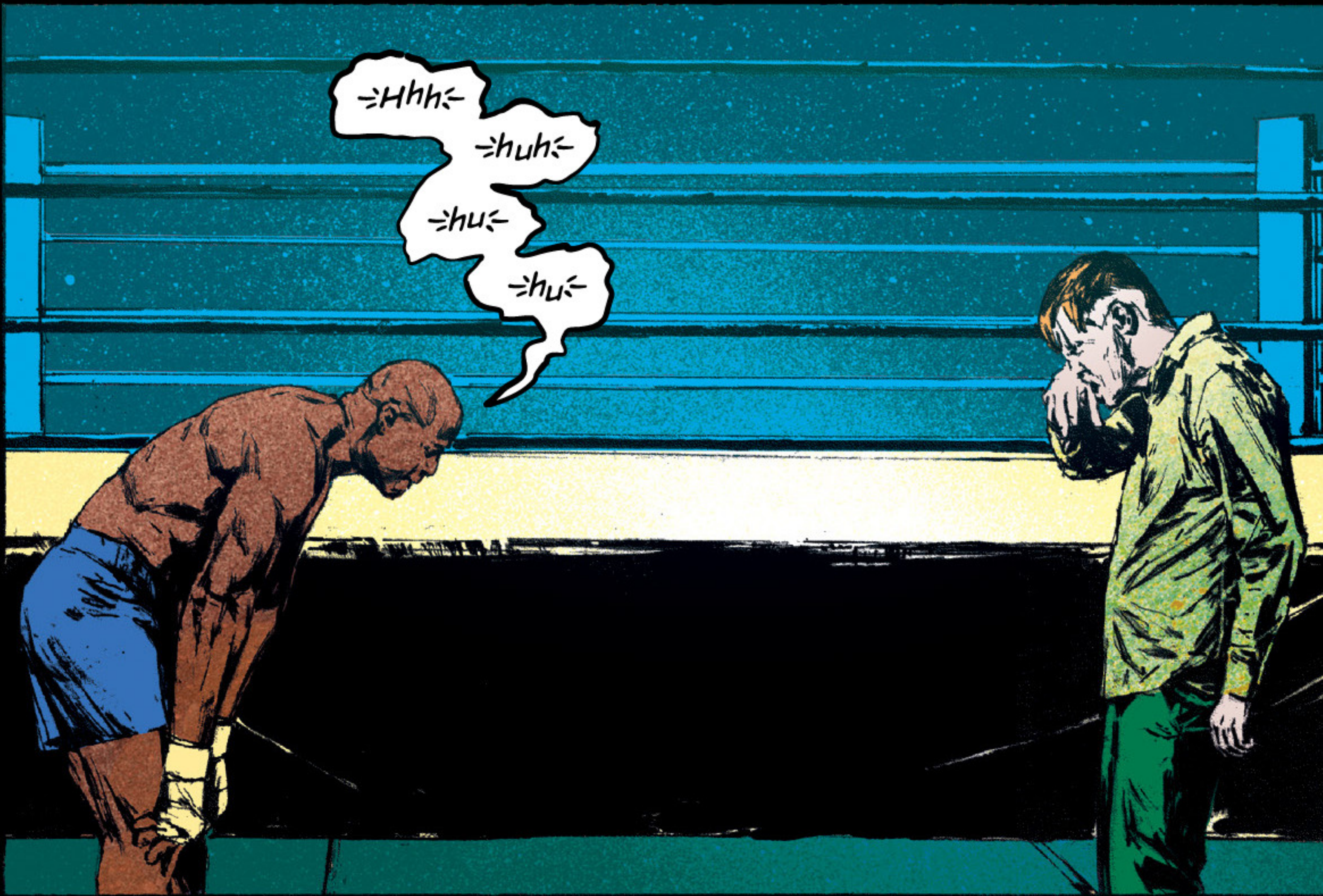
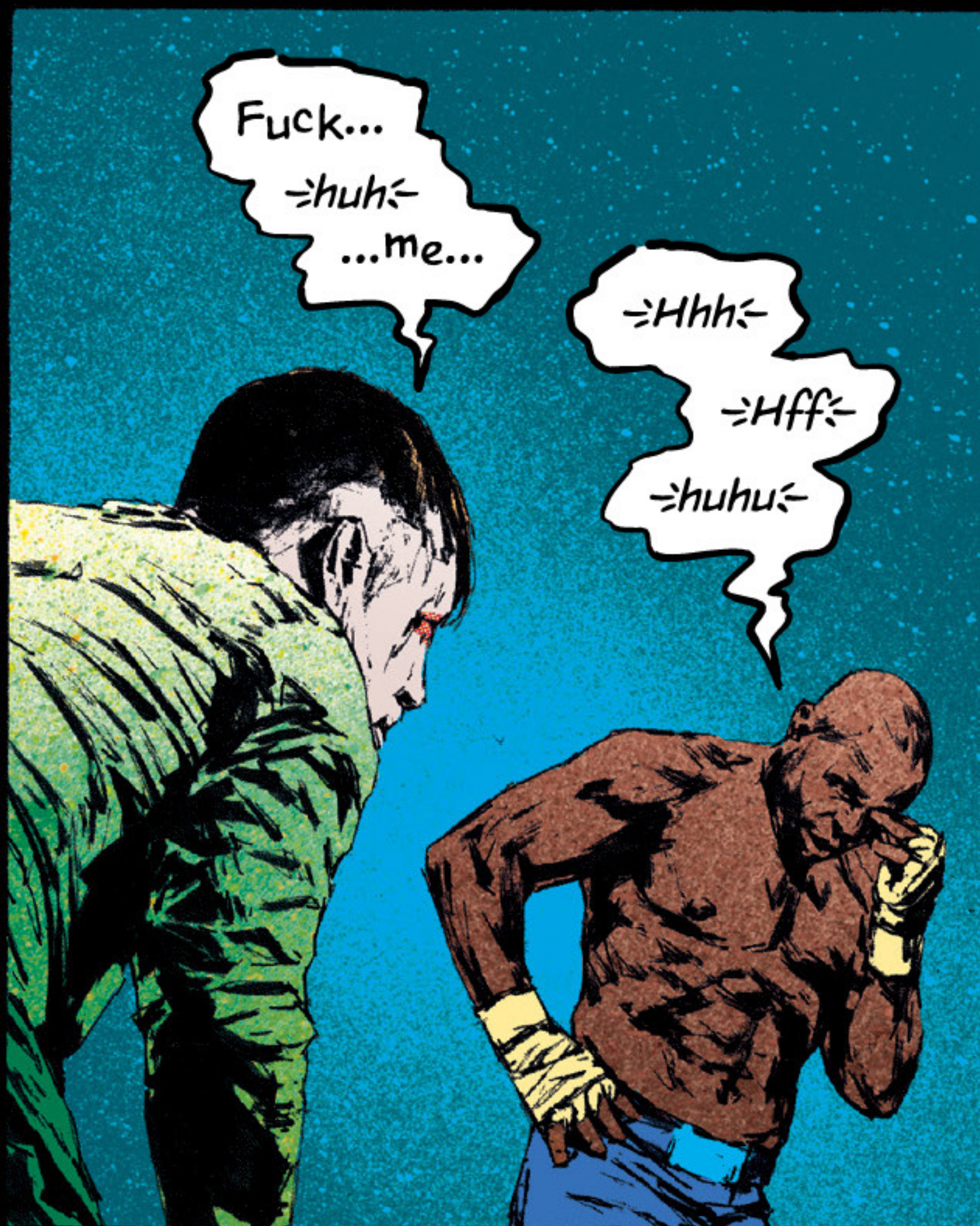
But it's
always the
same reason
dressed in
different
clothes.

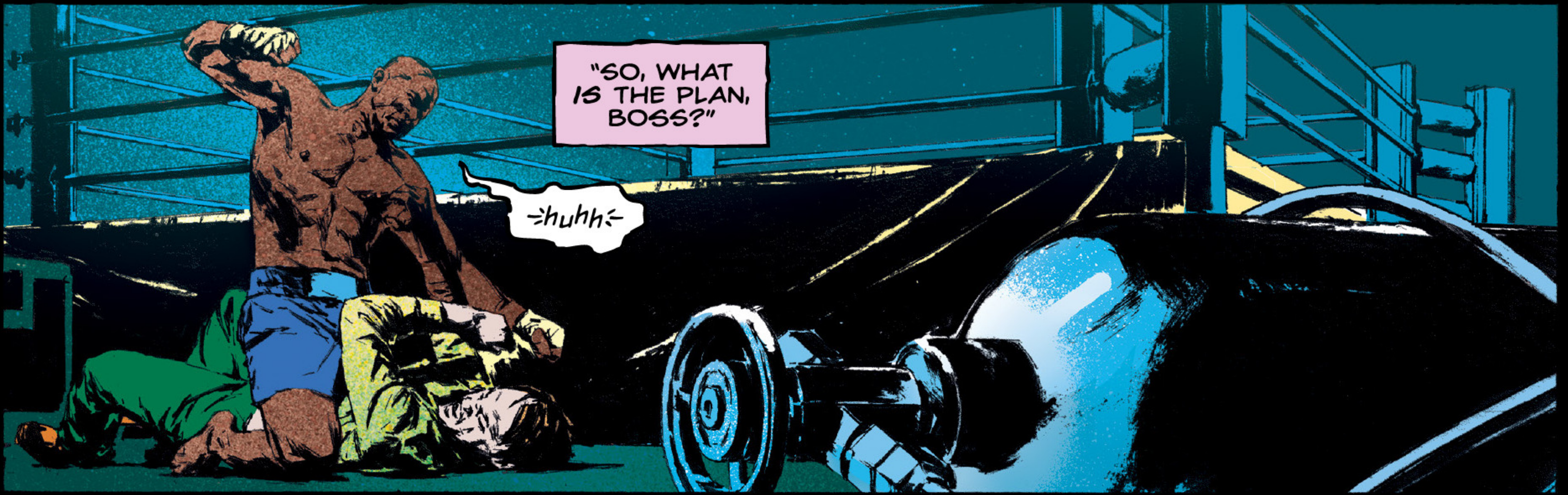


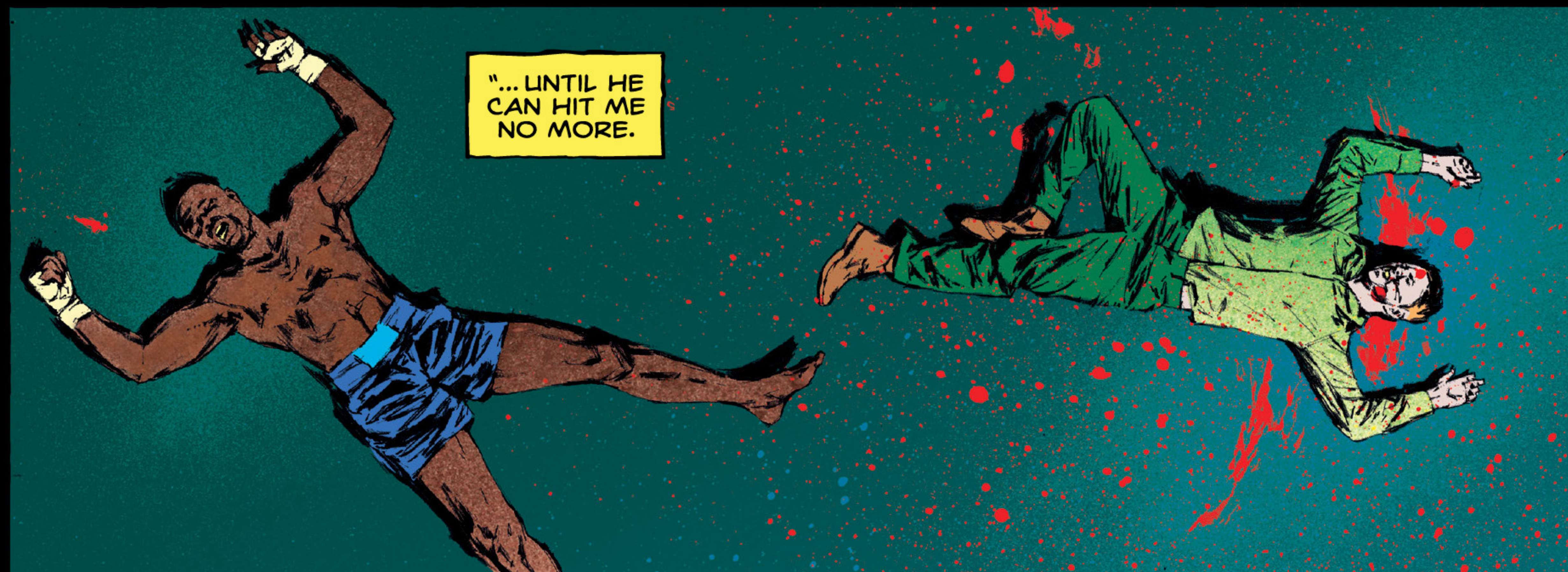
IT'S FOR
MY
DAUGHTER.

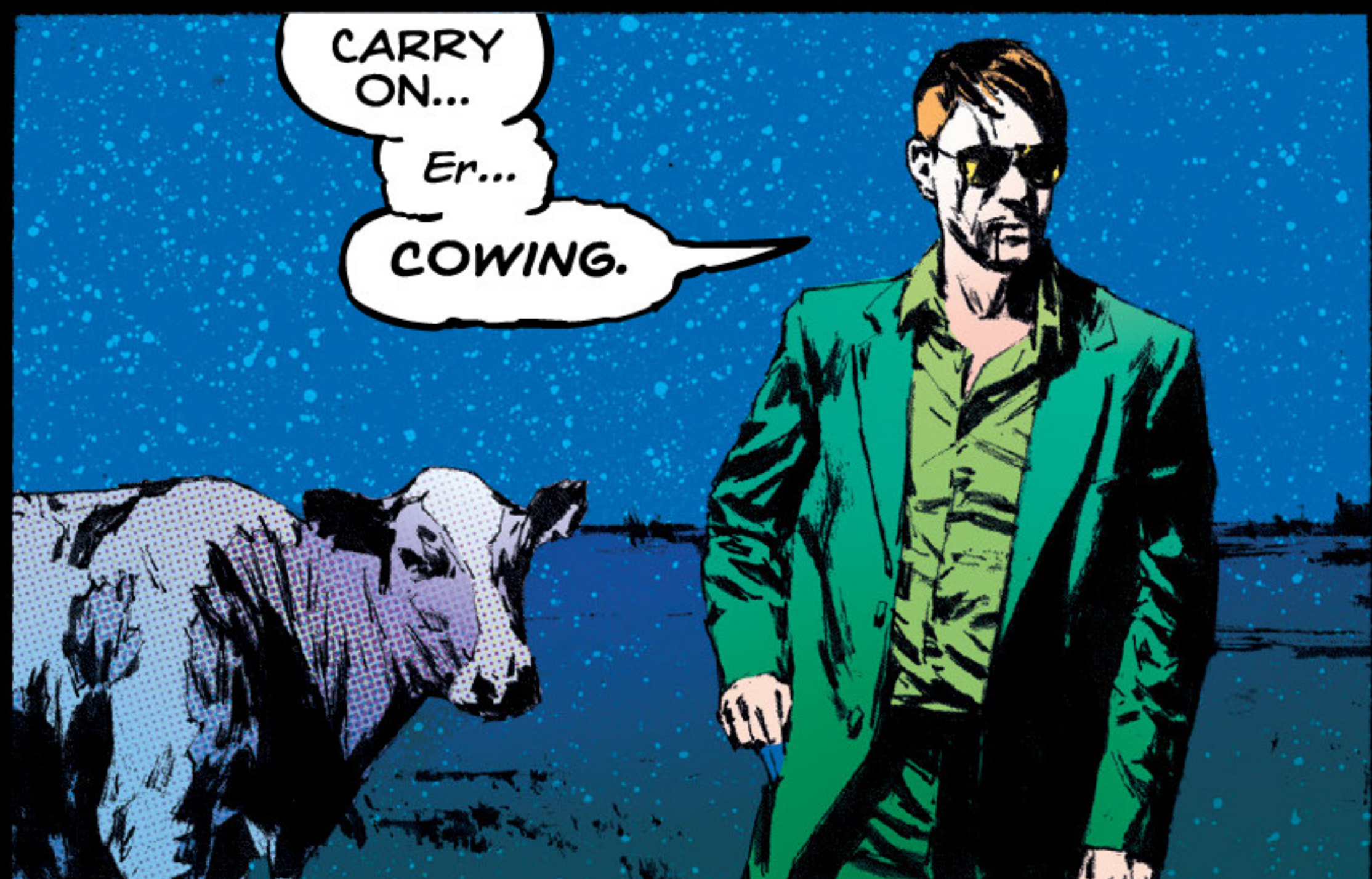
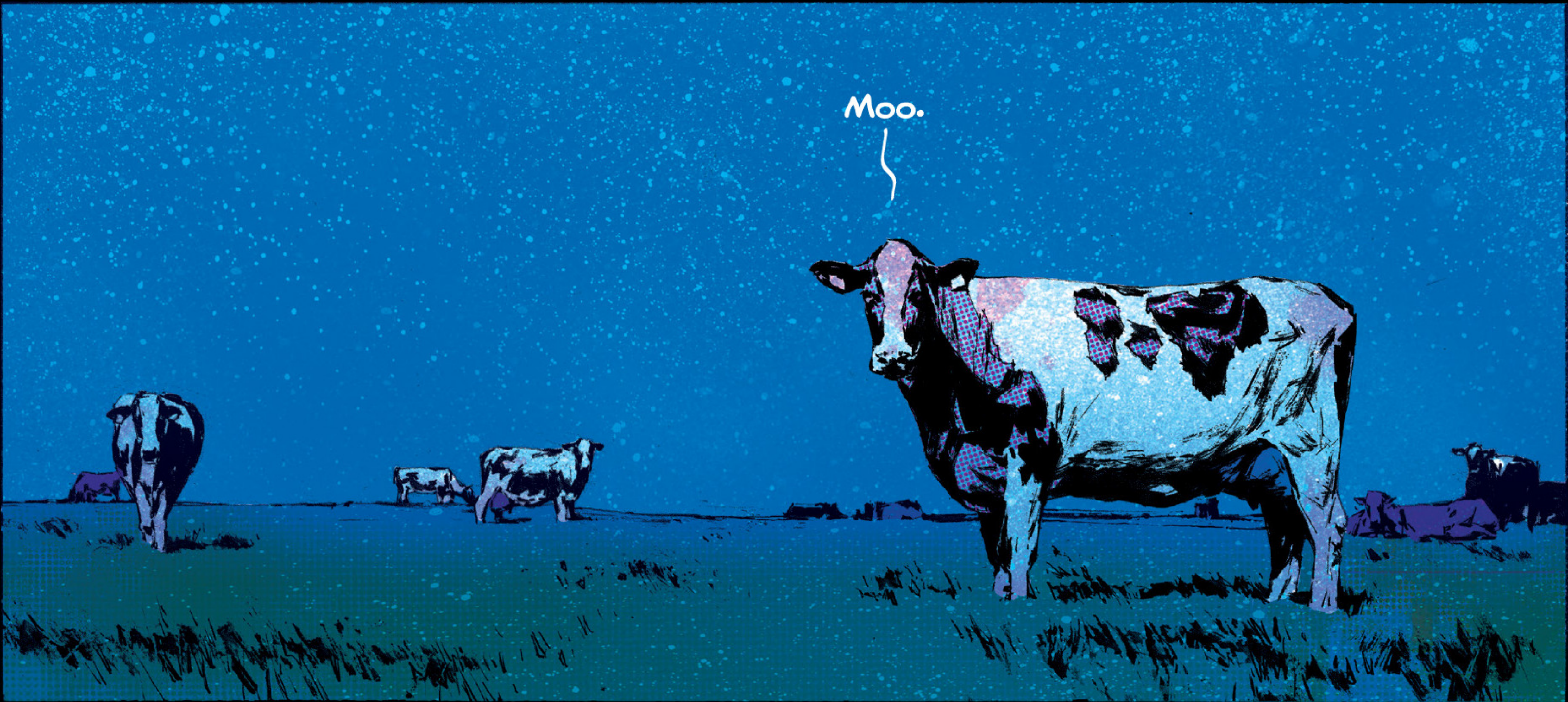
Desperation.

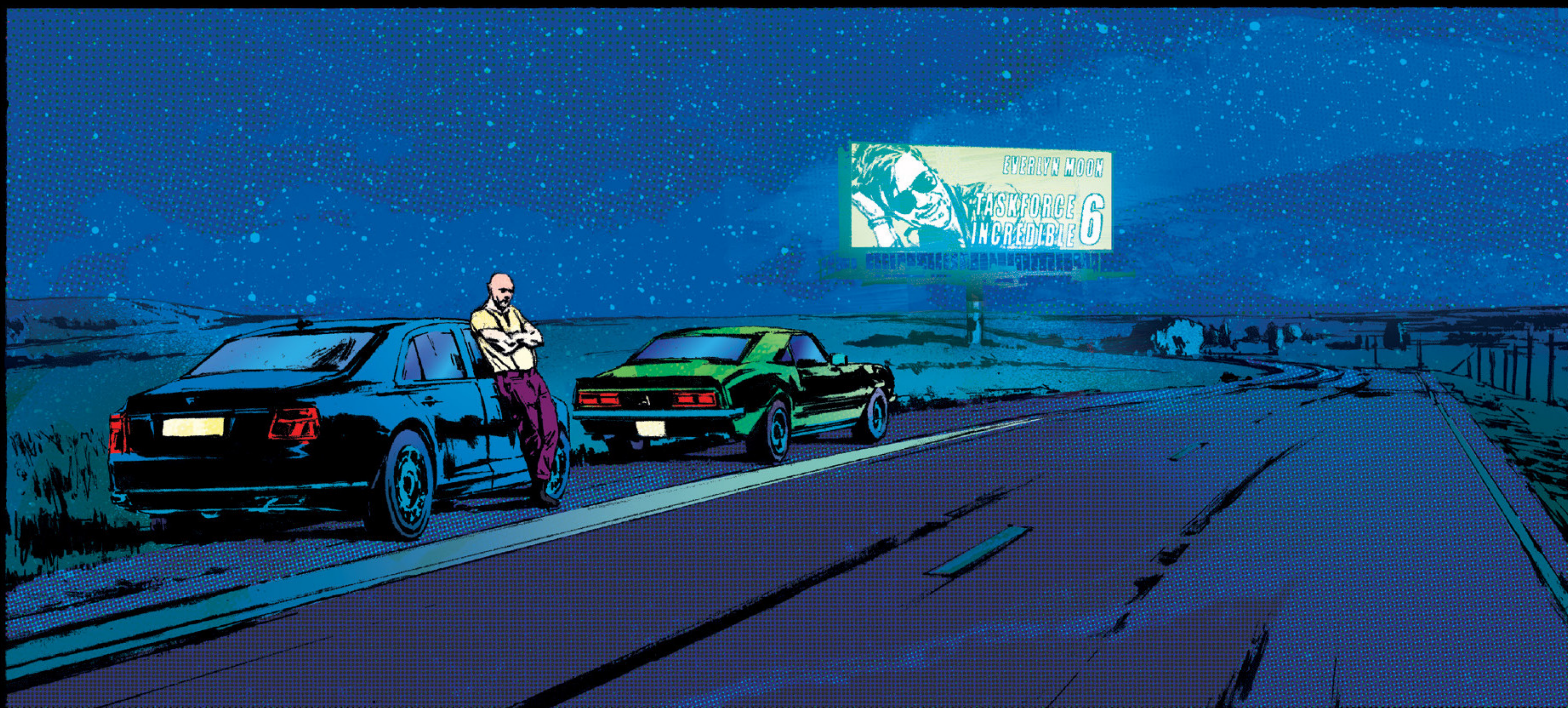














"WILL THAT
BE ALL, SIR?"



YES, DENISE. PLEASE
HAVE A GOOD NIGHT.
GO AND TUCK IN THAT
LAD OF YOURS BEFORE
YOUR HUSBAND GETS
ALL THE PARENT
POINTS.

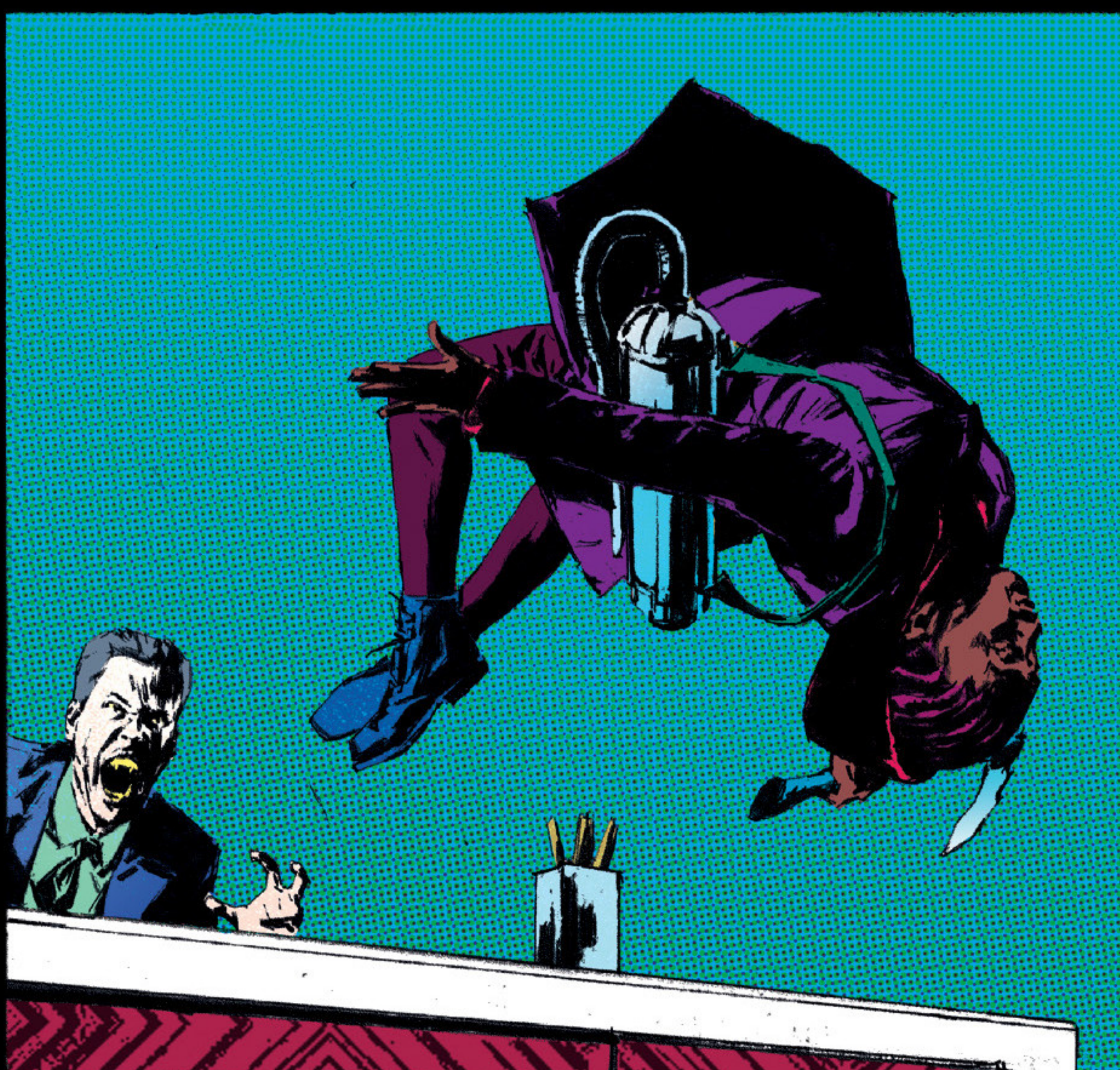
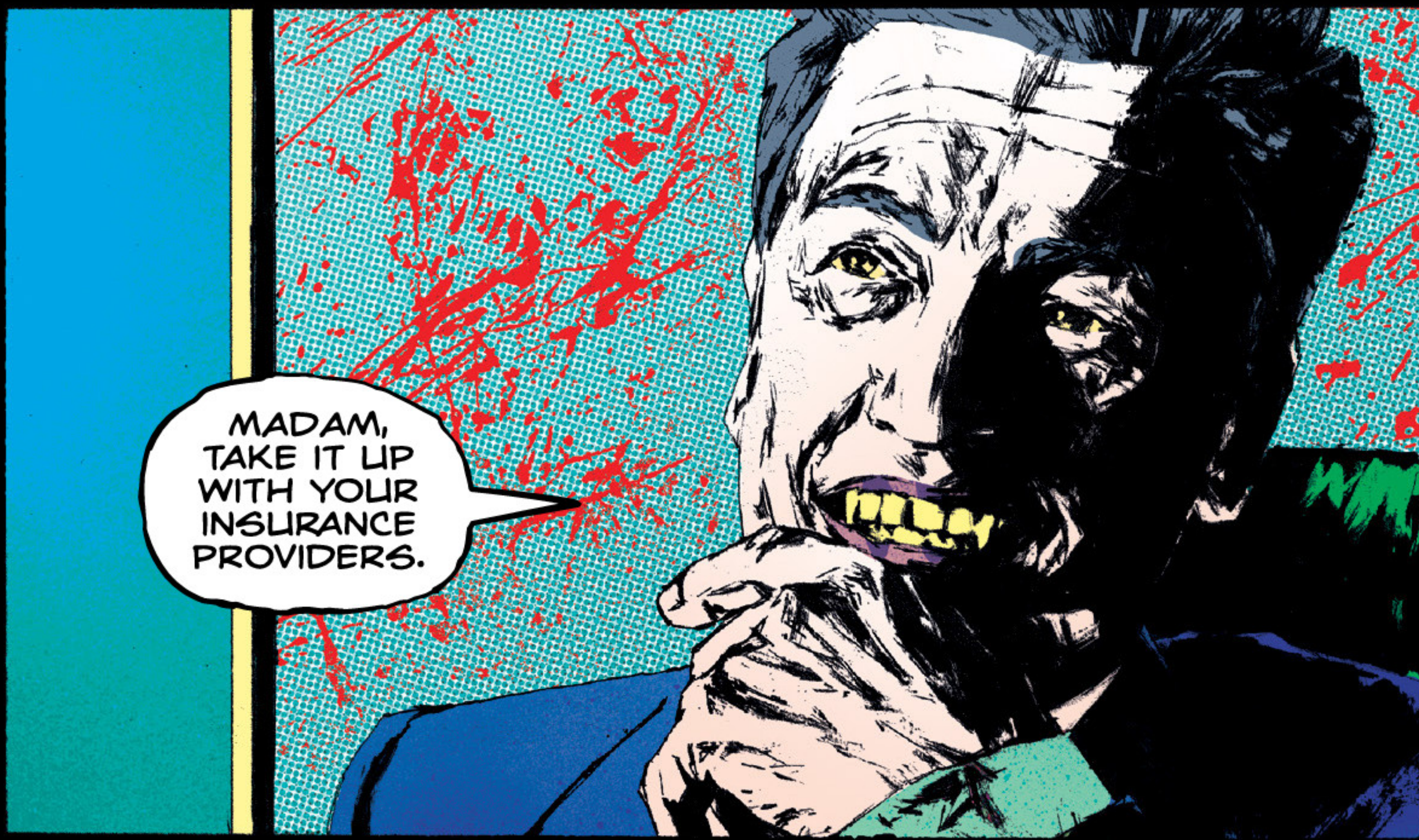
THANK
YOU.
I WILL, SIR. SEE
YOU IN THE
MORNING.

Mm.



~Ahem~

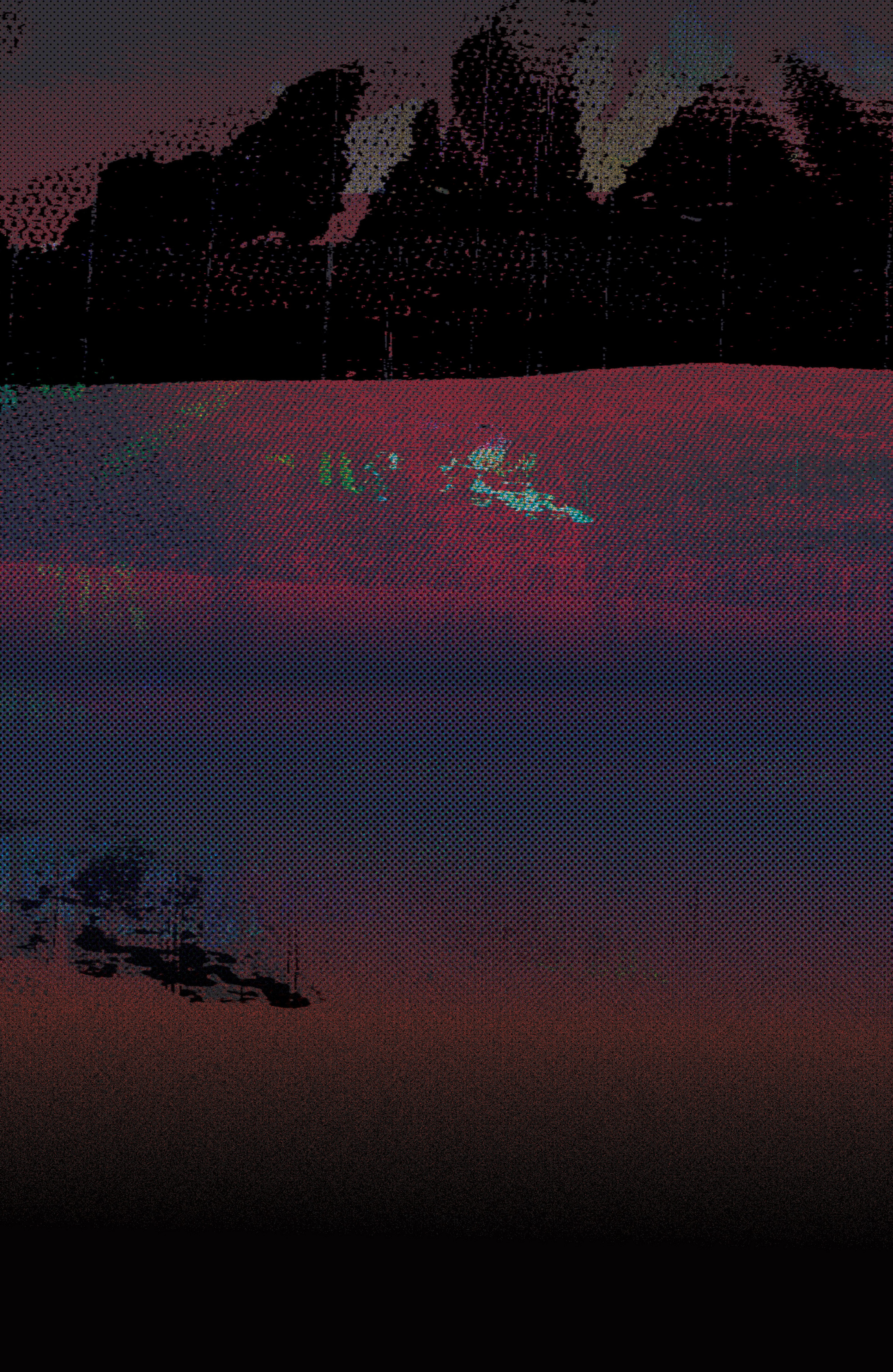


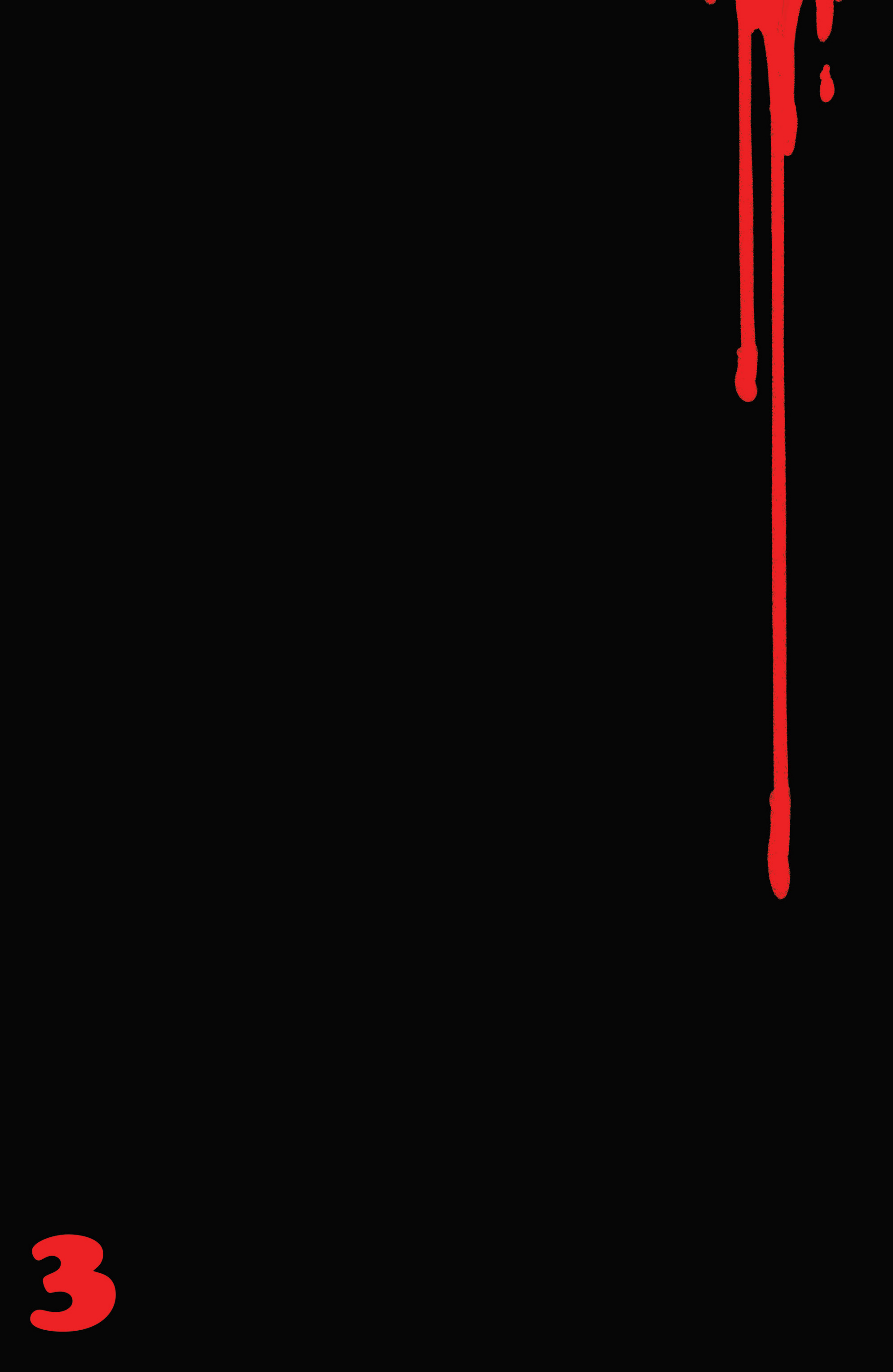


NO,
DARLING...

... MY
MISTAKE
WAS NOT
COMING
SOONER.









Faster.



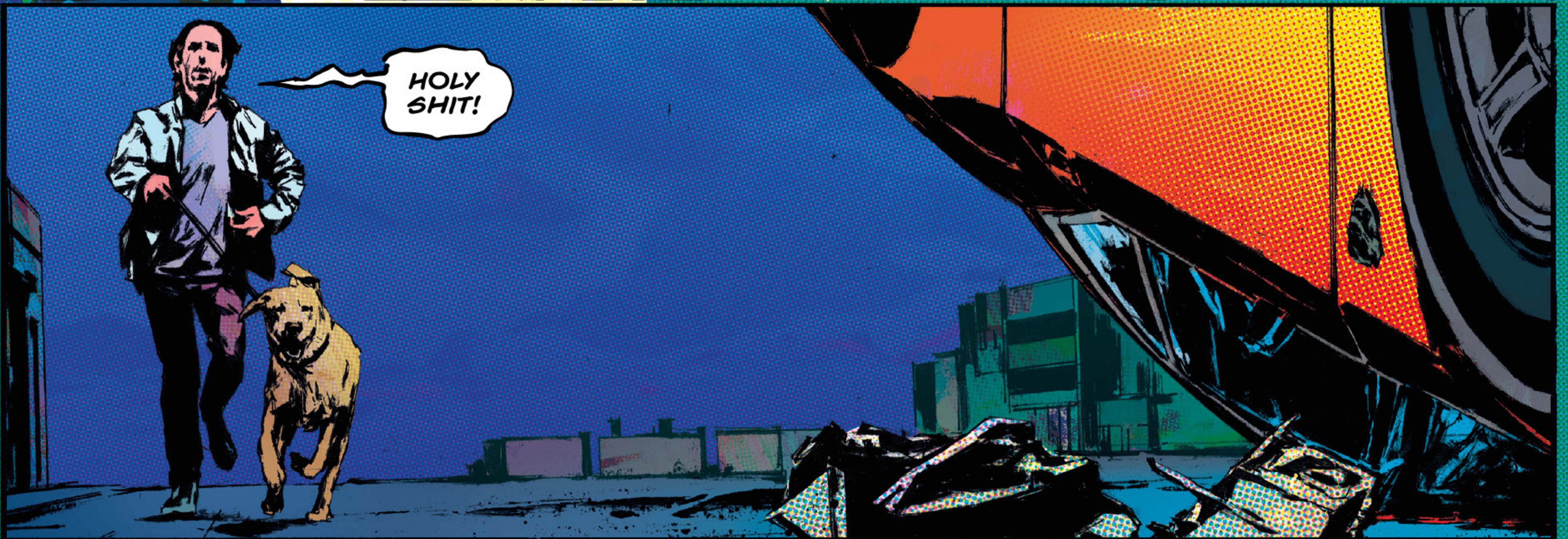
Faster.



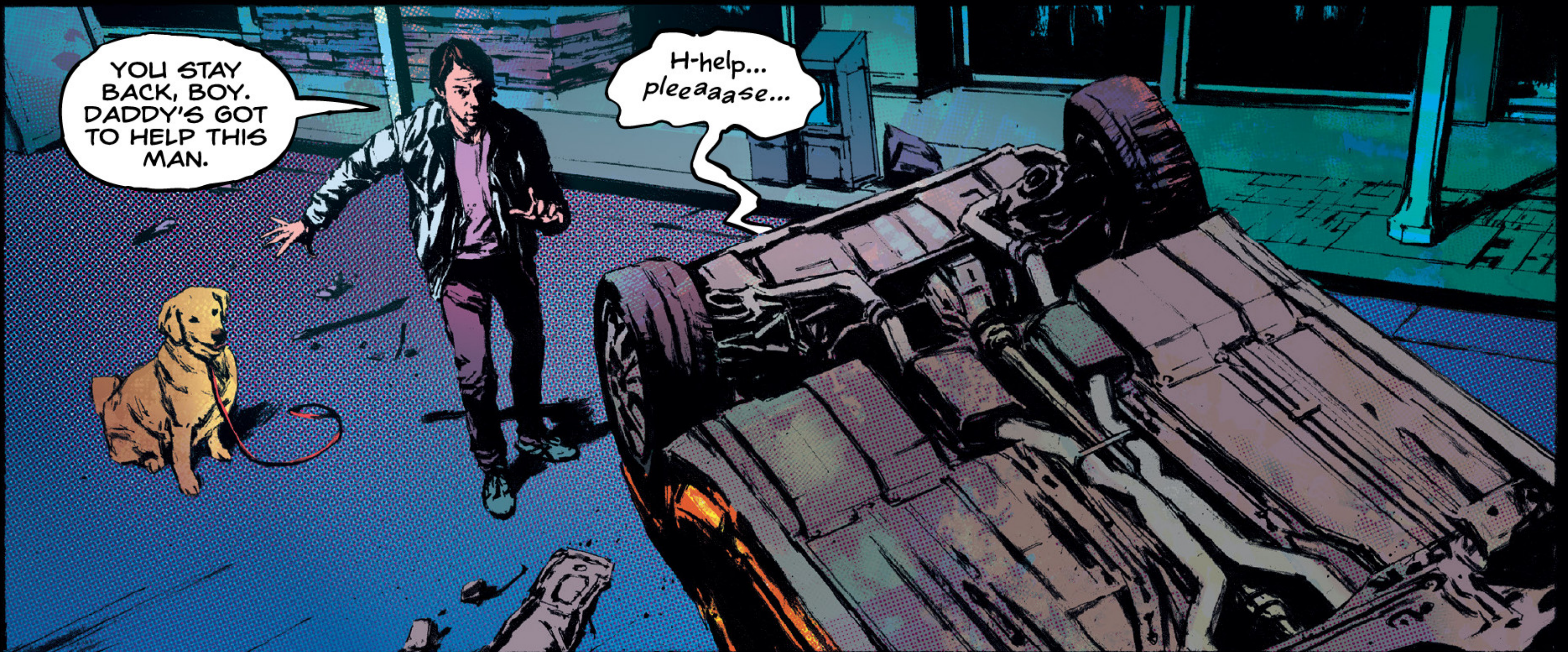
Faster.
FASTER!



FAS--



HOLY
SHIT!



YOU STAY
BACK, BOY.
DADDY'S GOT
TO HELP THIS
MAN.

H-help...
pleeaase...



...H-help me...
Mercy...

I'M HERE,
HOLD ON.
I'LL GET
YOU OUT.

WOOF



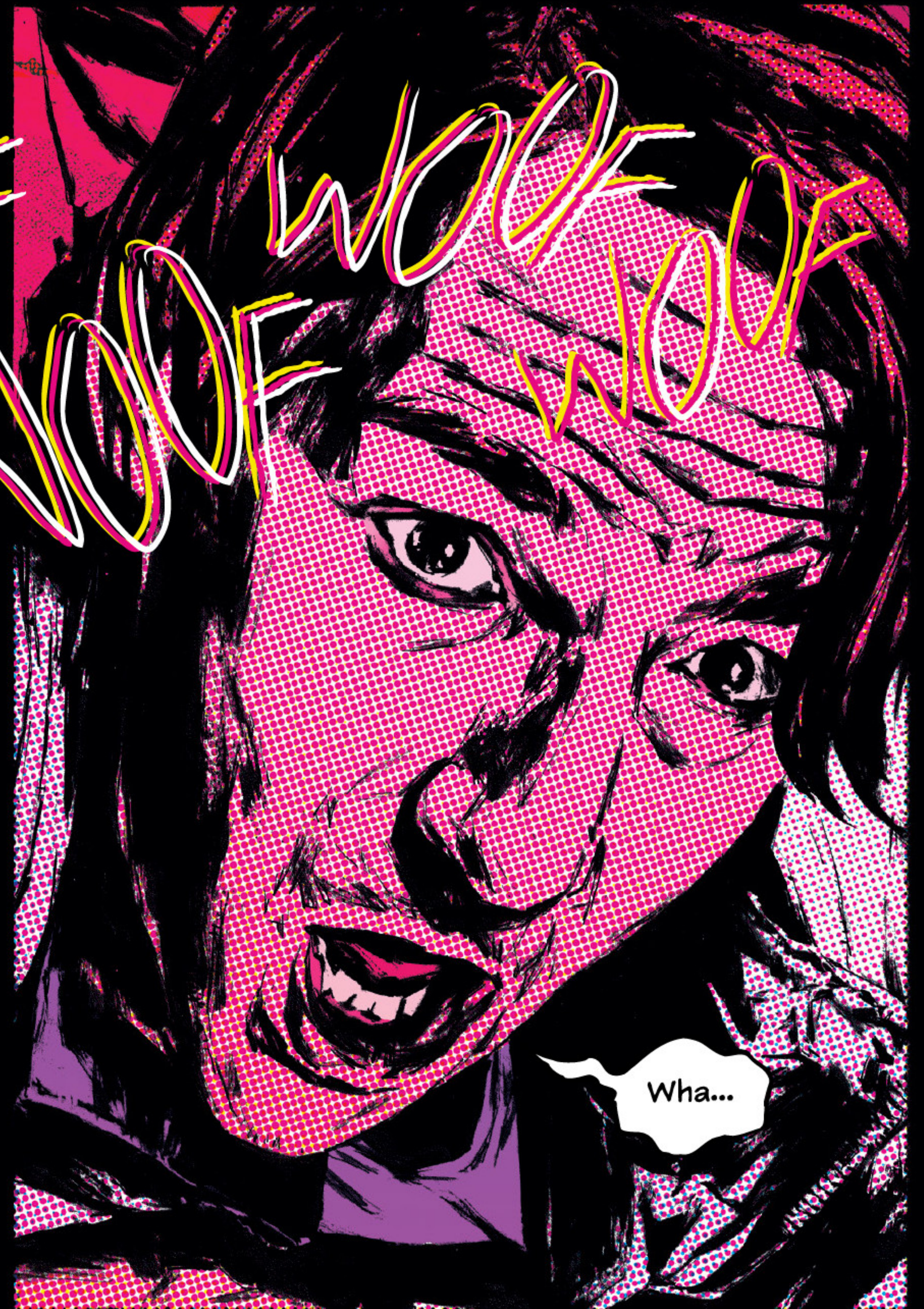
WOOF
WOOF

WOOF



WOOF
WOOF
WOOF

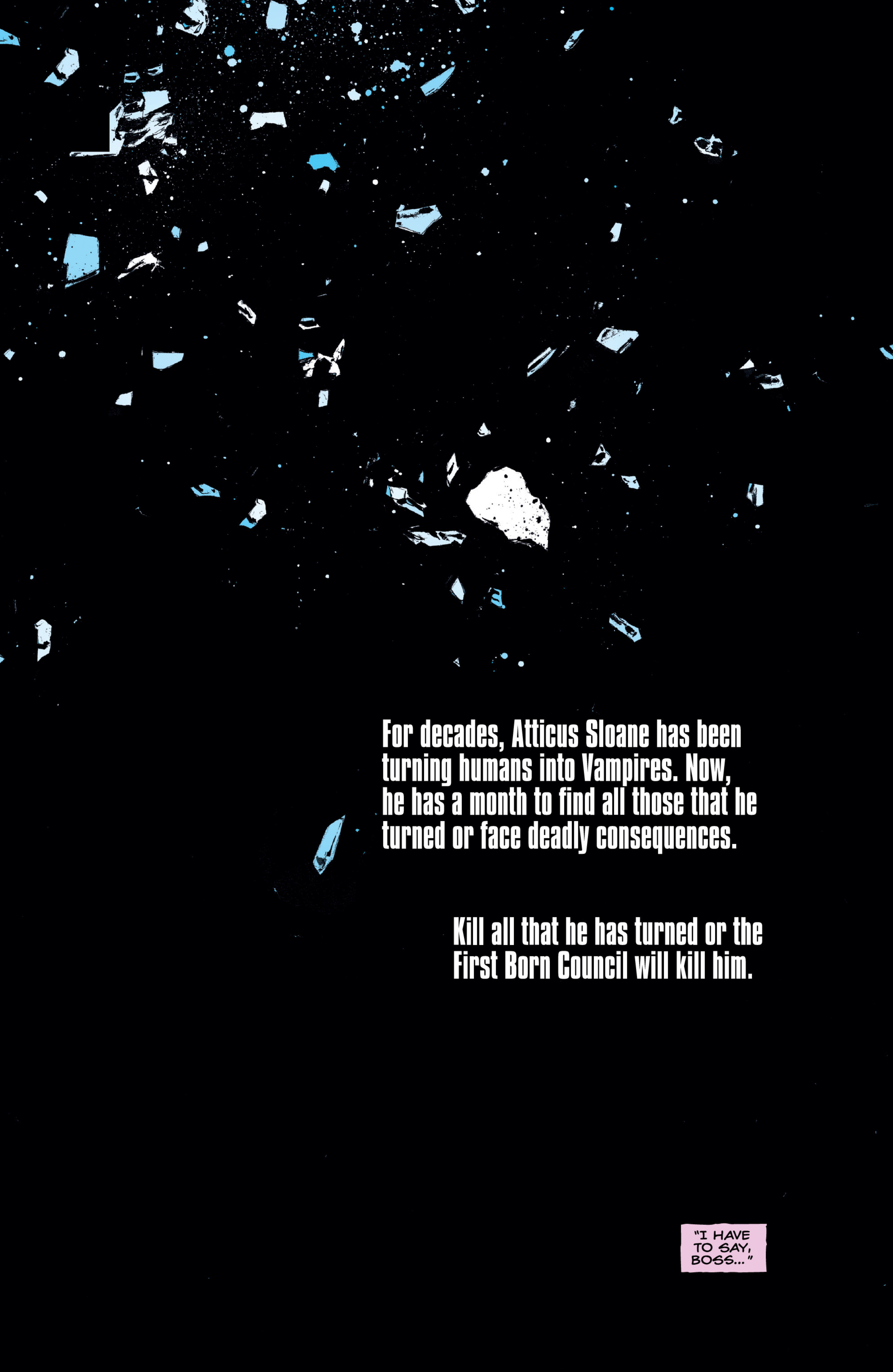
ALMOST
GOT YOU,
JUST A
LITTLE...



WOOF
WOOF
WOOF

Wha...





**For decades, Atticus Sloane has been
turning humans into Vampires. Now,
he has a month to find all those that he
turned or face deadly consequences.**

**Kill all that he has turned or the
First Born Council will kill him.**

**"I HAVE
TO SAY,
BOSS..."**





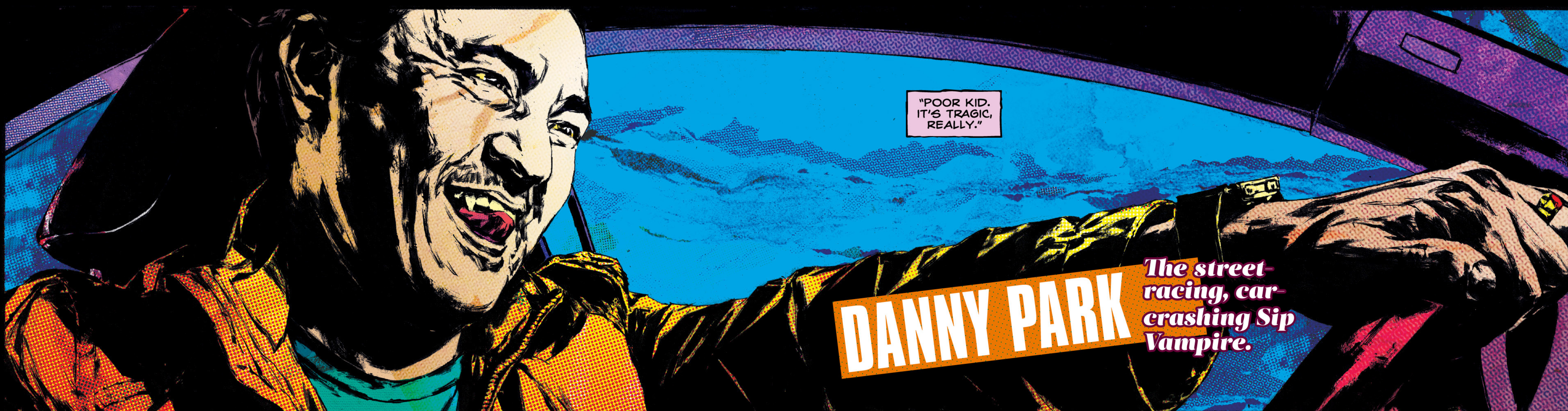
"...I'M JUST
OUT ENJOYING
A DRIVE."



SO, DO
YOU WANT
TO REMIND
ME WHO IT
IS WE'RE
CHASING?



IT'S THE
CAR CRASH
KID. YOU'VE GOT
TO REMEMBER
HIM, BOSS.



"POOR KID.
IT'S TRAGIC,
REALLY."

DANNY PARK

The street-
racing, car-
crashing Sip
Vampire.



17 YEARS AGO...

"UNLIKE YOLI, MR. SLOANE, THE KID LOVED TO DRIVE."

"AND HE DROVE FAST."



"THAT IS, UNTIL THE ROAD GOT THE BETTER OF HIM. SLAMMED INTO SOME MOM ON THE WAY TO PICK UP HER SPROGS."

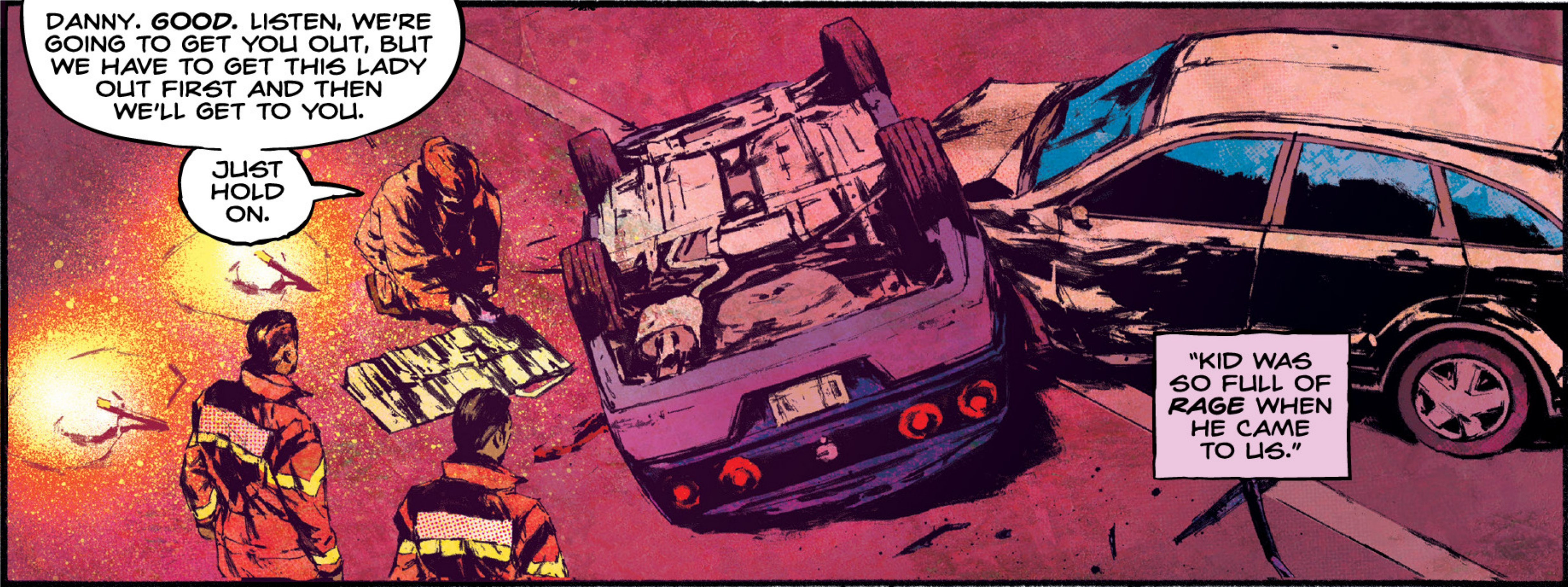
Get me the fuck *outta* here! I can't feel my legs. Please. *Fuck.*

WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU OUT, PAL.

I'M PAUL. CAN YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME?



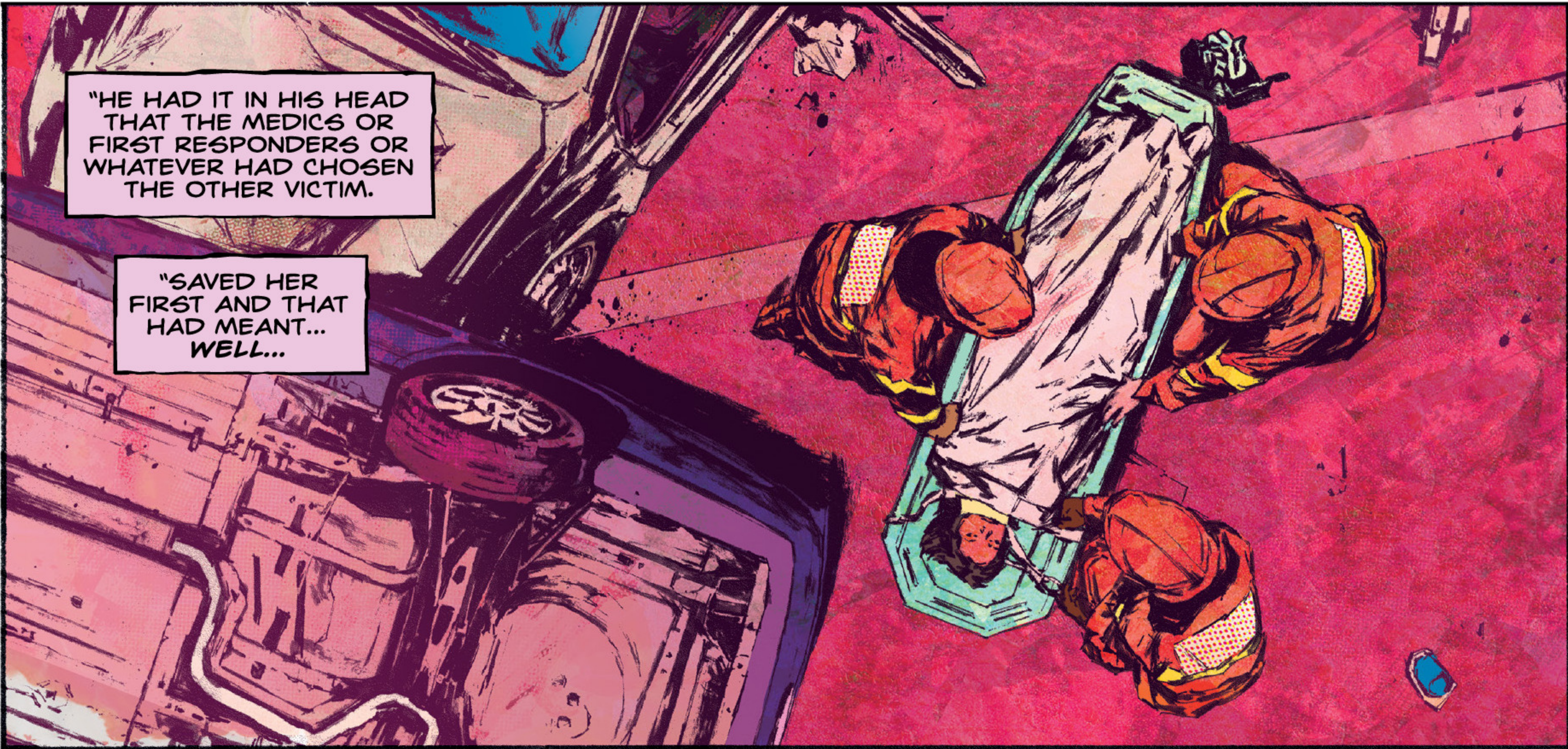
DANNY.
MY NAME'S DANNY.



DANNY. GOOD. LISTEN, WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU OUT, BUT WE HAVE TO GET THIS LADY OUT FIRST AND THEN WE'LL GET TO YOU.

JUST HOLD ON.

"KID WAS SO FULL OF RAGE WHEN HE CAME TO US."



"HE HAD IT IN HIS HEAD
THAT THE MEDICS OR
FIRST RESPONDERS OR
WHATEVER HAD CHOSEN
THE OTHER VICTIM.

"SAVED HER
FIRST AND THAT
HAD MEANT...
WELL...



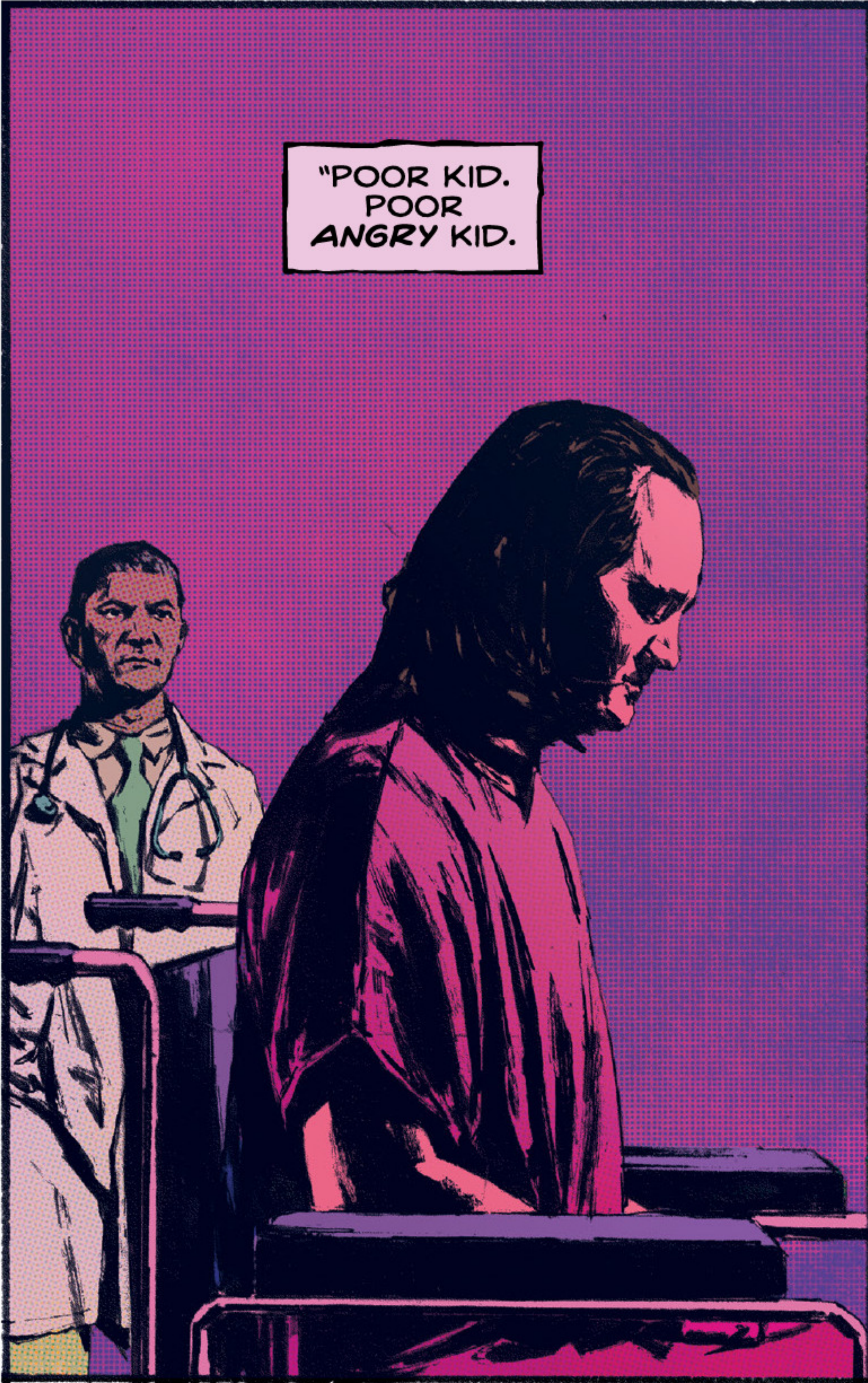
"...YOU
REMEMBER,
RIGHT BOSS?"

IF I'D
GOT OUT
SOONER?
I got
to know,
doc.



There's nothing
right or wrong
about this.

Yeah.
Thought
so.



"POOR KID.
POOR
ANGRY KID.



"NOW, THE WAY HE TOLD IT, THAT'S WHEN DANNY MET..."

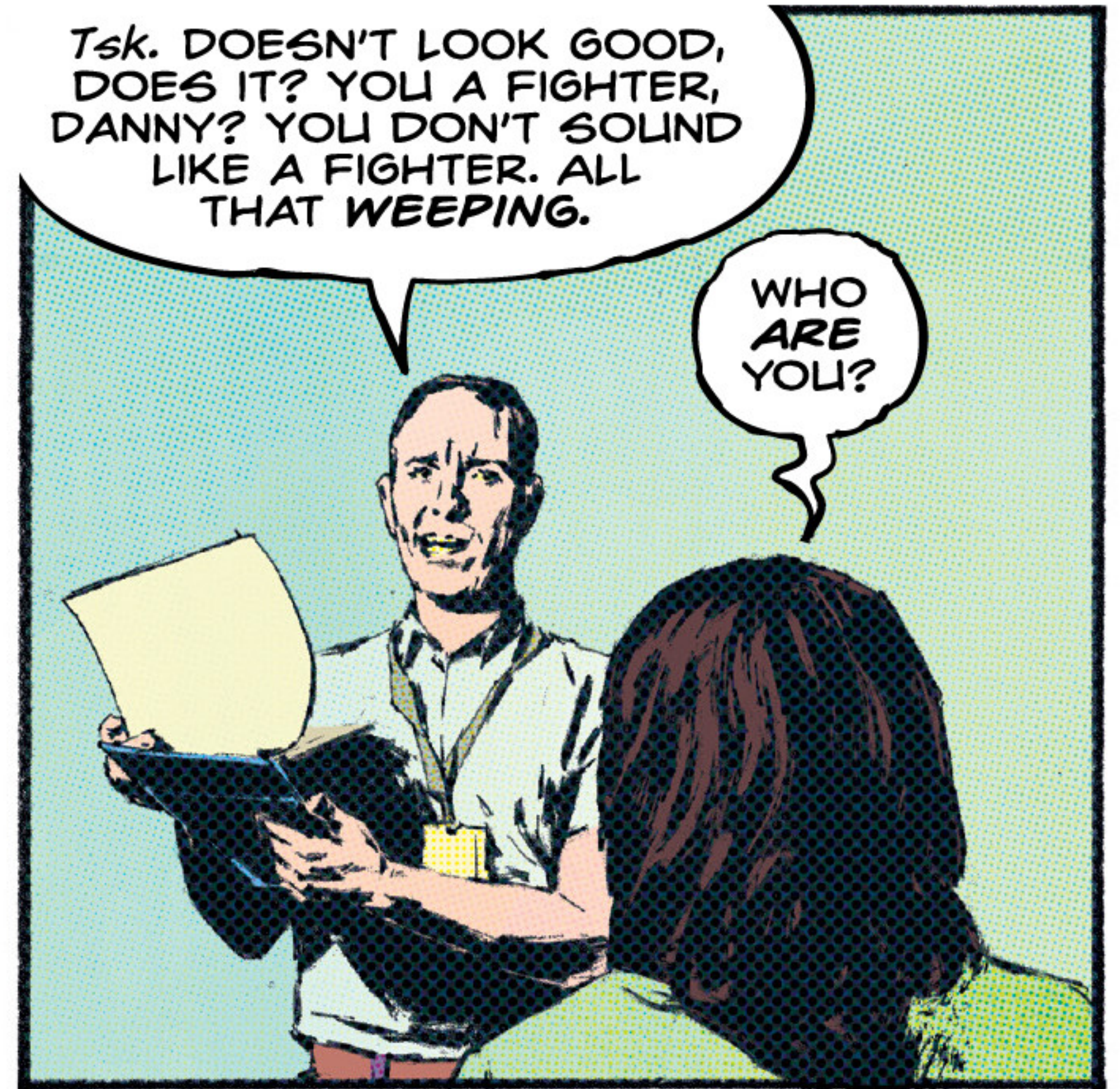
Whh--
wah...
...awaah...
-sob-
-hic-



"...HIM."

Hush there. YOU'LL WAKE THE OTHERS.

Eh?



Tsk. DOESN'T LOOK GOOD, DOES IT? YOU A FIGHTER, DANNY? YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE A FIGHTER. ALL THAT WEEPING.

WHO ARE YOU?



"... THE JANITOR."

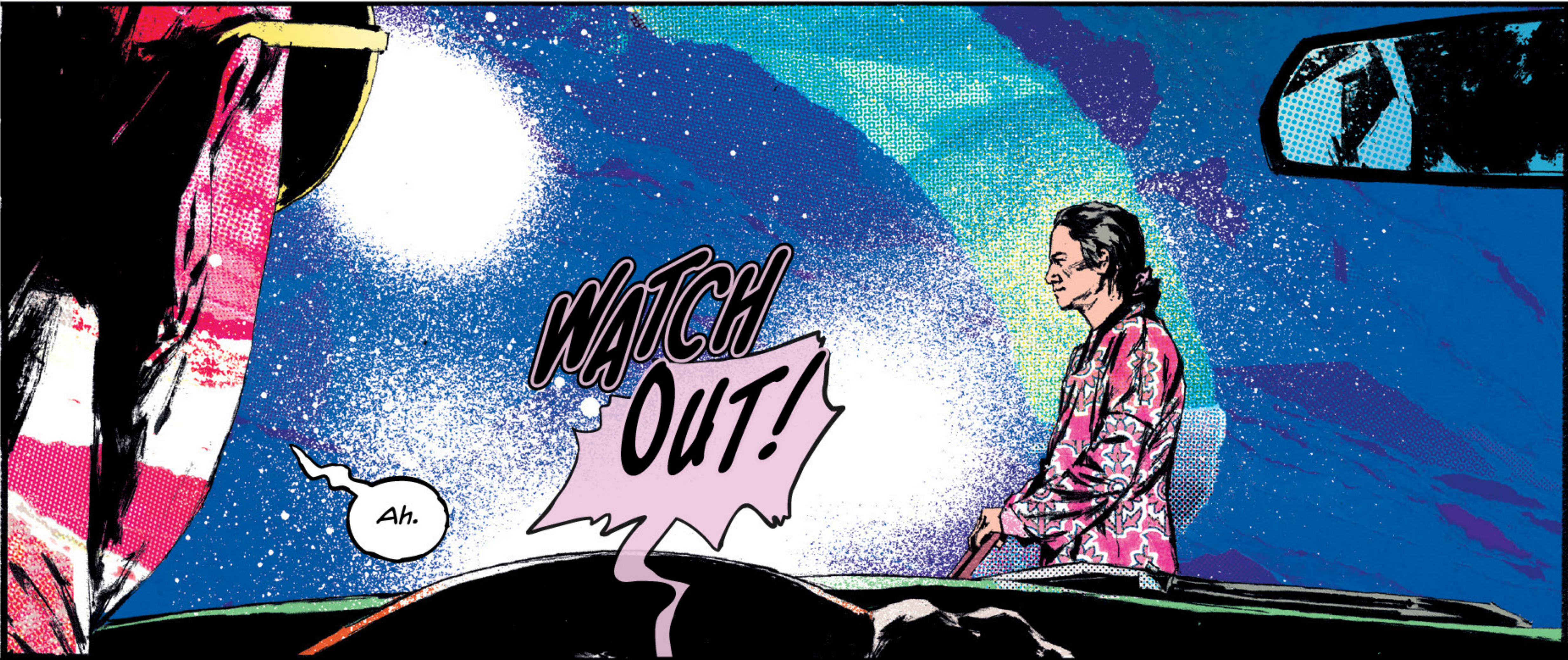
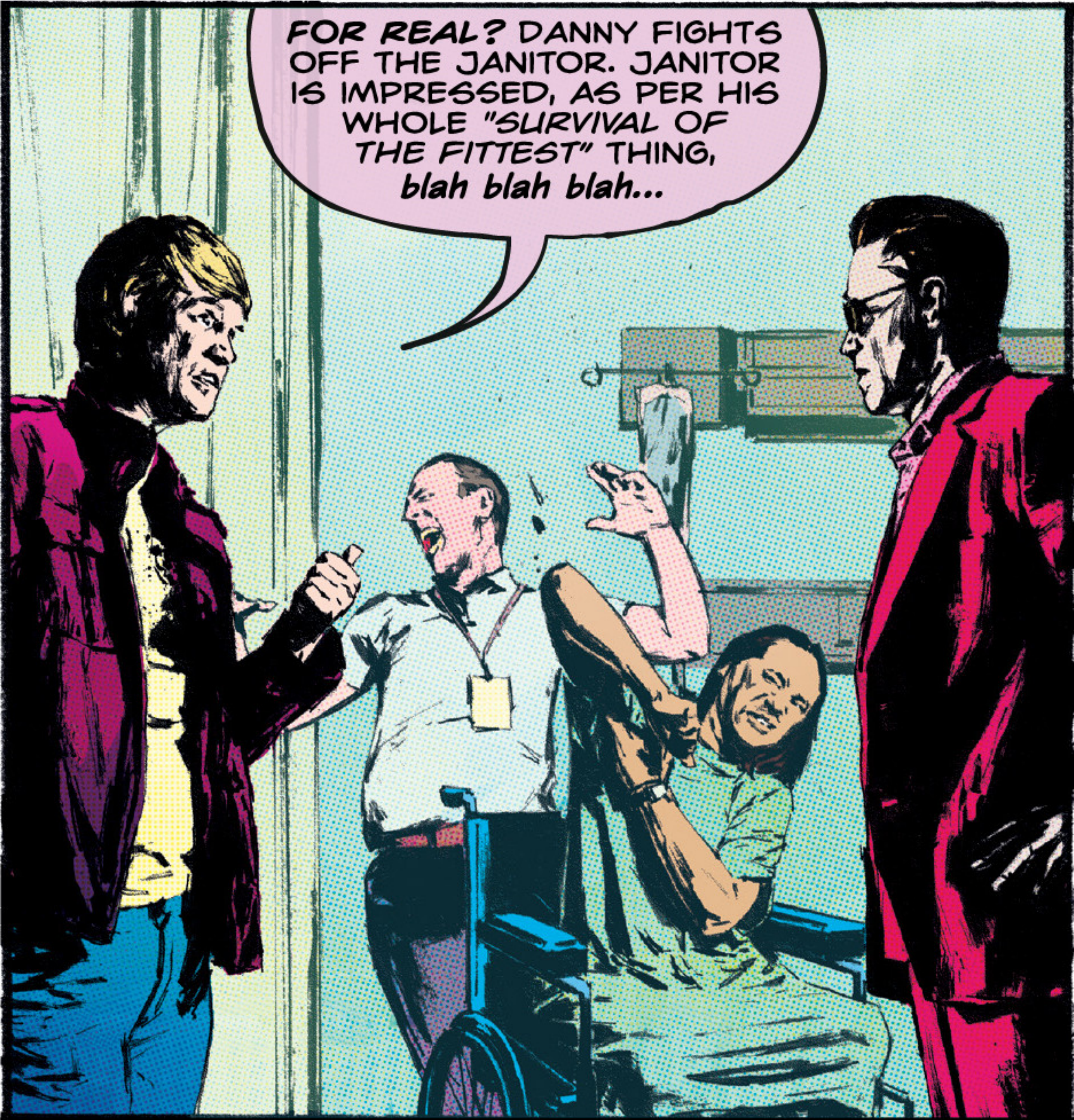
SOMEONE WHO CARES VERY MUCH ABOUT THIS FINE PLACE.

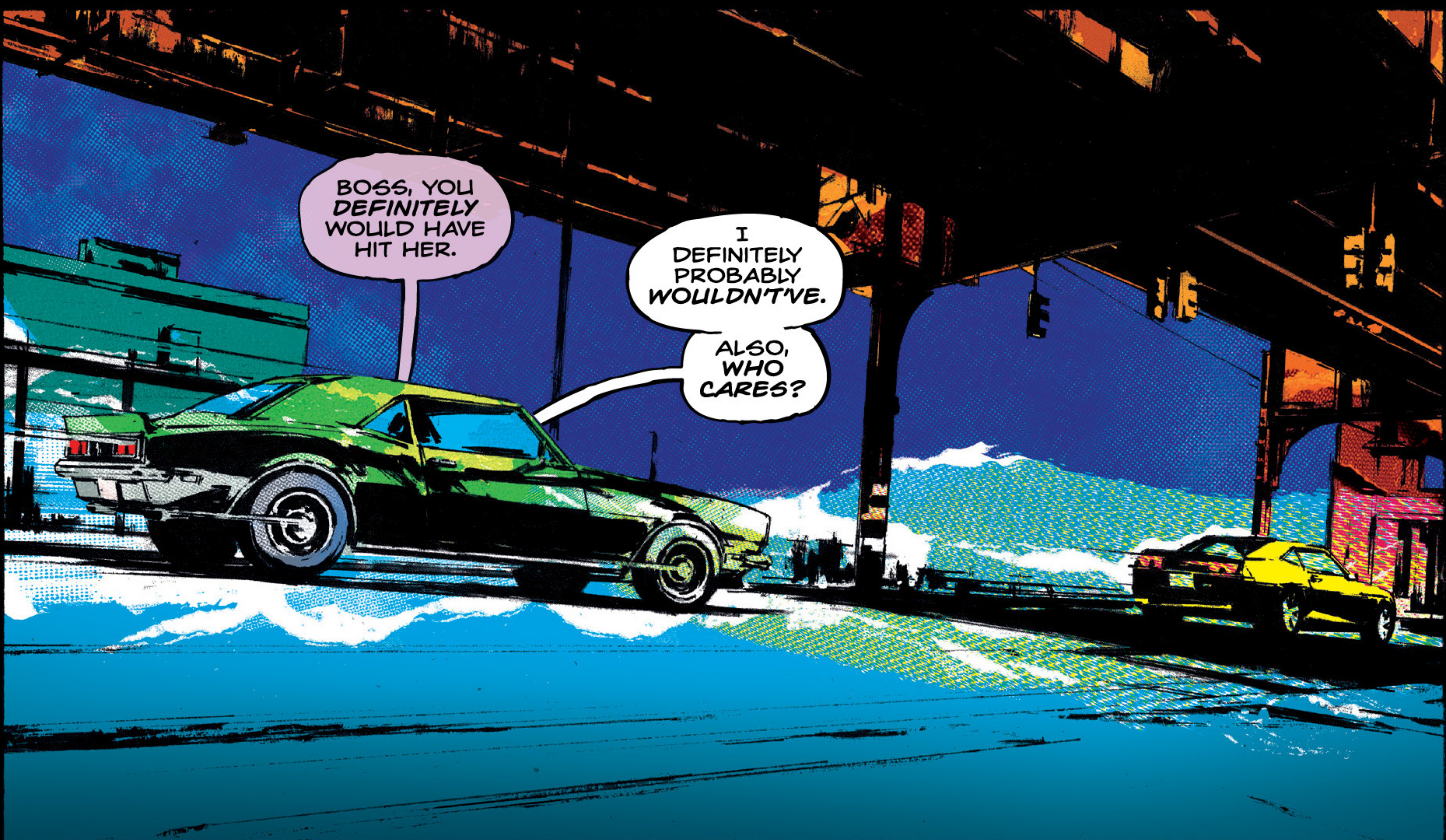
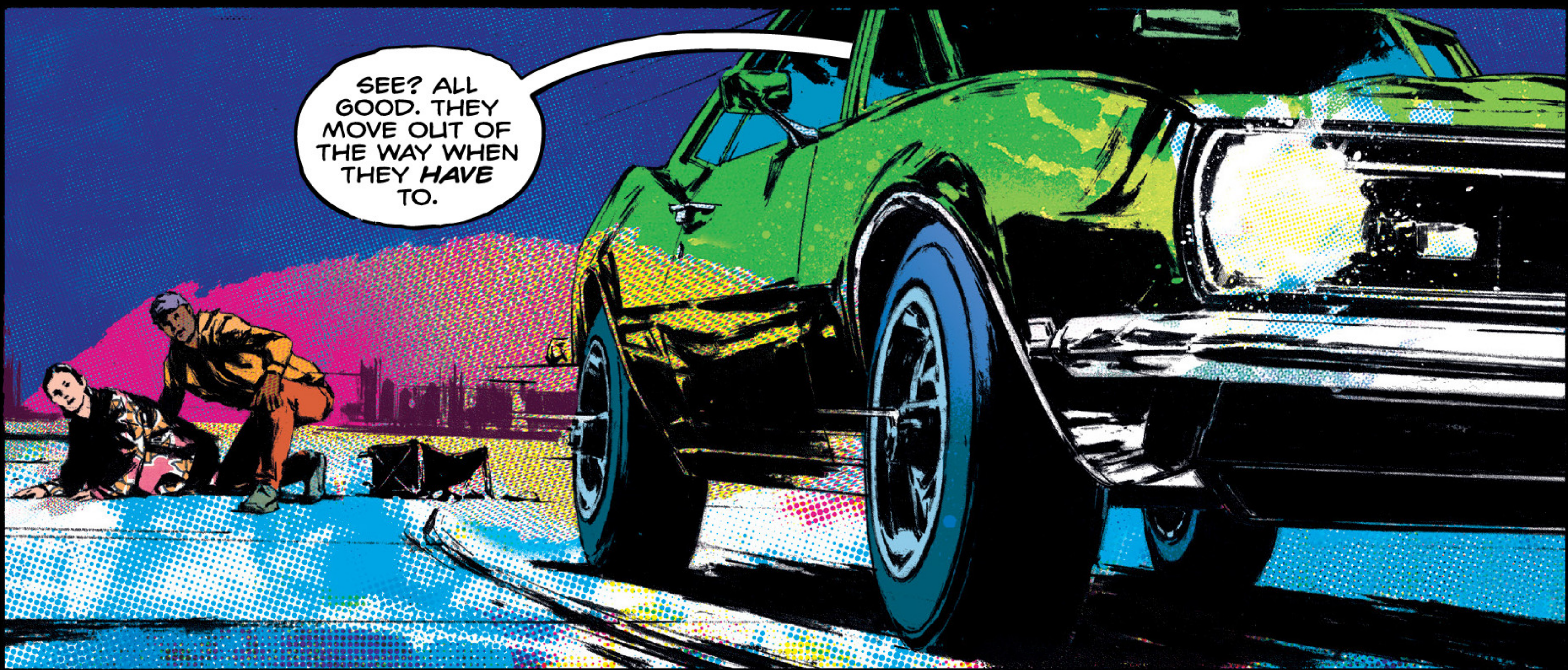
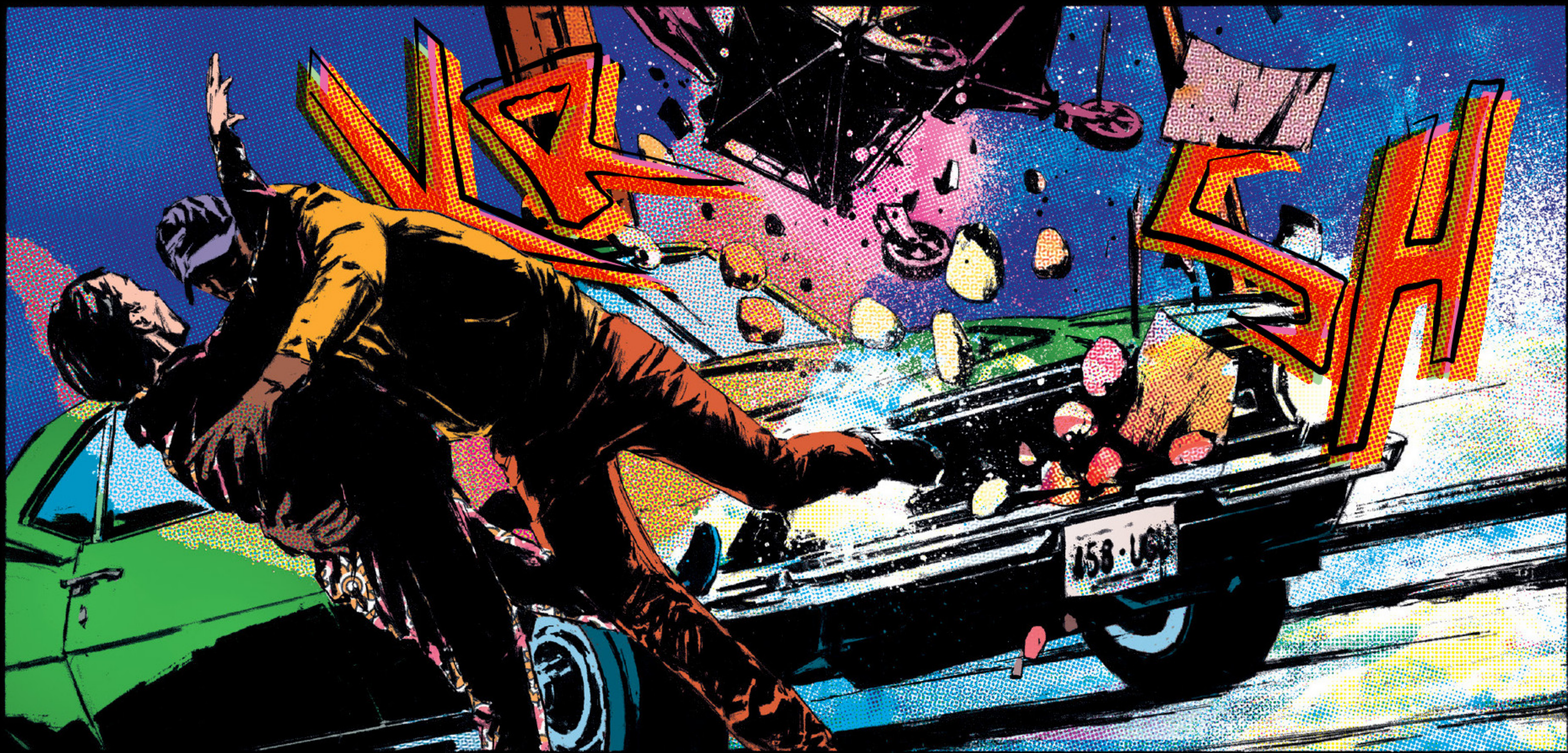
"THAT'S WHEN THE CREEPY NOSFERATU MOTHERFUCKER TRIED TO FEED ON DANNY..."

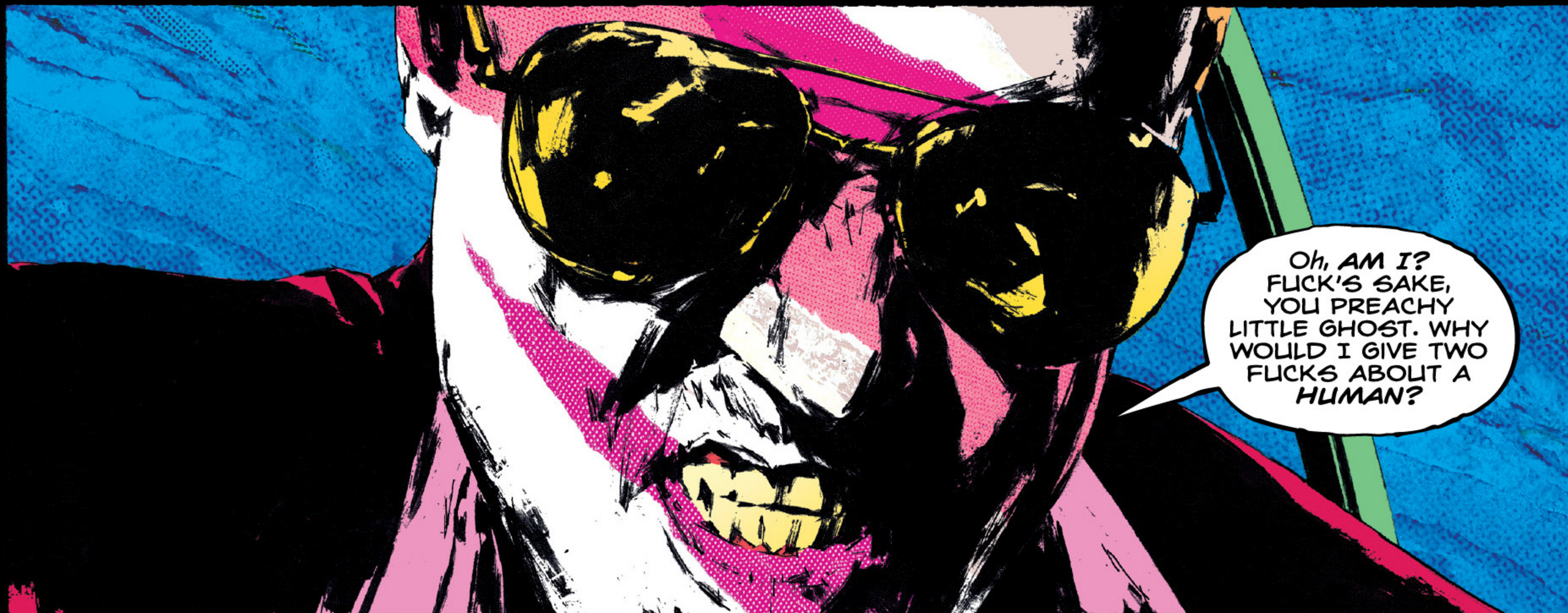
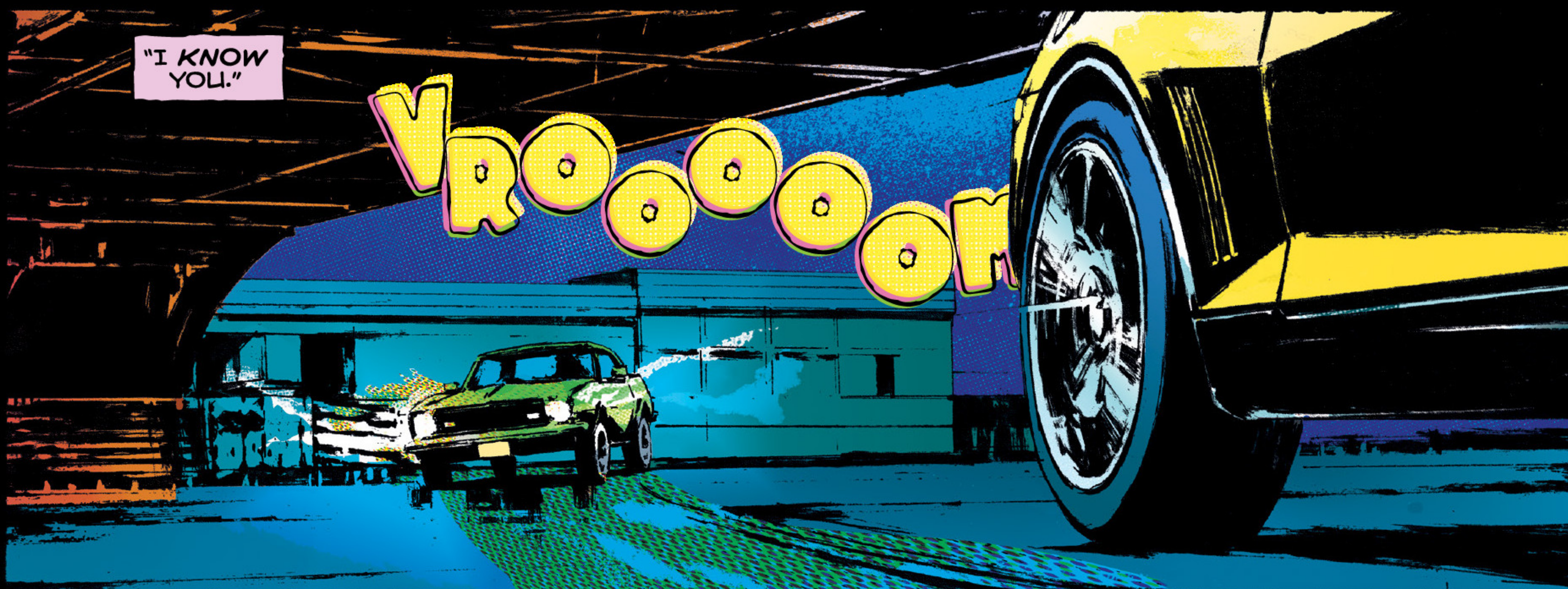


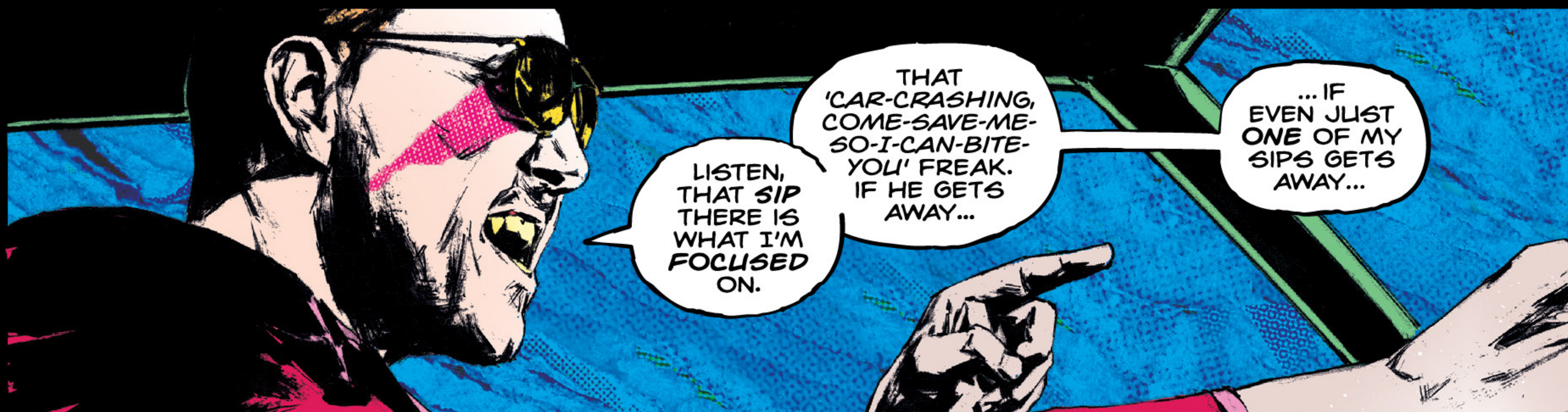
...BUT HE THINKS FUCK THAT, RIGHT?

I DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS.

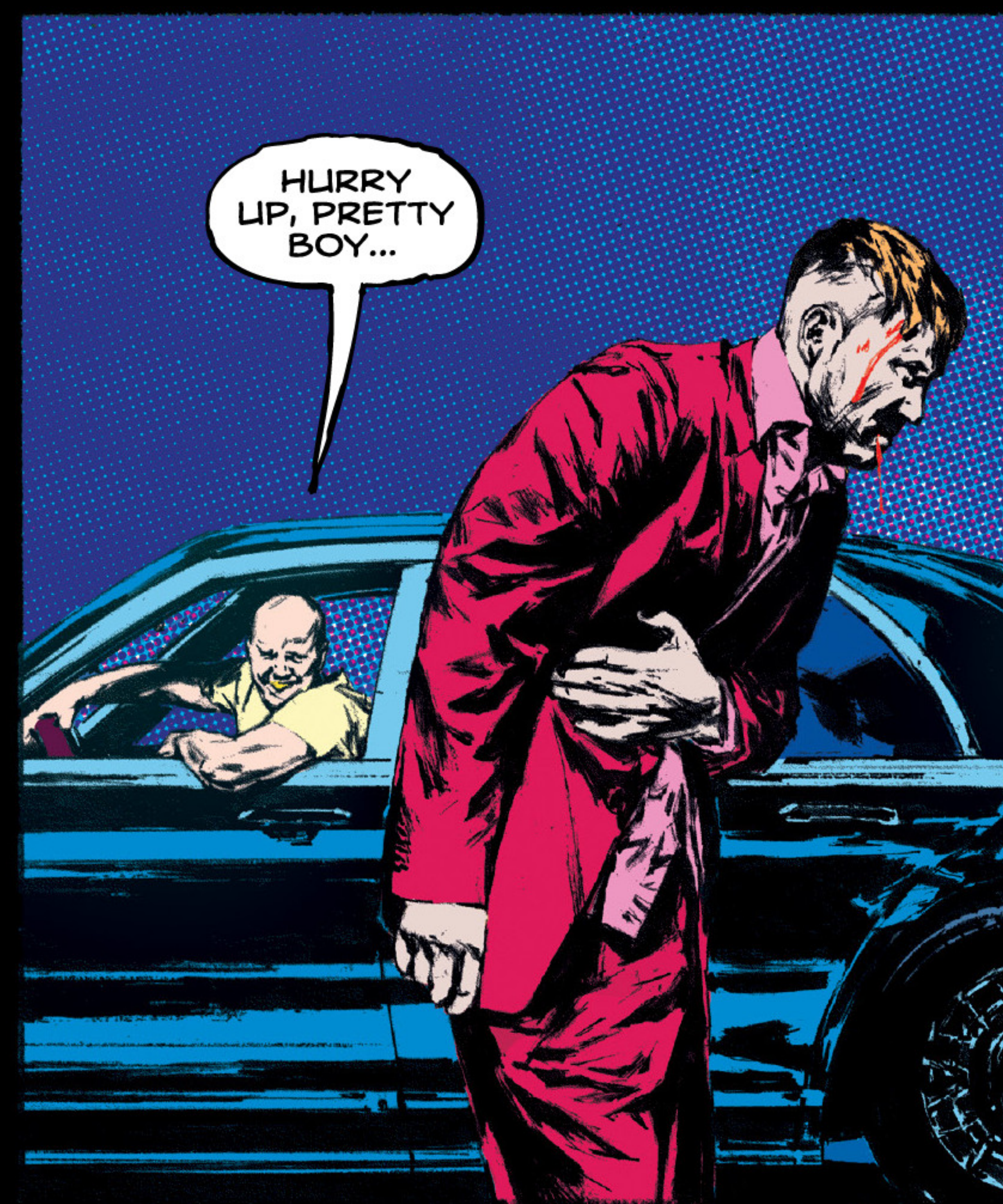
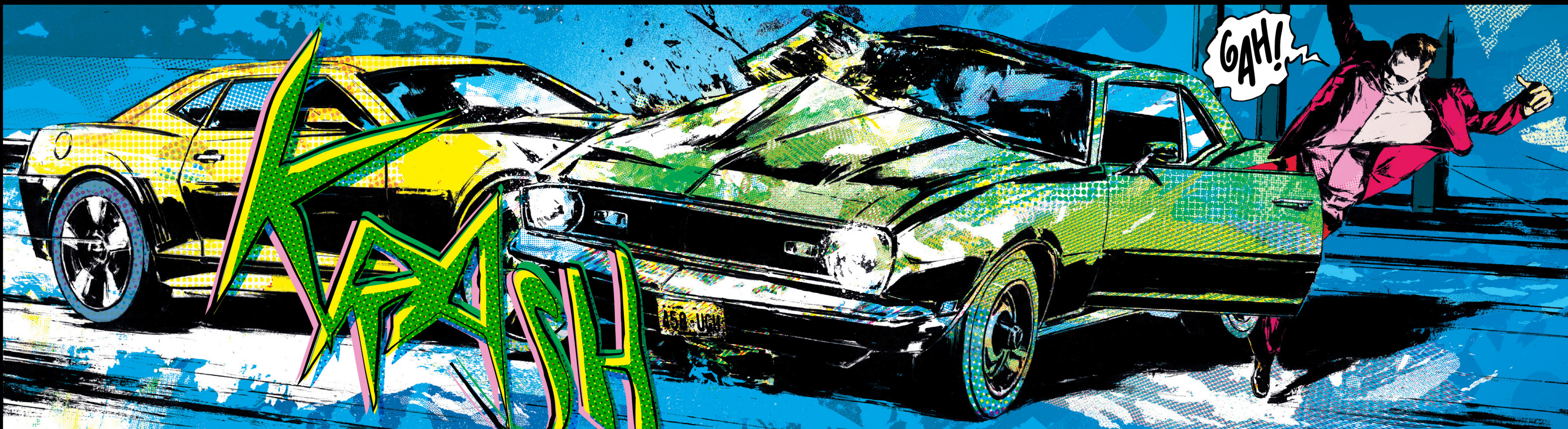




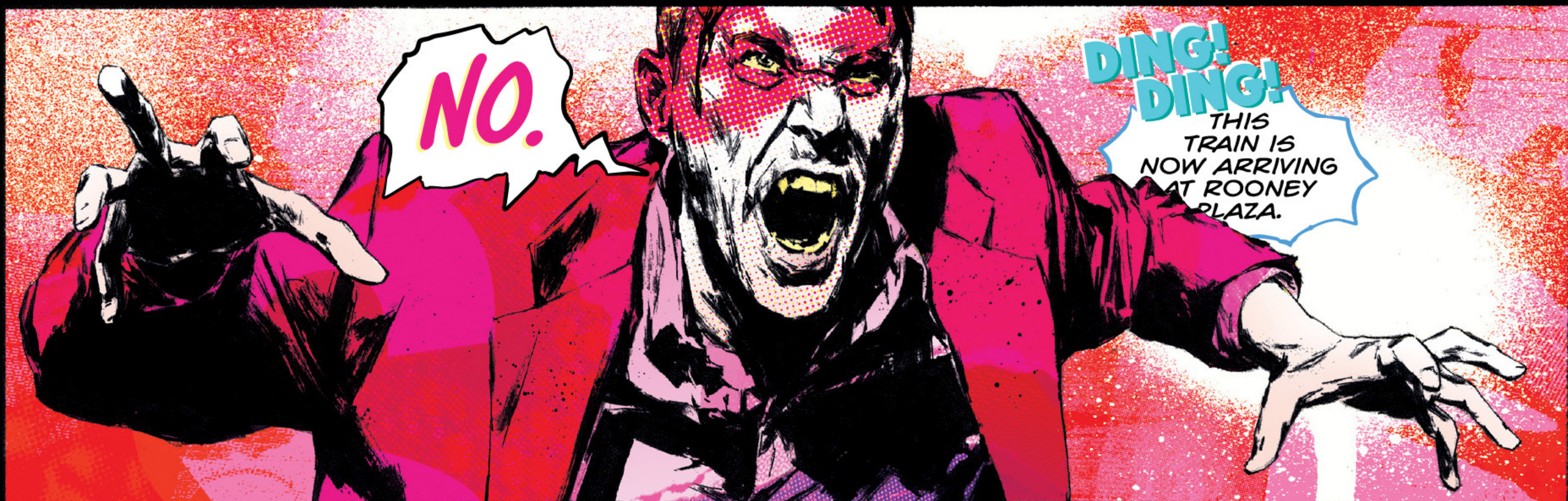














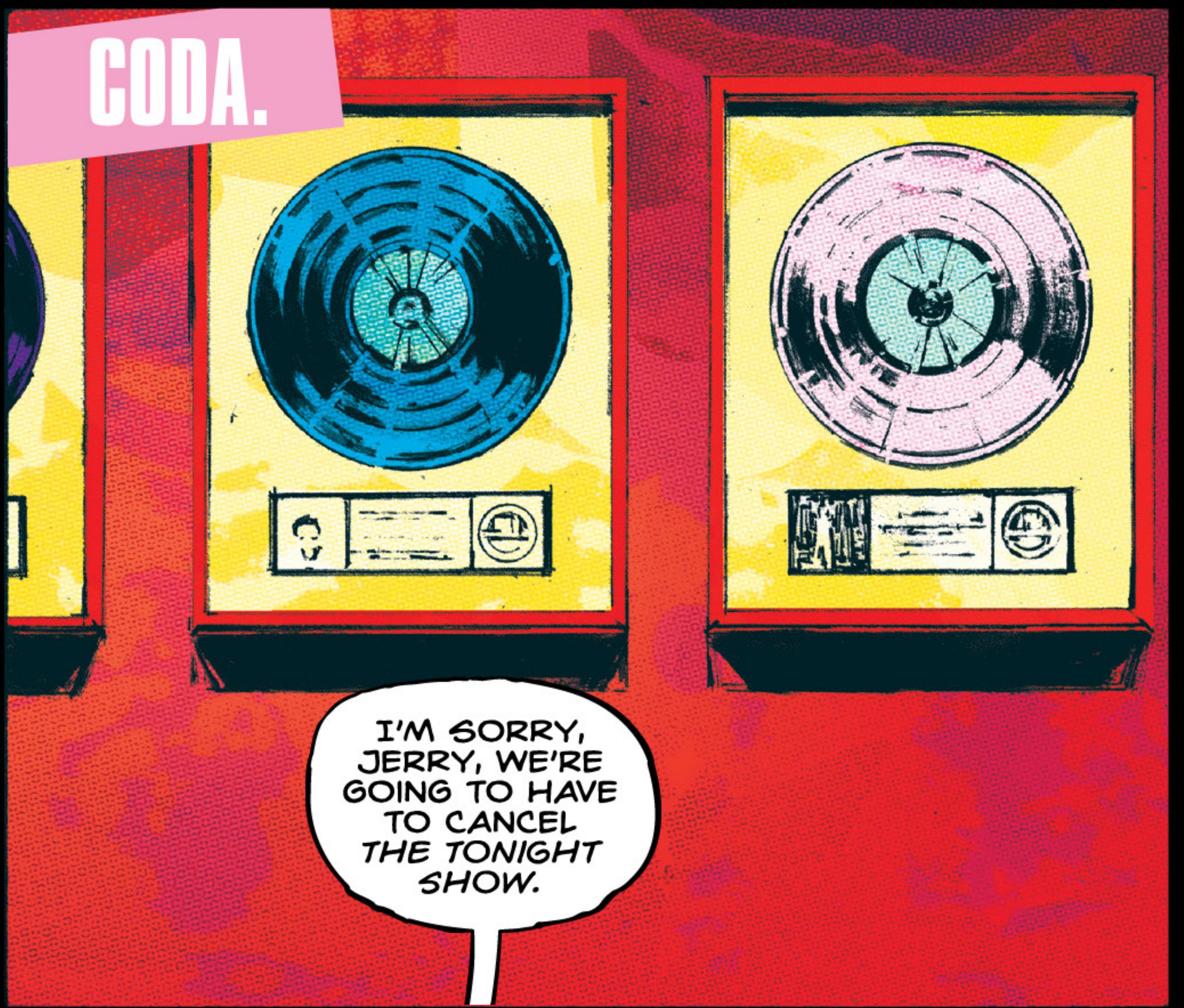




ALEX STARR

THE BLACK ROOM

YOU'RE ALRIGHT.



CODA.

I'M SORRY, JERRY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CANCEL THE TONIGHT SHOW.



I'M IN A BAD WAY THIS EVENING.



NO. THE DOCTOR DOESN'T THINK THERE'S MUCH ELSE WE CAN DO.

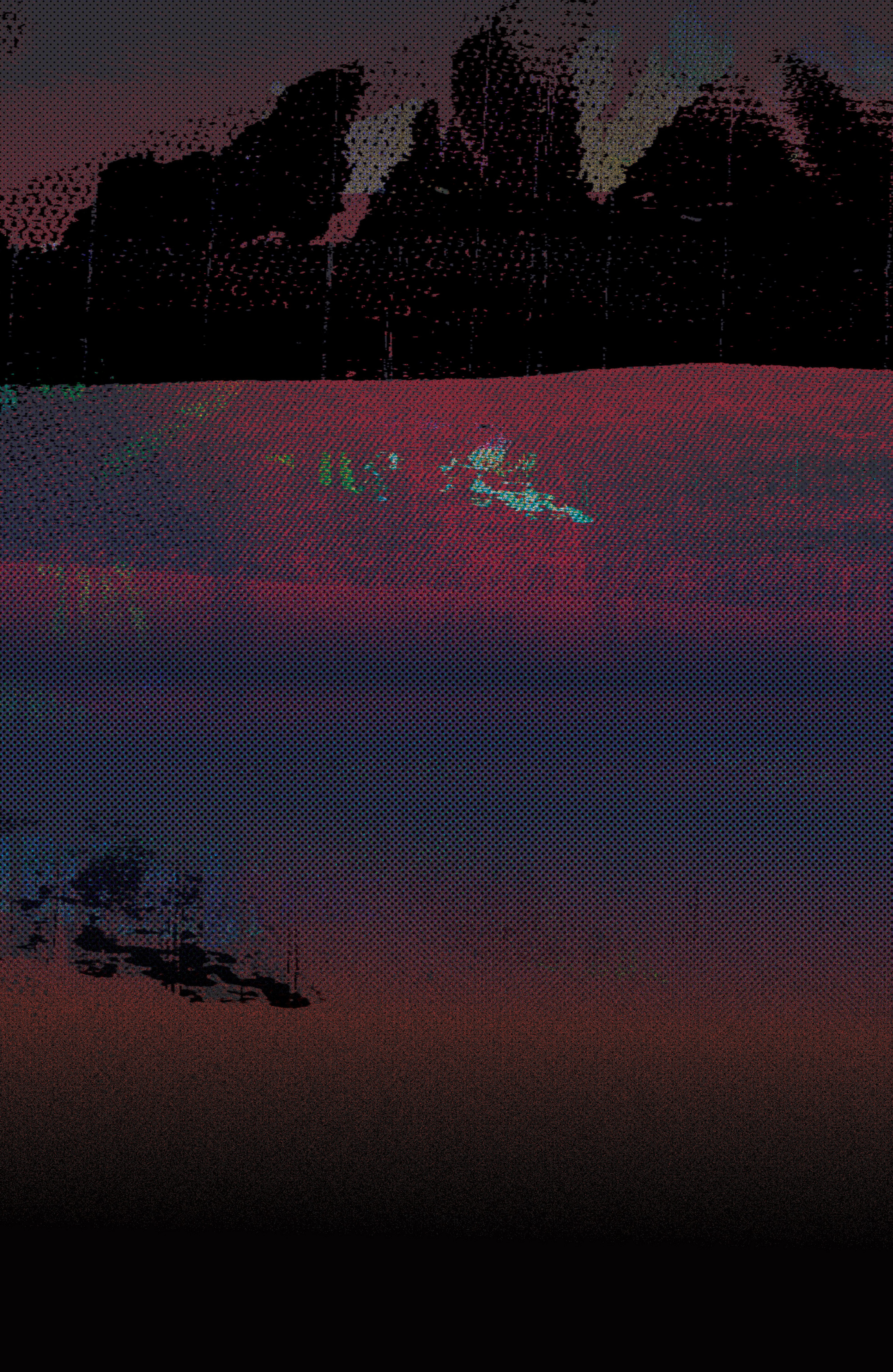
I DON'T KNOW, JERRY. I'VE NOT GIVEN UP JUST YET. I HAVE ONE LAST THING THAT I WANT TO TRY.

ALTERNATIVE?



YEAH, YOU COULD SAY THAT.

Mr. BITE





I HATE
THIS
PAINTING.

YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD. EVERY HUMAN
I'VE *FEASTED* ON--
when their life flashes
before my eyes--
DRACULA WAS IN
THERE SOME-
WHERE.

I COULD
TASTE THEIR
AWE.

I'M
SURE THAT
FED YOUR
EGO MORE
THAN YOUR
STOMACH.

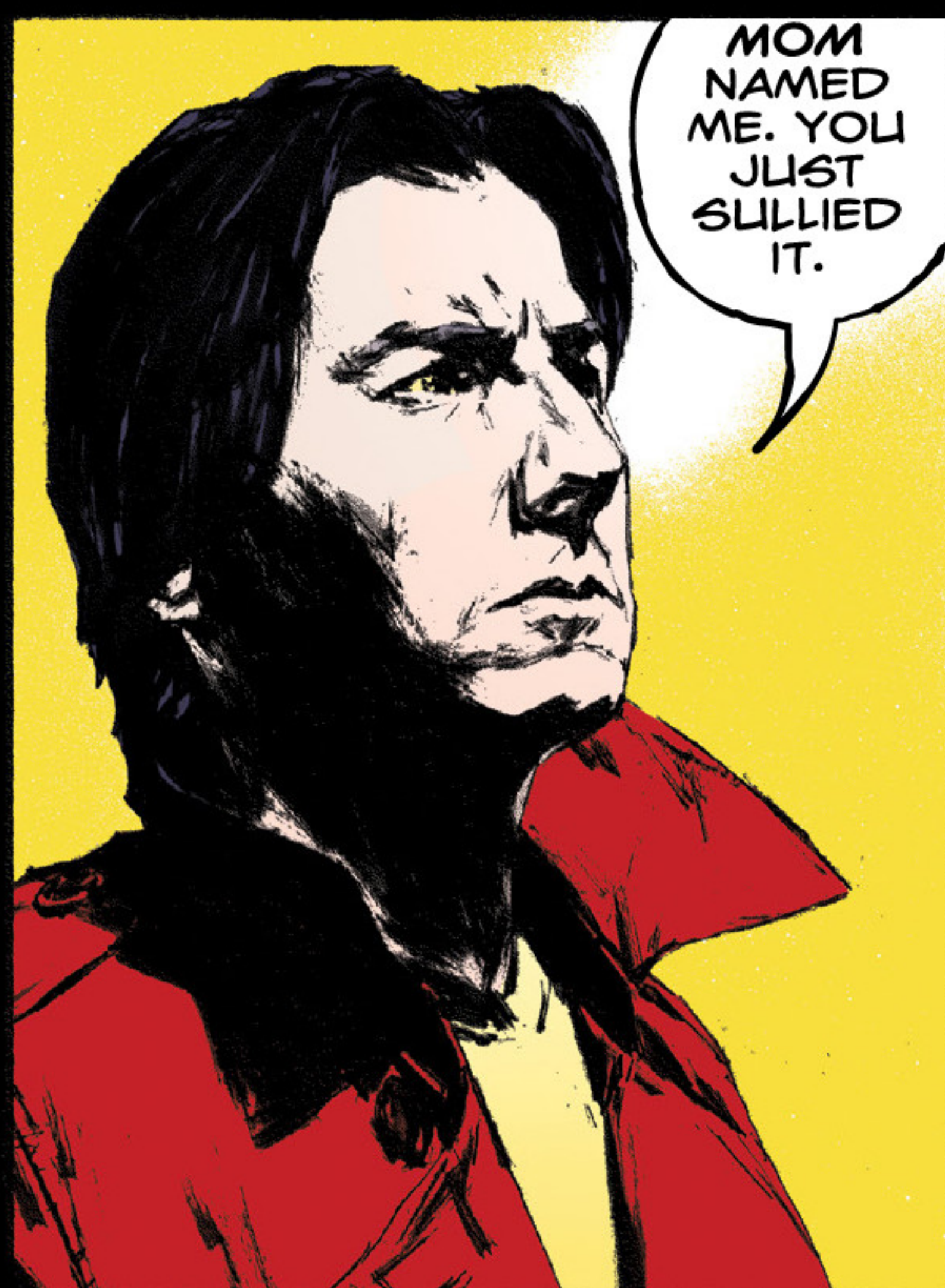


Oh, please.
I NAMED
HIM AFTER
YOU.

Pfft.
YOU WERE
JUST TOO
LAZY TO COME
UP WITH AN
ORIGINAL
NAME.

DON'T
PRETEND
ANYTHING
ABOUT **HIM**
IS ABOUT **ME**.
THIS IS JUST A
MONUMENT
TO **YOU**.

MY FATHER,
BRAM STOKER,
SAVIOR OF THE
FIRST BORN.



MOM
NAMED
ME. YOU
JUST
SULLIED
IT.

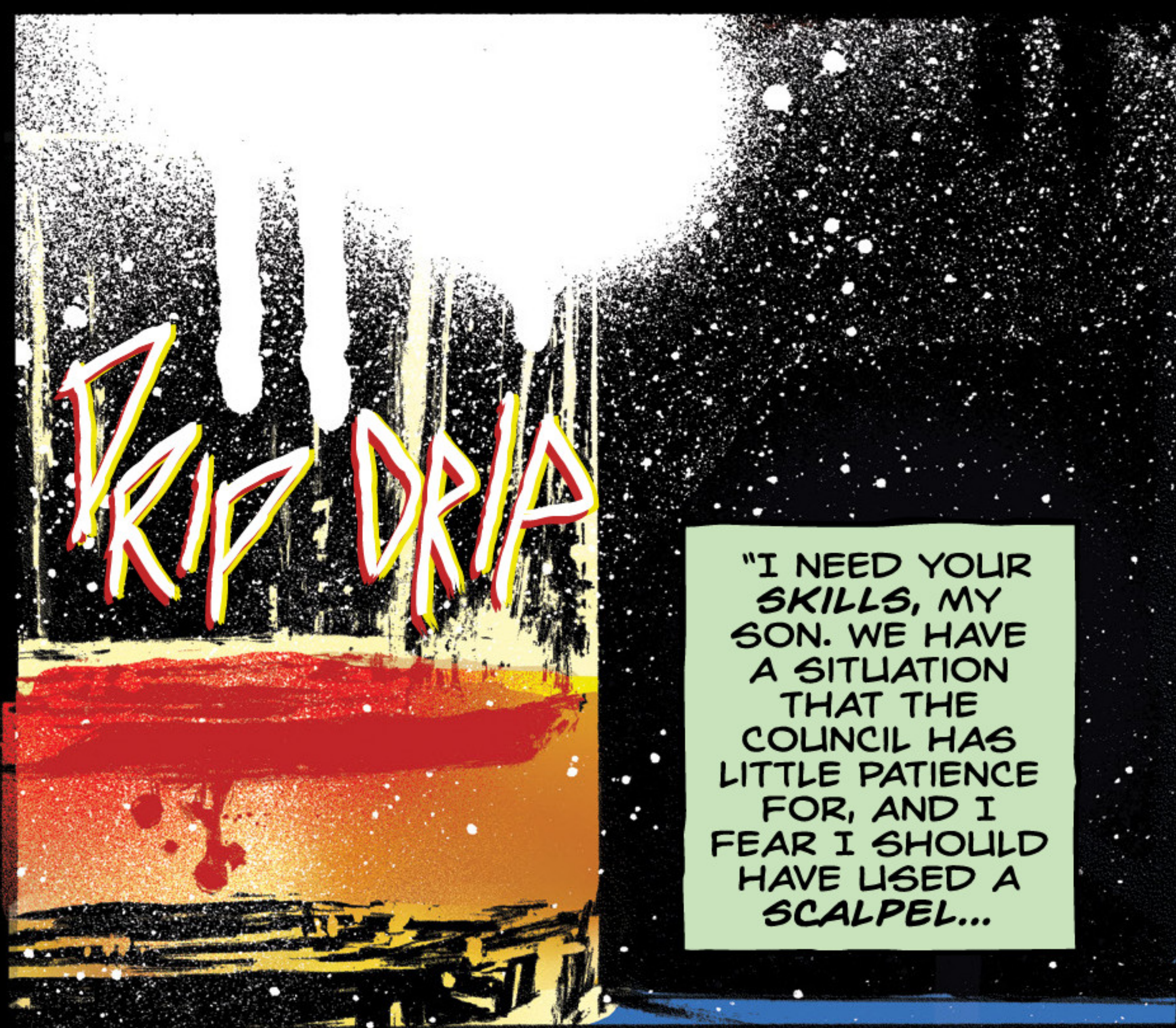


Son...

DON'T
"SON" ME.
JUST TELL
ME...

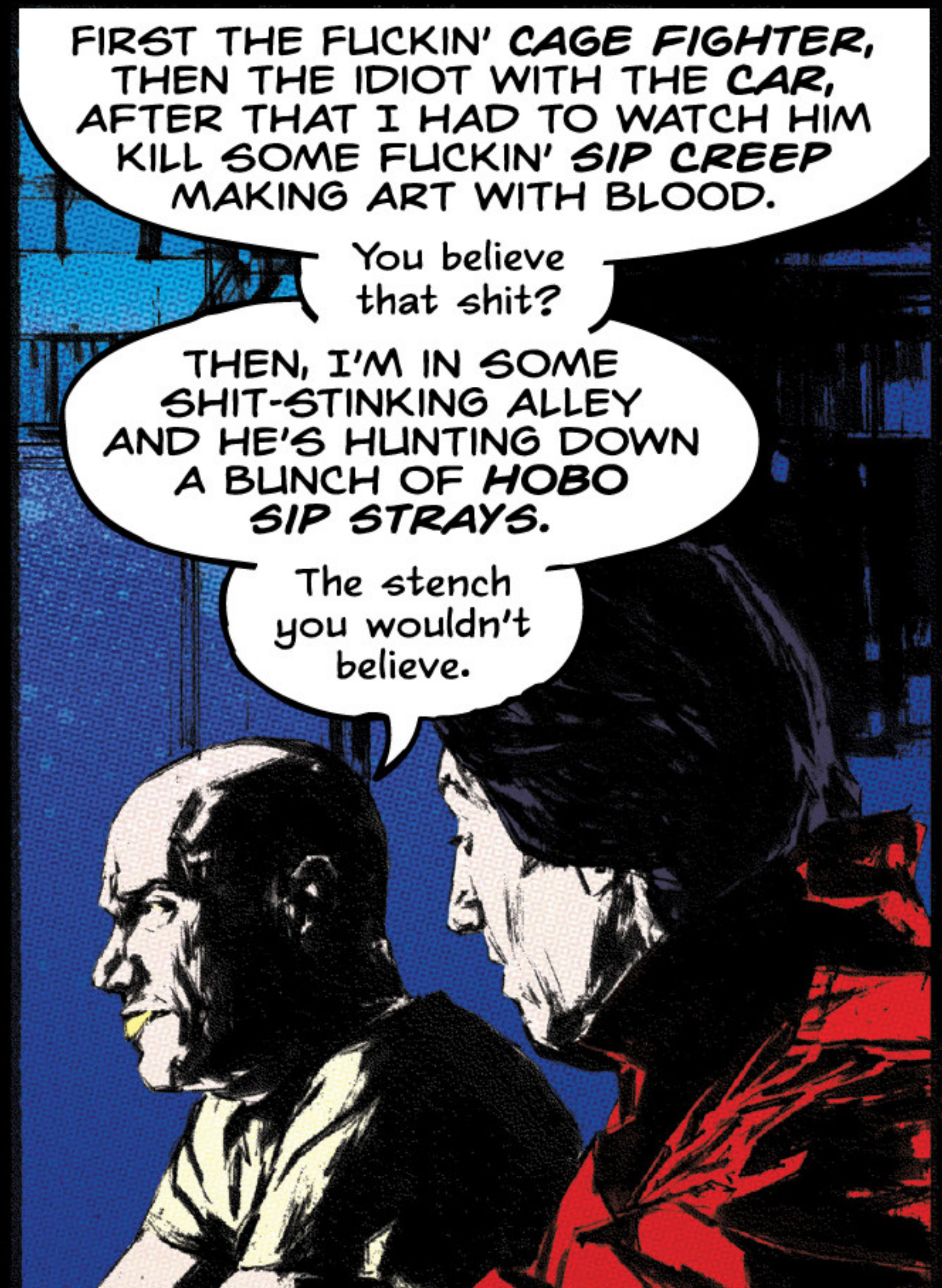


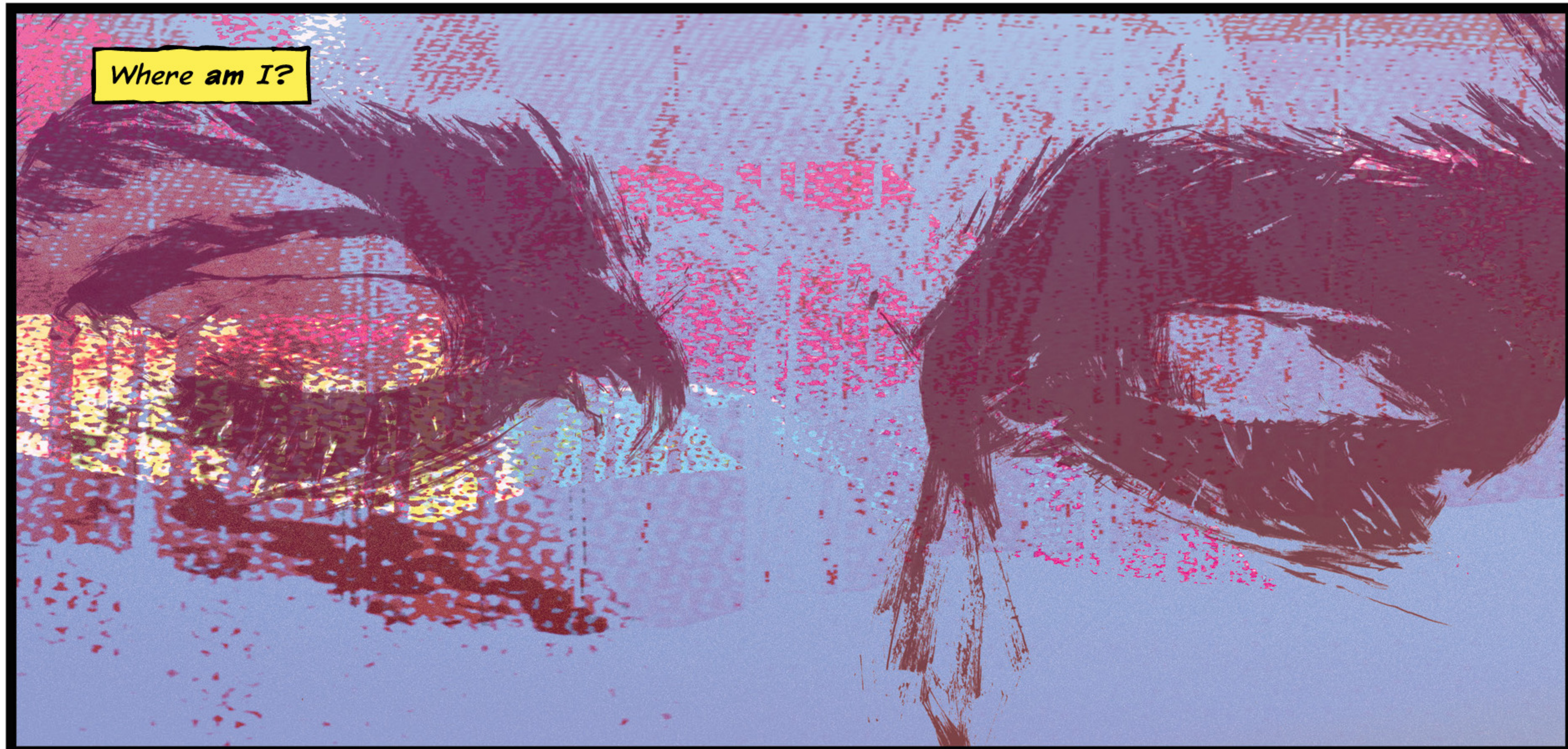
"... WHAT DO
YOU WANT?"



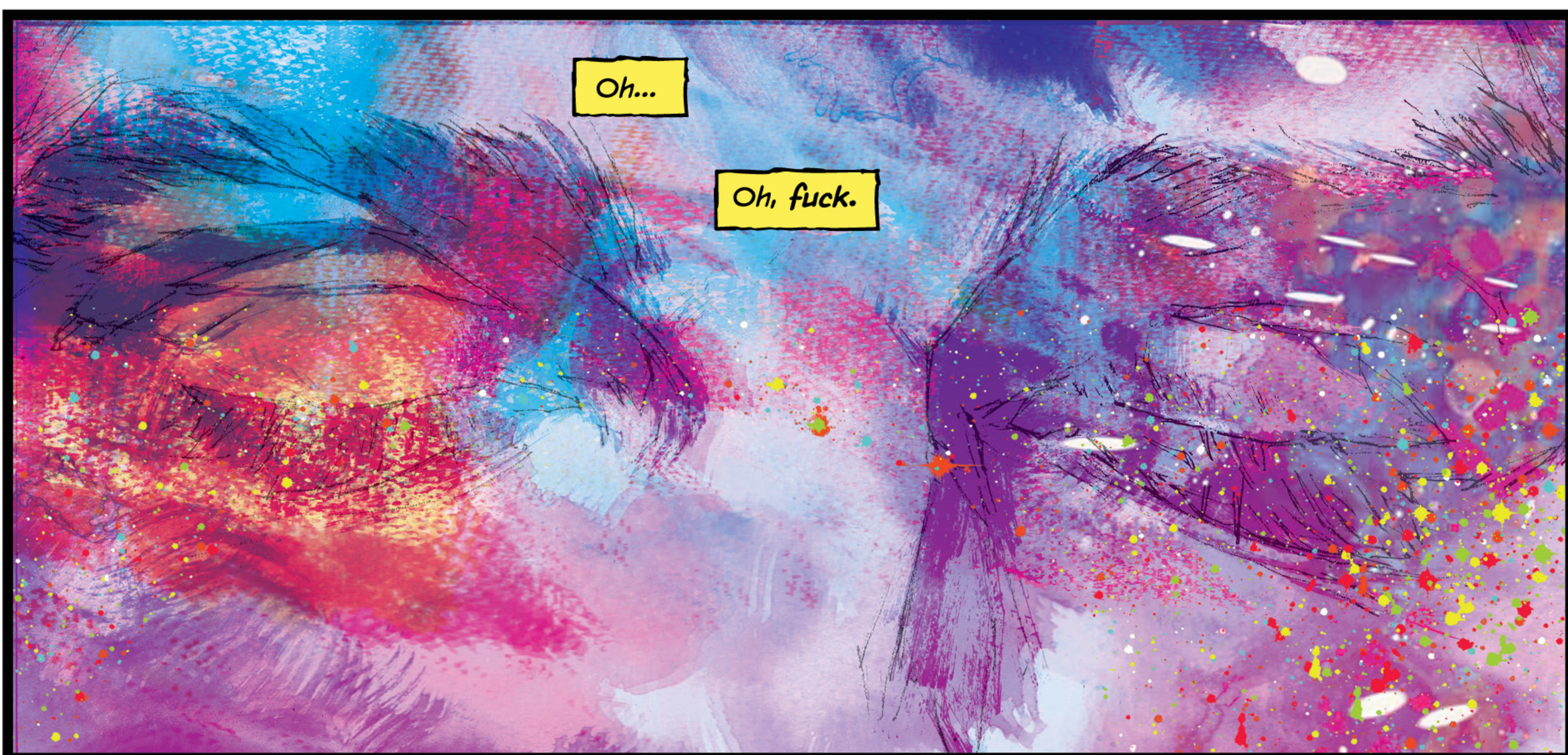
"I NEED YOUR
SKILLS, MY
SON. WE HAVE
A SITUATION
THAT THE
COUNCIL HAS
LITTLE PATIENCE
FOR, AND I
FEAR I SHOULD
HAVE USED A
SCALPEL...







Where am I?



Oh...

Oh, fuck.



Now I remember...

... I'm tripping.

... JOEY?

HOW WE MET, REMEMBER? IT WAS ALMOST ROMANTIC, BOSS.

I'M REALLY FLICKING TRIPPING.

YES, INDEED YOU ARE...

... WELCOME TO MY MEMORY PALACE, ATTICUS STONE.

BOBBY DALE
aka **DR. NOW**

The drug-dealing, memory-eating Sip Vampire.



For decades, Atticus Sloane has
been turning humans into Vampires.

Now, he has a month to find
all those that he turned or
face *deadly consequences*.

Kill all that he has turned...

...or the First Born
Council will *kill him*.



Whoa,
SLOW
DOWN,
BOSS.



I'VE NEVER
SEEN YOU SO
KEEN TO KILL A SIP.
YOU GOT SOMETHING
PERSONAL ABOUT
THIS ONE OR
SOMETHING?

YOU
USUALLY
DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER
THEM.

QUITE THE
OPPOSITE, YOU
EVER-LINGERING
IDIOT. THE PACE
IN MY GAIT IS
ALL LOVE.

Well, love
might be *bit*
much. More
like less
hate.



BECAUSE
I ACTUALLY
DO REMEM-
BER THIS
GUY.

YOU
REMEMBER
HIM? THE HEAD-
WOUND GUY WHO
CAN'T MAKE NEW
MEMORIES? USED
TO BE CHEMISTRY
TEACHER, YEAH?
God, *sad*
story.

Yada yada,
YEEEEAH
NOT SO
MUCH THAT
STUFF.



I JUST
NEVER FORGET
A *DEALER*. AND
JOEY, YOU
BLITHERING IDIOT,
I'M NOT HERE
TO KILL
HIM...



... I'M
HERE TO
GET ME
SOME OF
THAT
HIGH.



BOSS, THIS
AIN'T A GOOD
IDEA. THE COUNCIL
IS WATCHING.
THAT BUCKTOOTH
MONSTER AIN'T NO
JOKE, AND GOD
FORBID THEY
SEND A
PENSMTIH.

Just kill
the guy
already.

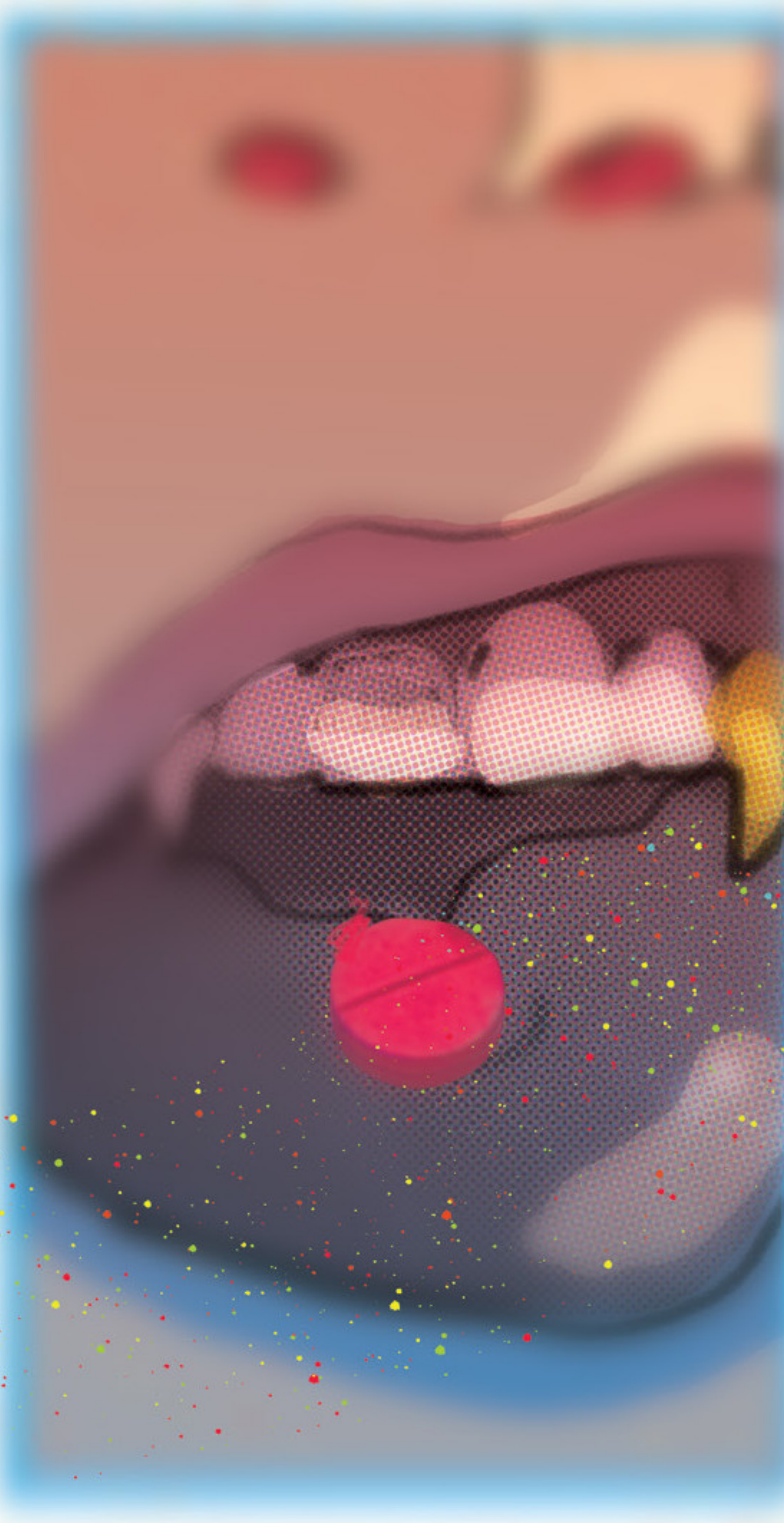
Shhh, WILL
YA? JUST GIVE
ME ONE SINGLE
MOMENT WHERE
I'M NOT THINKING
ABOUT FUCKING
DYING.



REMEMBER
WITH US.



HERE'S
TO NOT
GIVING A
FLICK.



BOSS?
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?
IT'S ME,
JOEY.

BOSS!

Boss,
wake up.
WAKE UP.
WAKE
UP!





"ATTICUS, MY DARLING BOY. THIS IS THE WAY OF IT. THEIR LIFE TRAVELS WITH THE BLOOD. THE MEMORY OF THEM. THE SONG OF THE BLOOD."



FATHER,
I DON'T LIKE
IT. MY HEAD'S
FULL OF HIS
MEMORIES.
IT'S MAKING
ME DIZZY.

IT WILL
PASS. YOU'LL
ABSORB HIM.
WE ARE ALL
CONNECTED, MY
SON. THIS IS
THE WAY OF
LIFE. OLD
AND NEW.



FUCK THAT.
SONG OF THE BLOOD.
Pfft. IT'S JUST A
FLUCKING **AFTER-**
TASTE.

Well...

... this really
is a *shit*
trip.

Oh, I MUST
DISAGREE.



ONCE
YOUR MIND
ADJUSTS
TO IT...



"... IT'S
DIVINE."



Fuck.
I wish
I could
forget the
smell.



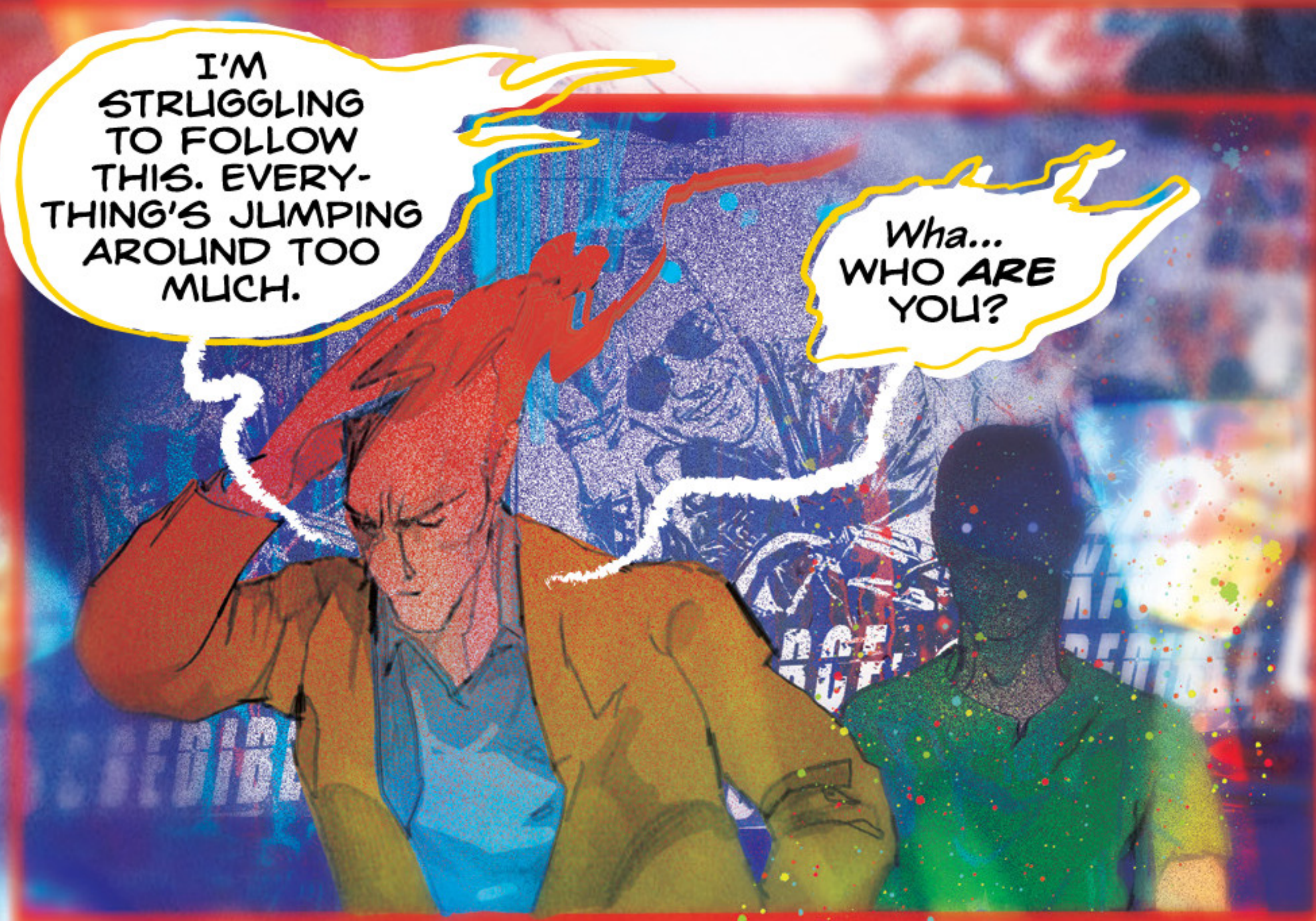
THOSE
POOR,
POOR
SIPS.



"HOW QUICKLY
THEY FALL.
DREAMING OF A
BETTER LIFE..."



"... BUT LACKING
THE MEANS TO
PAY FOR ONE."



I'M
STRUGGLING
TO FOLLOW
THIS. EVERY-
THING'S JUMPING
AROUND TOO
MUCH.

Wha...
WHO ARE
YOU?



FORGETTING
SO SOON?

HE'S NOT
WHAT YOU
THINK HE IS.
BOSS. CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

YOU
HAVE TO
WAKE UP.
THIS ISN'T
WHAT YOU
THINK.

BOSS.

BOSS!
YOU'RE IN
DANGER!

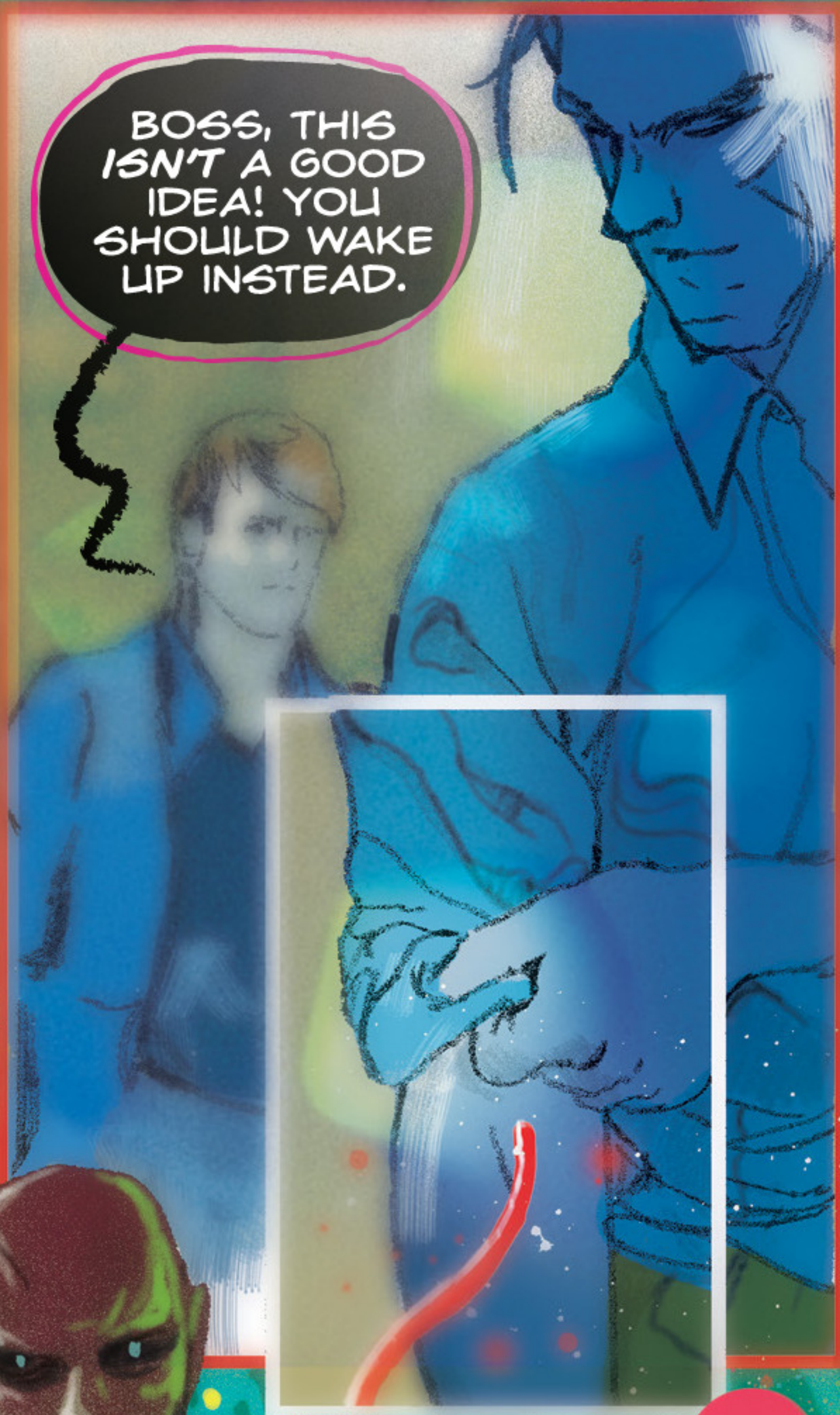




LET'S
RETREAD
A LITTLE.
REFRESH THAT
MEMORY OF
YOURS.



WHAT THE
FLUCK ARE
THOSE FEED
LINES?



BOSS, THIS
ISN'T A GOOD
IDEA! YOU
SHOULD WAKE
UP INSTEAD.



WHAT IS
THIS?

... I don't
remember
this.



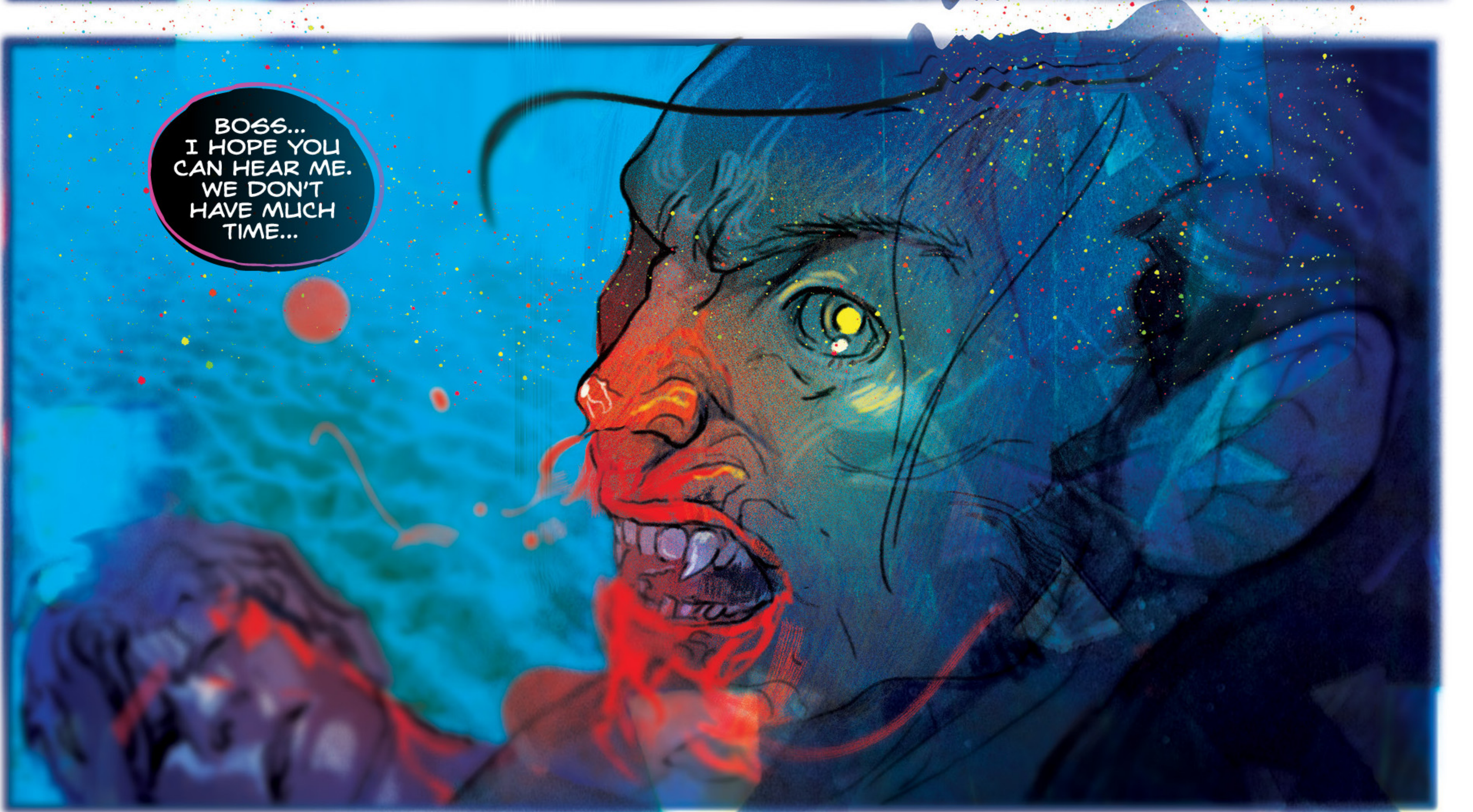
I'M
SURE
THAT YOU
DON'T.

SELECTIVE
MEMORY IS
A BEAUTIFUL
THING FOR
THE SELF-
DESTRUCTIVE.

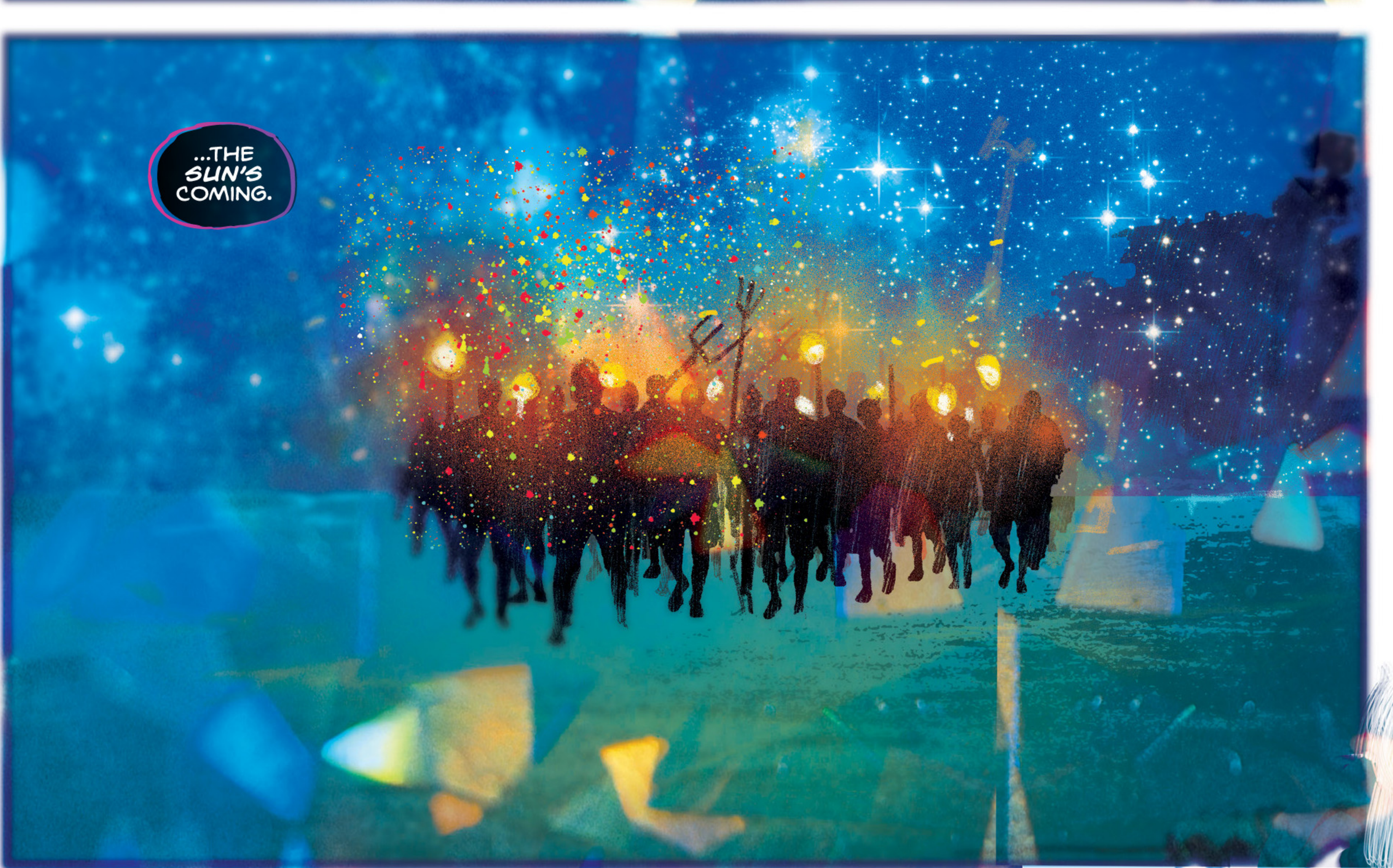
BUT
BELIEVE ME,
MR. SLOANE,
AS SOMEONE
WHO HAS NONE,
EVERY MEMORY IS
DISCARDED IS
A MEMORY
WASTED.



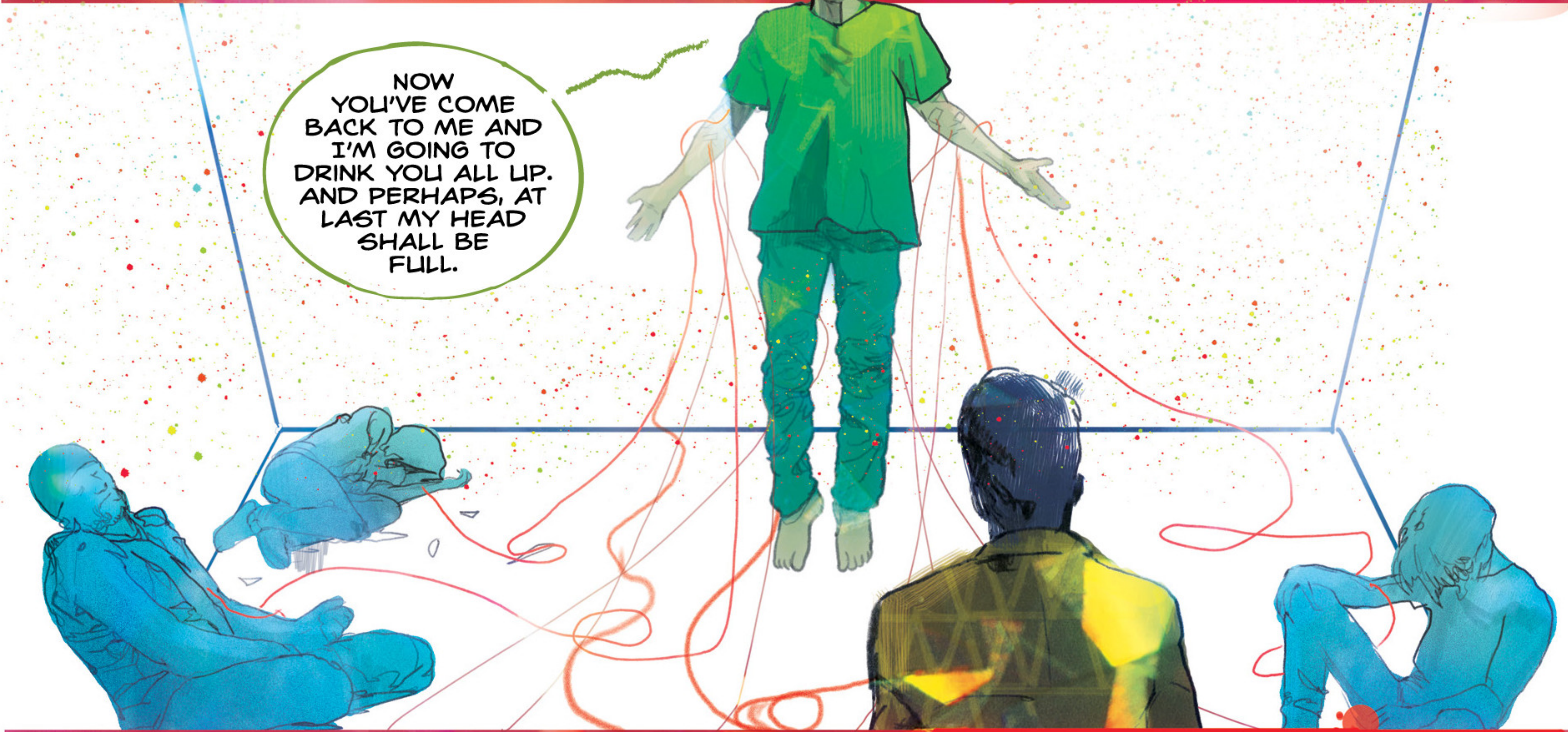
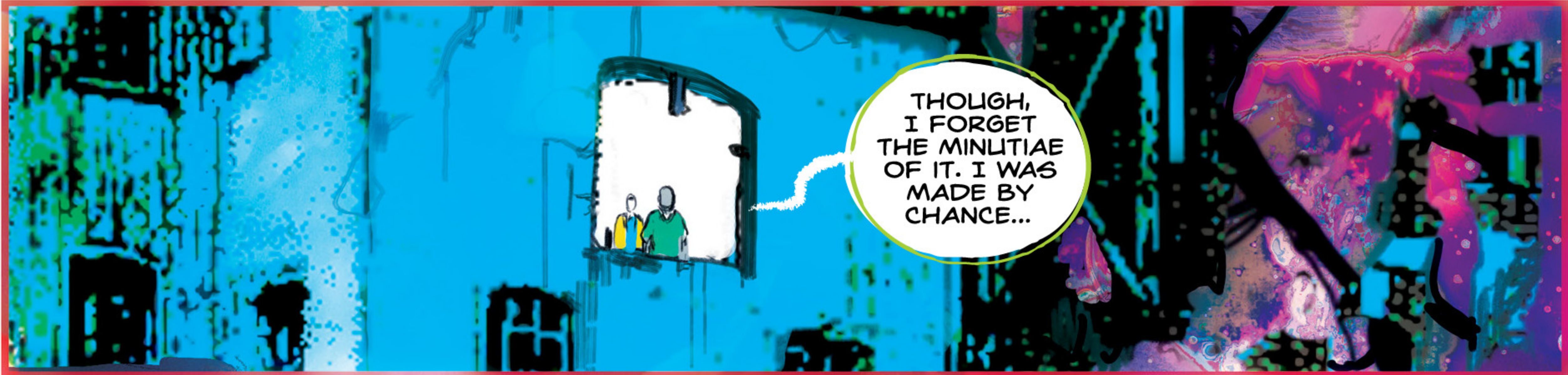
"EVERY SINGLE
MEMORY IS
PRECIOUS."

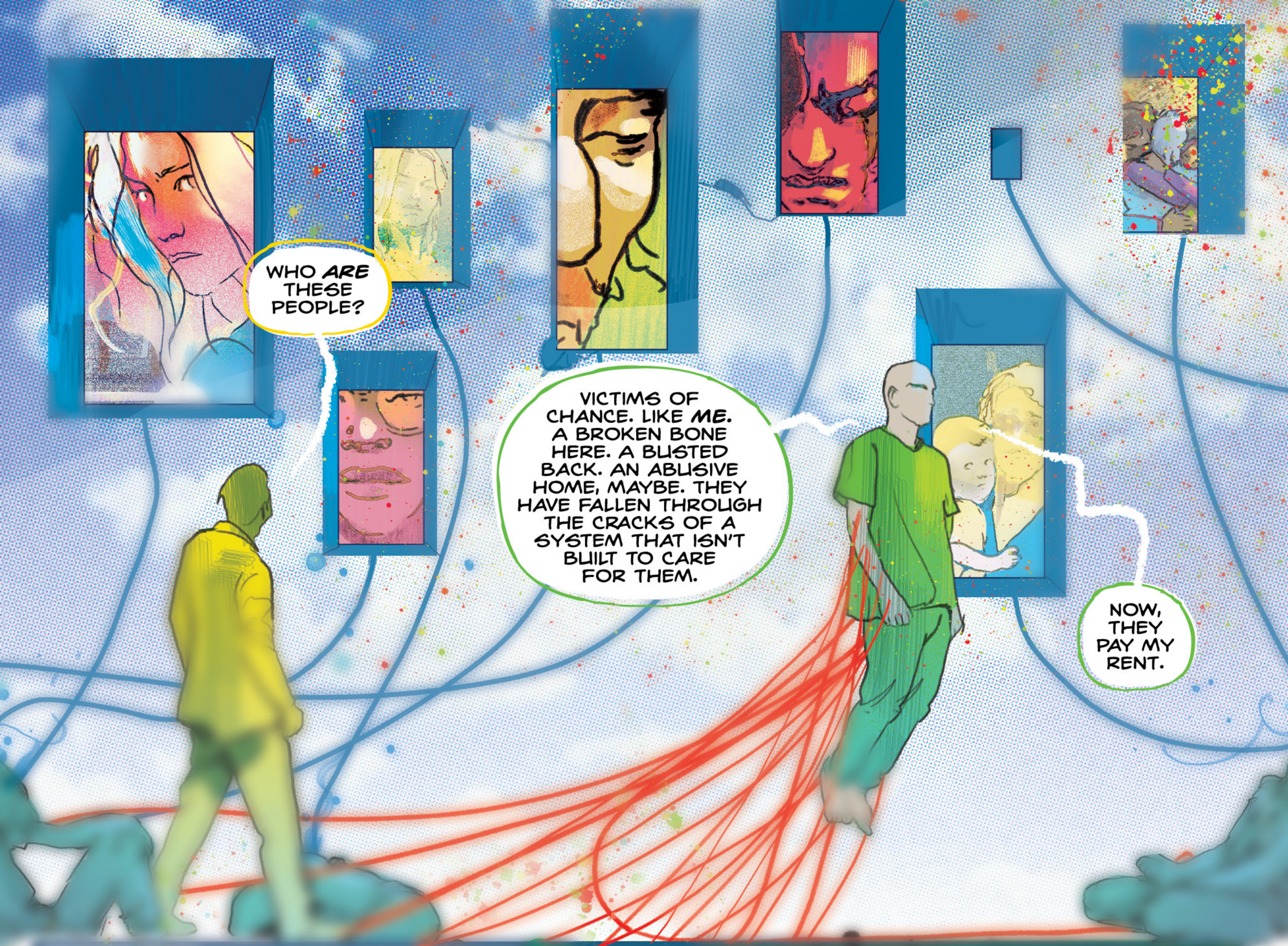


BOSS...
I HOPE YOU
CAN HEAR ME.
WE DON'T
HAVE MUCH
TIME...



...THE
SUN'S
COMING.

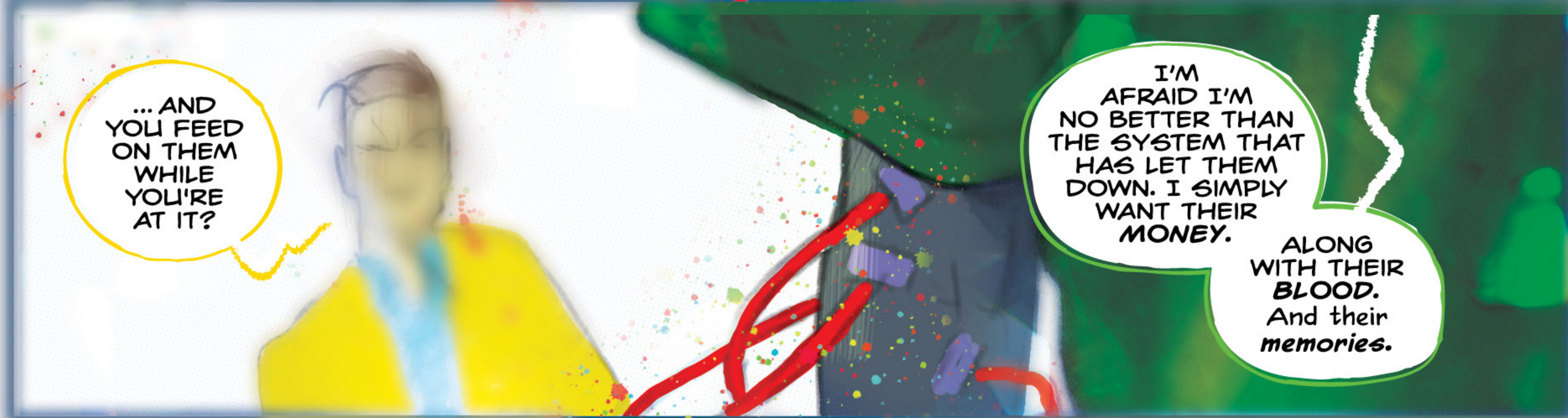




WHO ARE
THESE
PEOPLE?

VICTIMS OF
CHANCE. LIKE ME.
A BROKEN BONE
HERE. A BUSTED
BACK. AN ABUSIVE
HOME, MAYBE. THEY
HAVE FALLEN THROUGH
THE CRACKS OF A
SYSTEM THAT ISN'T
BUILT TO CARE
FOR THEM.

NOW,
THEY
PAY MY
RENT.



... AND
YOU FEED
ON THEM
WHILE
YOU'RE
AT IT?

I'M
AFRAID I'M
NO BETTER THAN
THE SYSTEM THAT
HAS LET THEM
DOWN. I SIMPLY
WANT THEIR
MONEY.

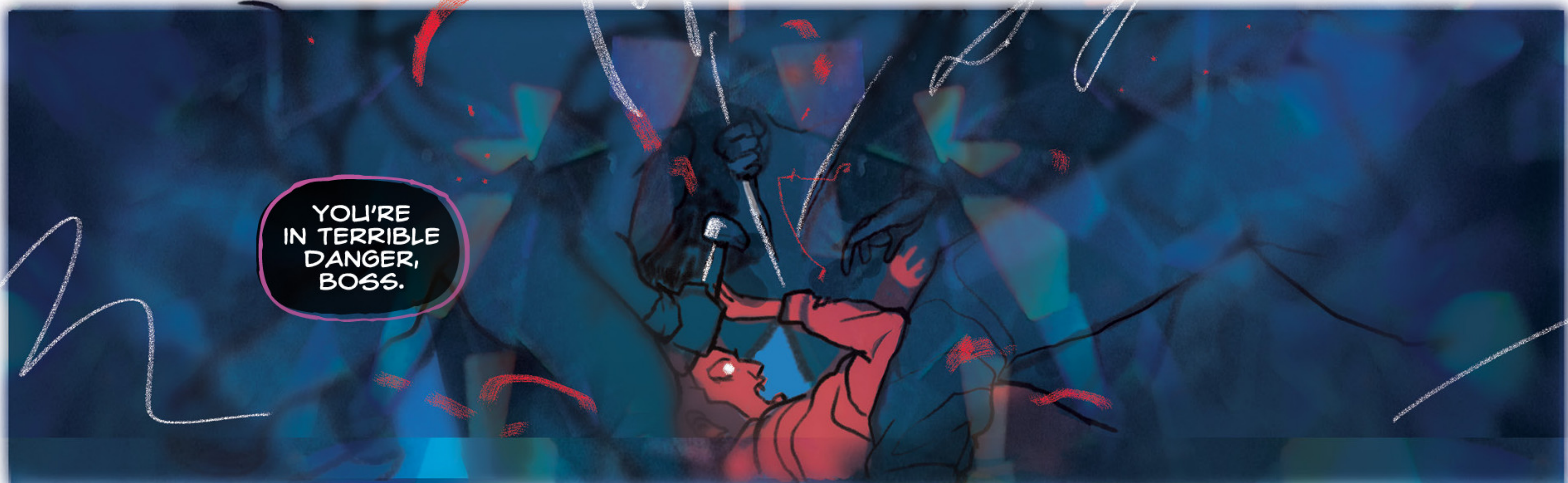
ALONG
WITH THEIR
BLOOD.
And their
memories.



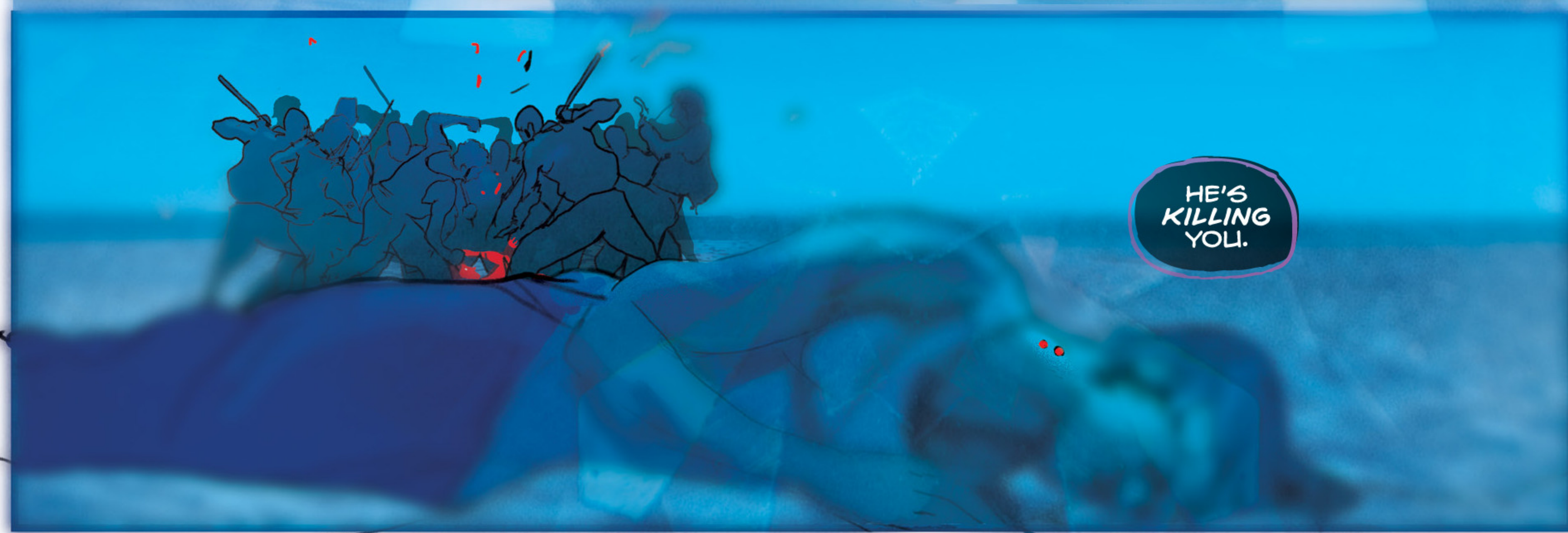
BUT EVEN
BOUND TOGETHER,
SUCH AS IT IS, THEY
NEVER LAST LONG,
UNFORTUNATELY.



A WEALTHY
BENEFACITOR
SUCH AS
YOURSELF, ON
THE OTHER
HAND...



YOU'RE
IN TERRIBLE
DANGER,
BOSS.



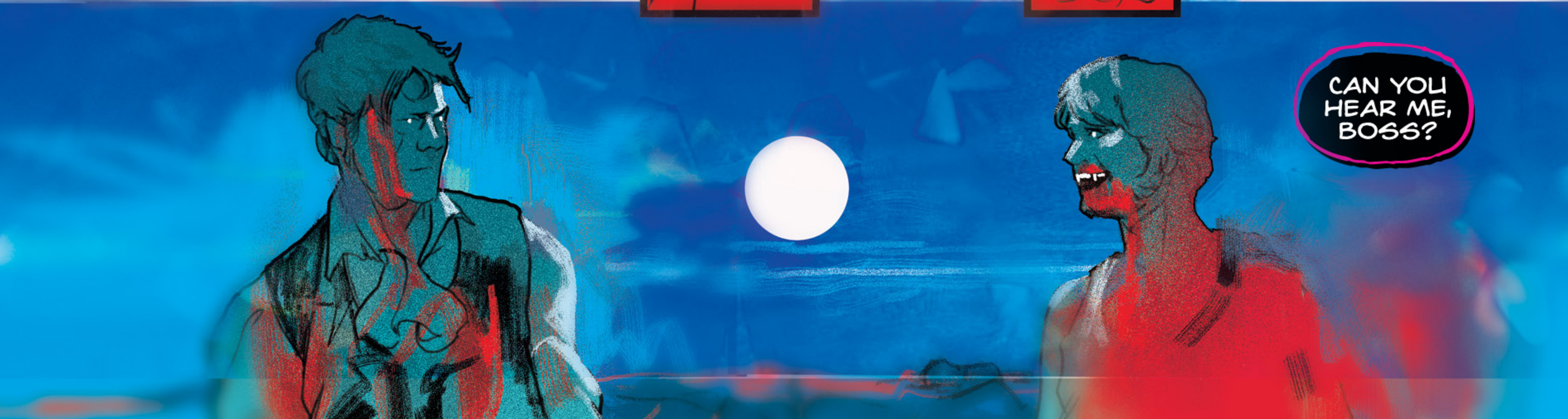
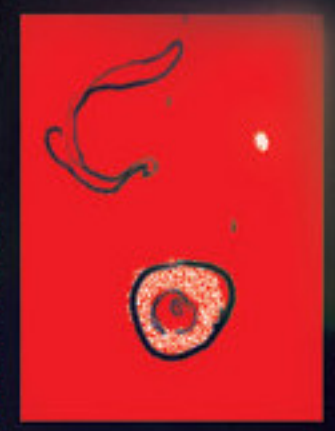
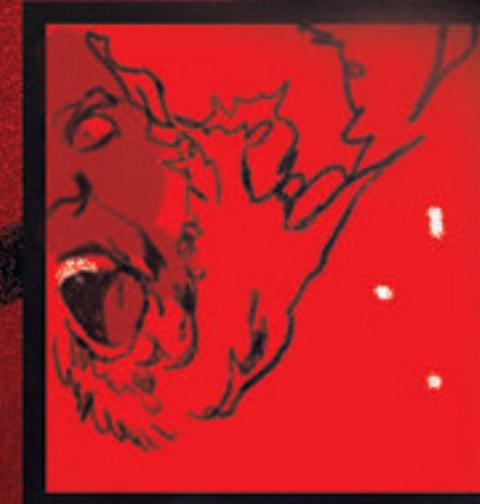
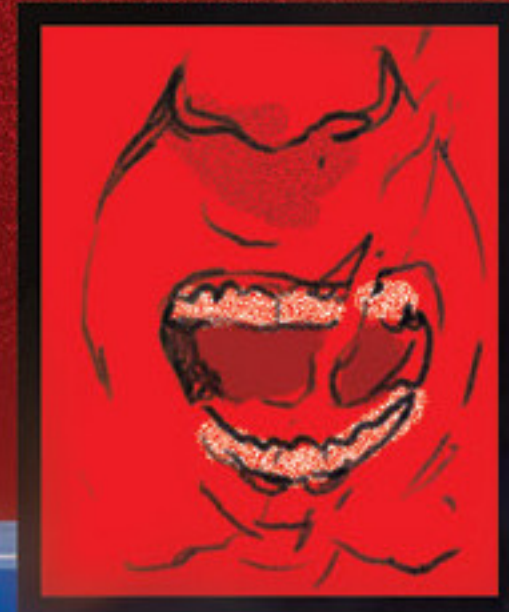
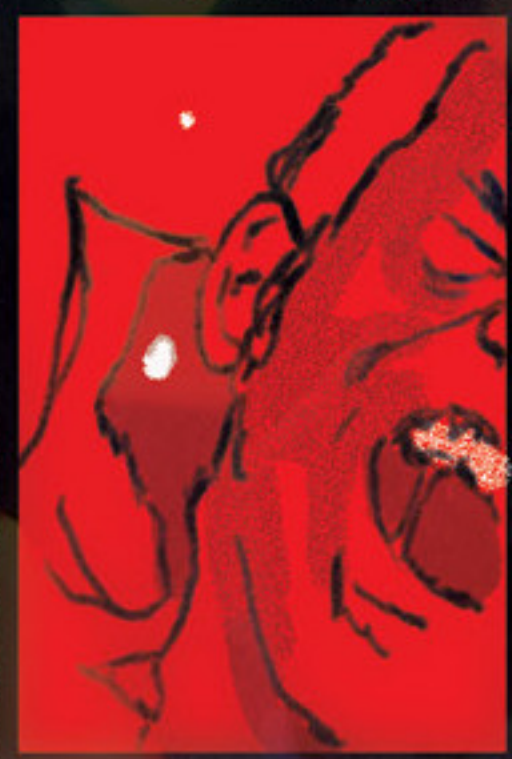
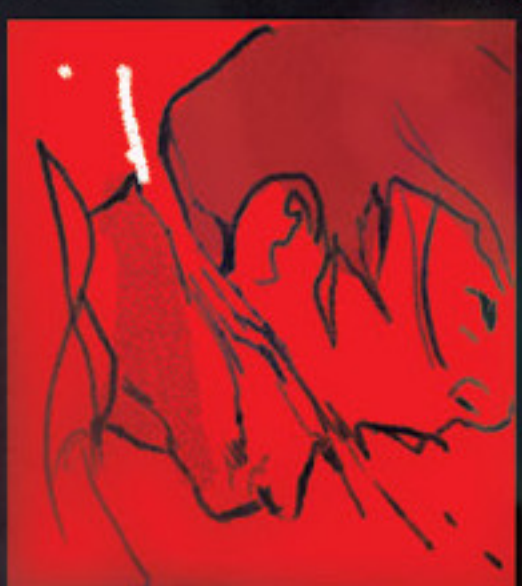
HE'S
KILLING
YOU.



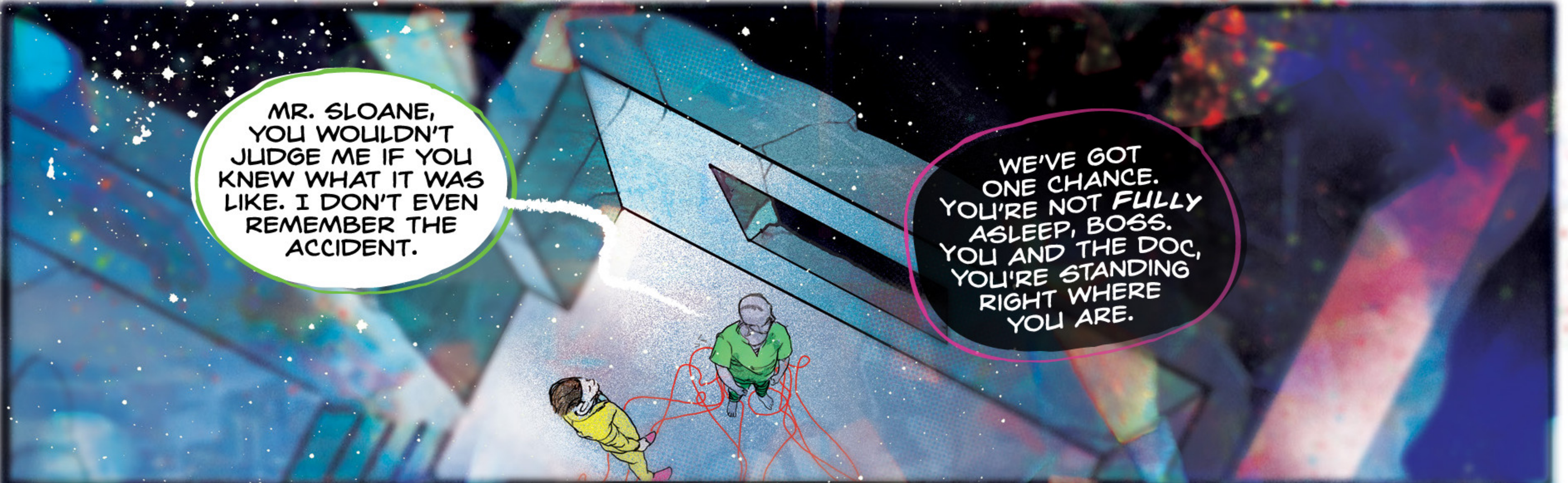
IT'S
ME. IT'S
JOEY...



...AND I'M
NOT GOING
TO LET HIM
KILL YOU.

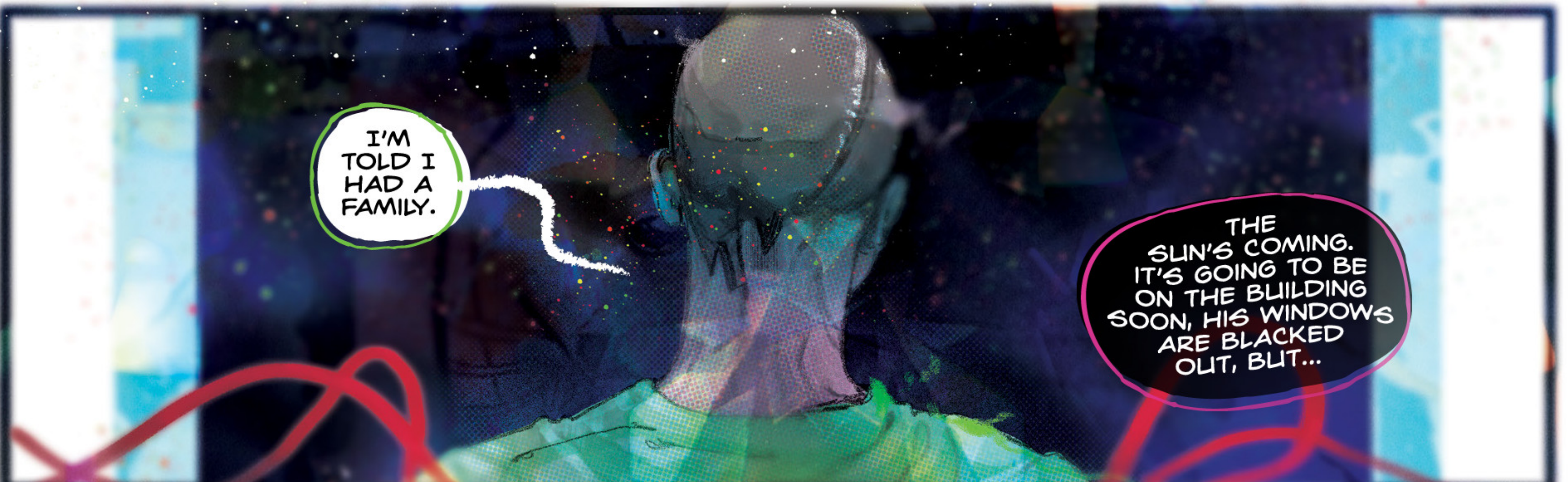


CAN YOU
HEAR ME,
BOSS?



MR. SLOANE,
YOU WOULDN'T
JUDGE ME IF YOU
KNEW WHAT IT WAS
LIKE. I DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER THE
ACCIDENT.

WE'VE GOT
ONE CHANCE.
YOU'RE NOT *FULLY*
ASLEEP, BOSS.
YOU AND THE DOC,
YOU'RE STANDING
RIGHT WHERE
YOU ARE.



I'M
TOLD I
HAD A
FAMILY.

THE
SUN'S COMING.
IT'S GOING TO BE
ON THE BUILDING
SOON, HIS WINDOWS
ARE BLACKED
OUT, BUT...



SO I STEAL
THE MEMORIES
OF OTHER PEOPLE.
I DON'T THINK I USED
TO BE THIS PERSON,
BUT WHEN YOU
FORGET ALL
GOODNESS...

ATTICUS?

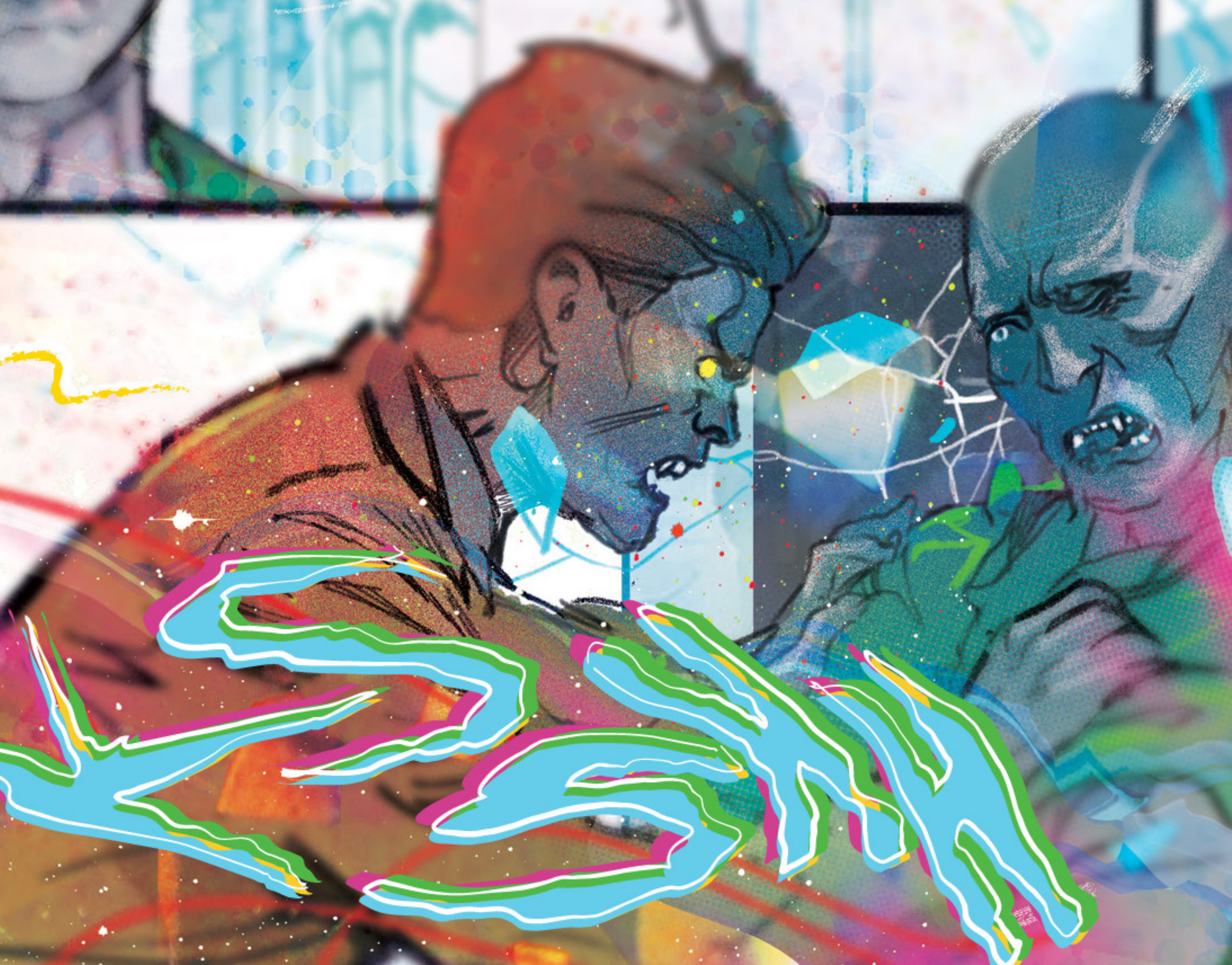


...IT'S *EASY*
TO BE A
MONSTER.

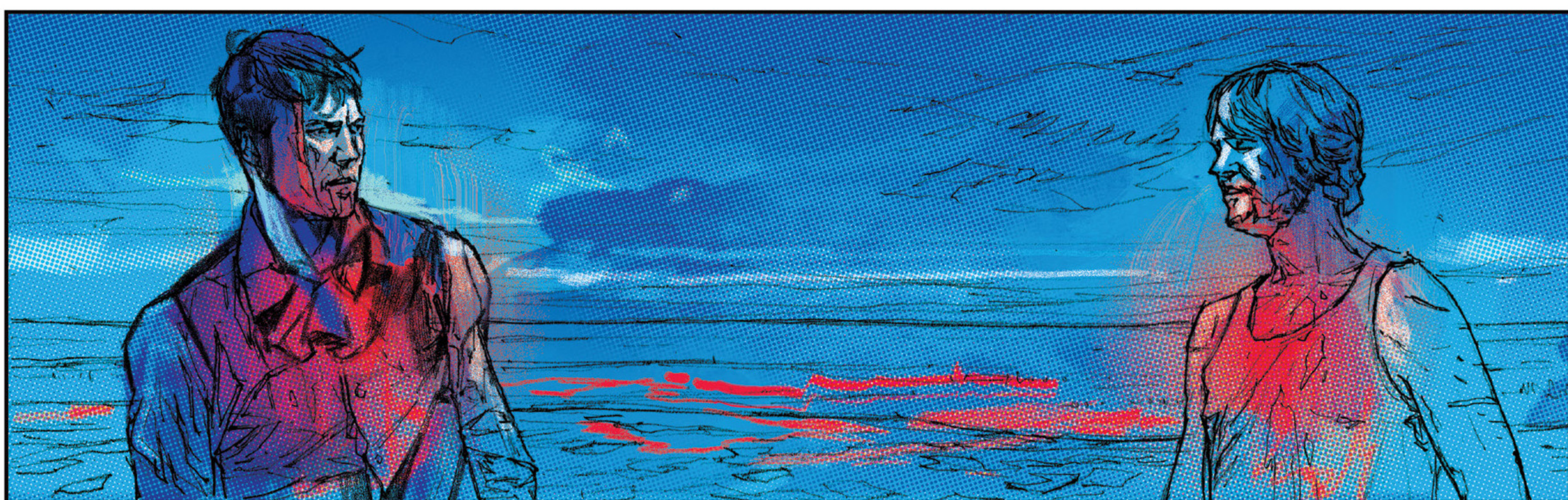
I can
hear you,
Joey.

NOW, BOSS!
Now!

REMEMBER
THIS,
ASSHOLE!





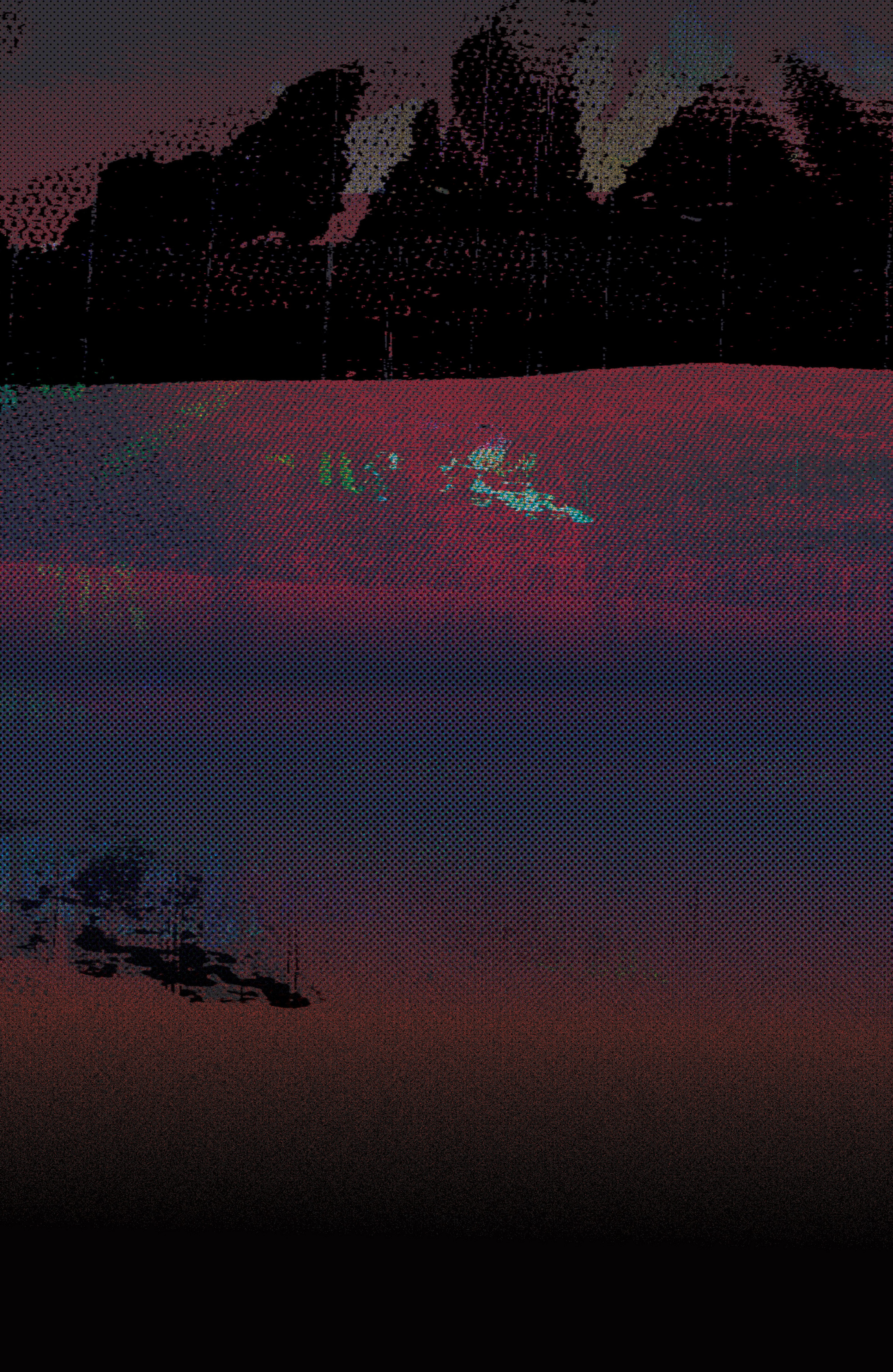


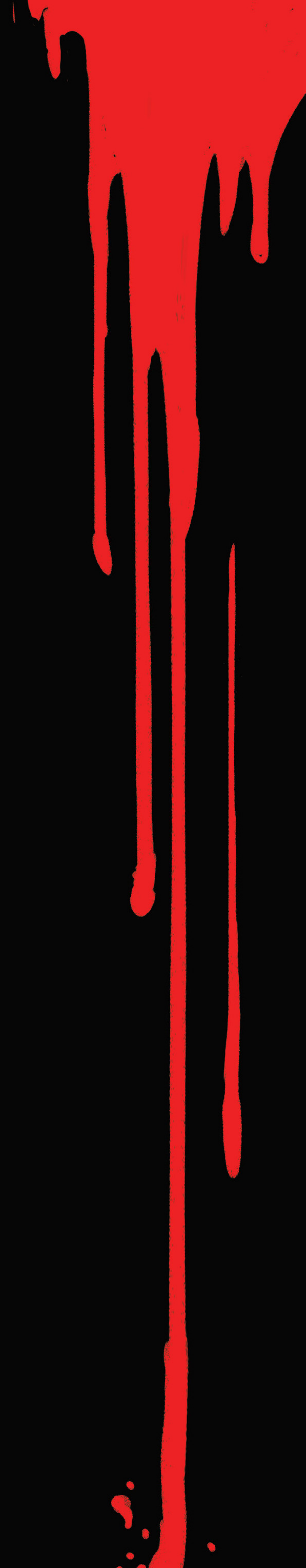
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT ...













SOMEONE
FETCH **BRAM**
STOKER AND
TELL HIM HIS
DRACULA IS
DEAD!

MOMENTS LATER...

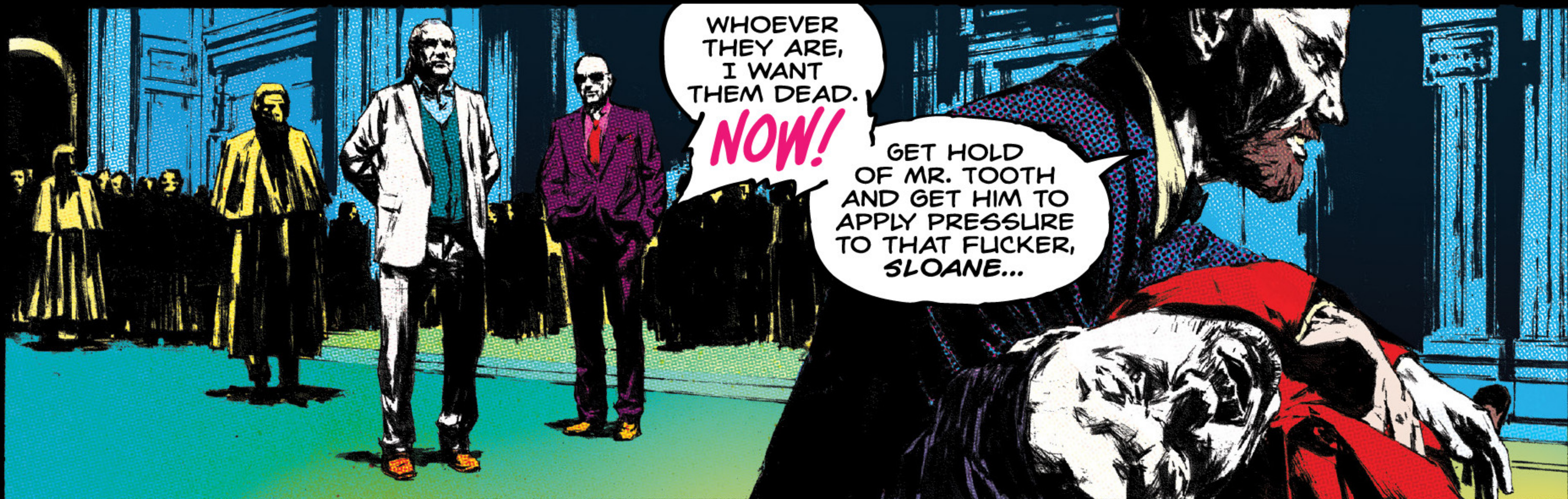


NO...
My boy...
My beautiful
boy...
MY
MUSE...

MY
CHILD!



CAN
SOMEBODY
TELL ME WHY
THAT FUCKING
SIP DOCTOR
ISN'T DEAD
YET!



WHOEVER
THEY ARE,
I WANT
THEM DEAD.
NOW!

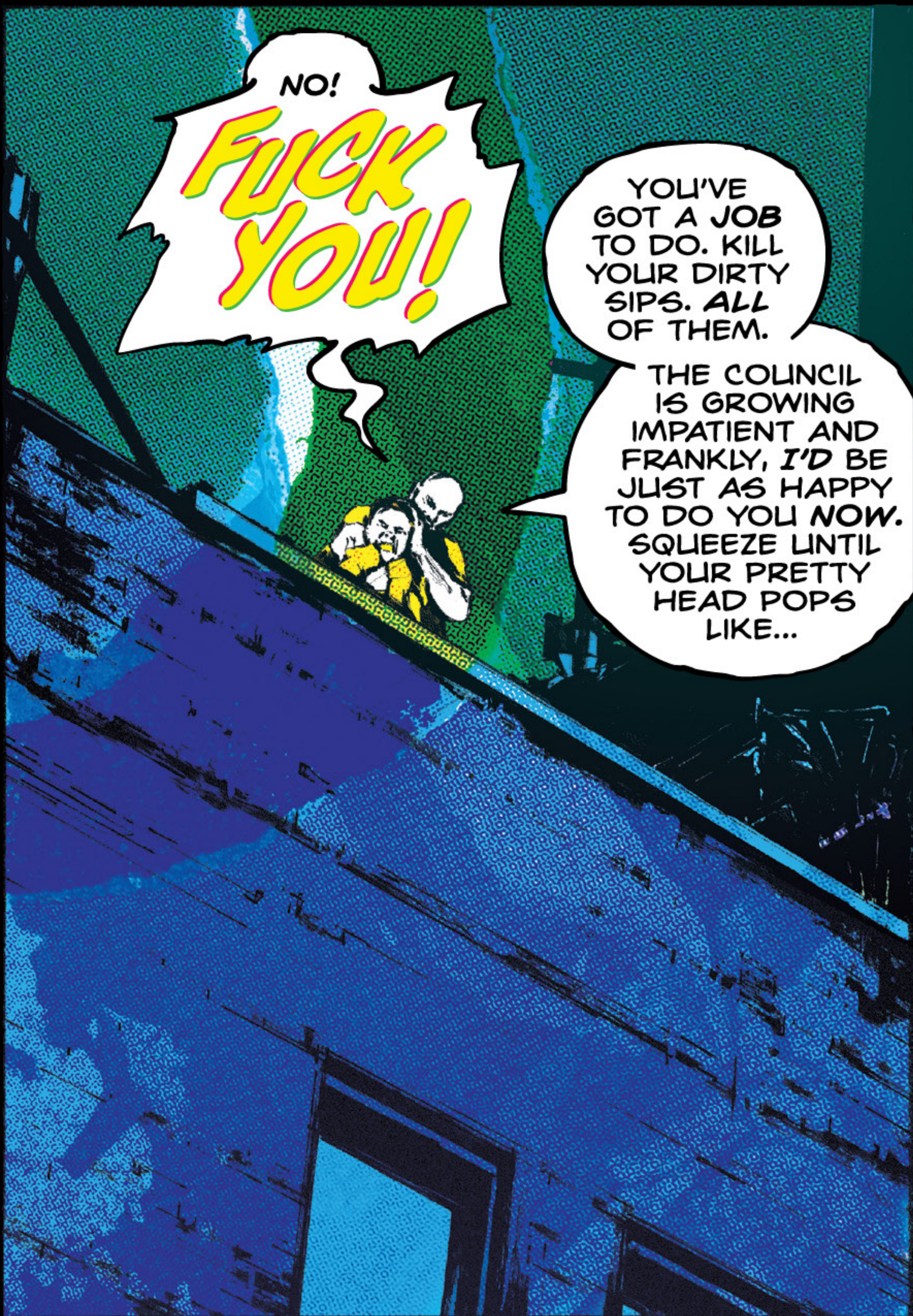
GET HOLD
OF MR. TOOTH
AND GET HIM TO
APPLY PRESSURE
TO THAT FLICKER,
SLOANE...



"... TELL MR. TOOTH
TO SQUEEZE!"

urghh...

F-f-fuck...
YOU!



NO!

**FUCK
YOU!**

YOU'VE
GOT A JOB
TO DO. KILL
YOUR DIRTY
SIPS. ALL
OF THEM.

THE COLINIL
IS GROWING
IMPATIENT AND
FRANKLY, I'D BE
JUST AS HAPPY
TO DO YOU NOW.
SQUEEZE UNTIL
YOUR PRETTY
HEAD POPS
LIKE...



... LIKE A
GRAPE!



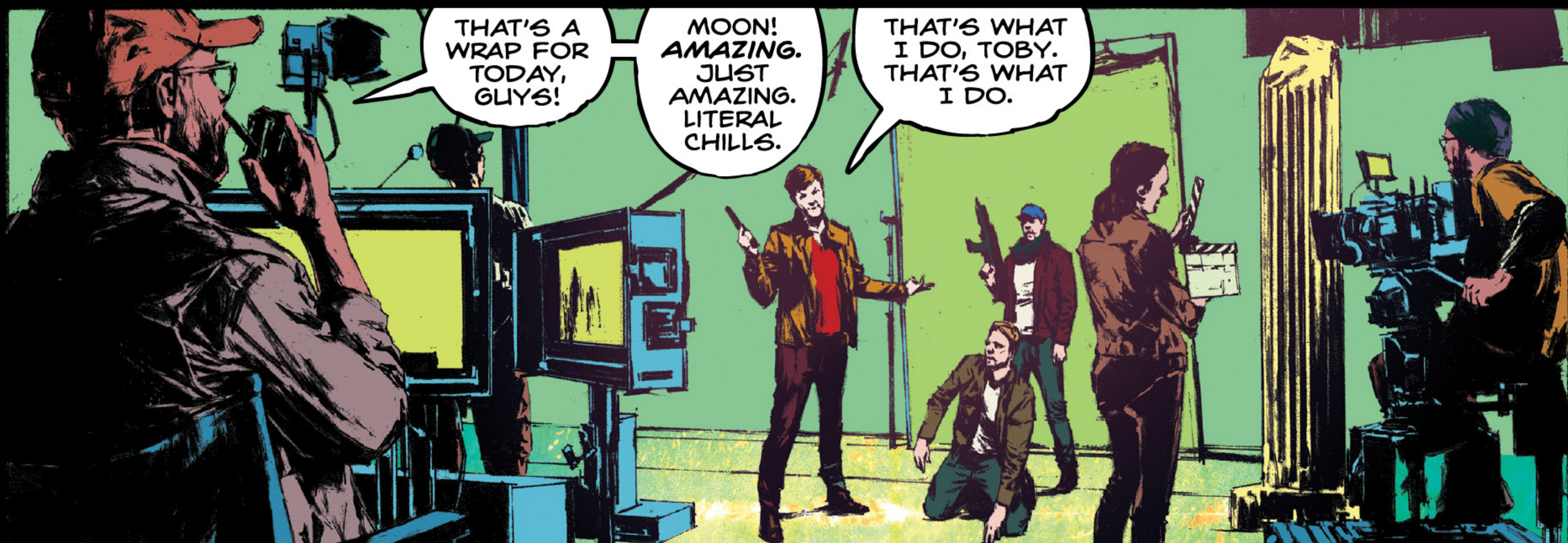
Like
a grape?!
FLICK ME,
YOU'RE AN
IDIOT.



KRACK!









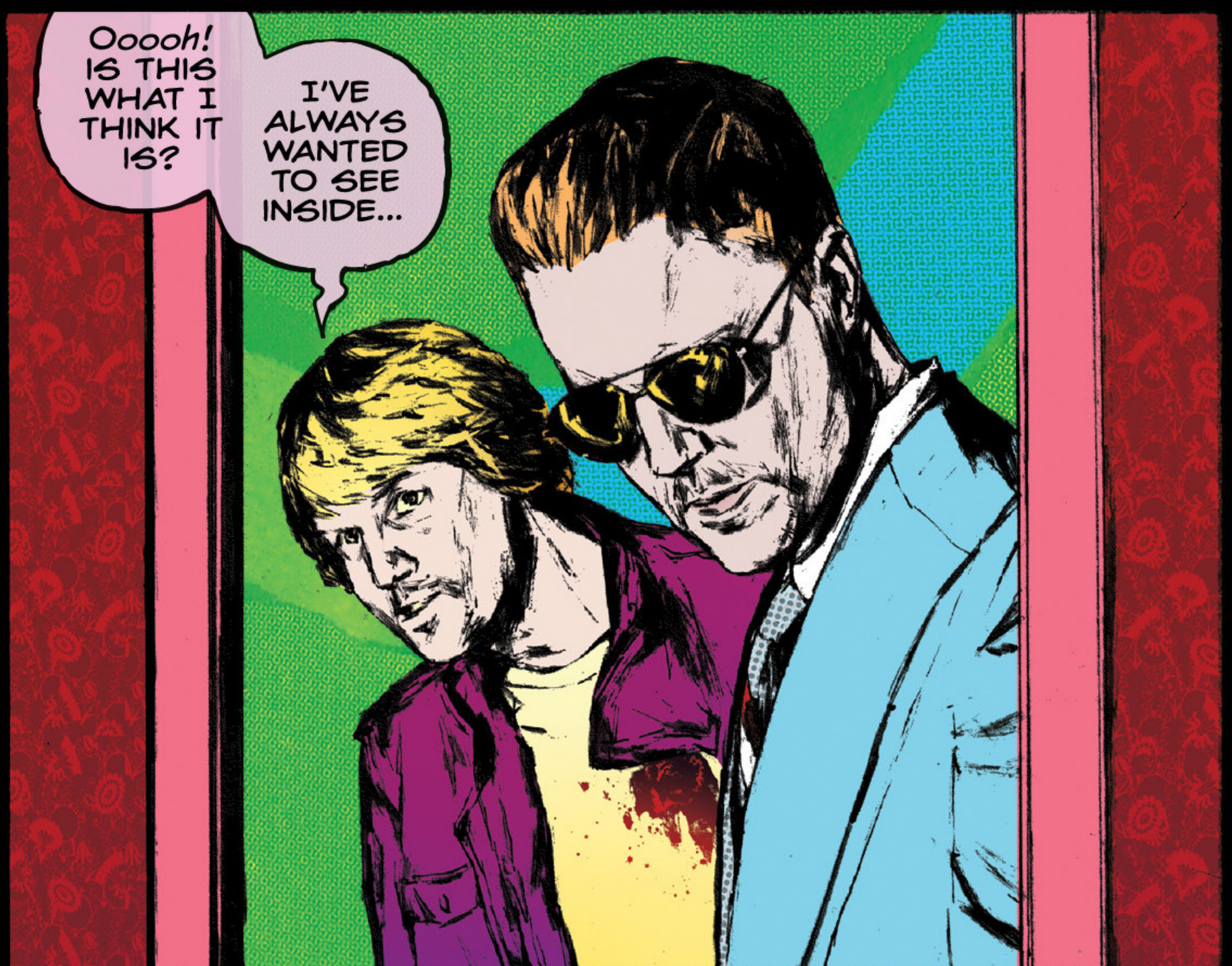


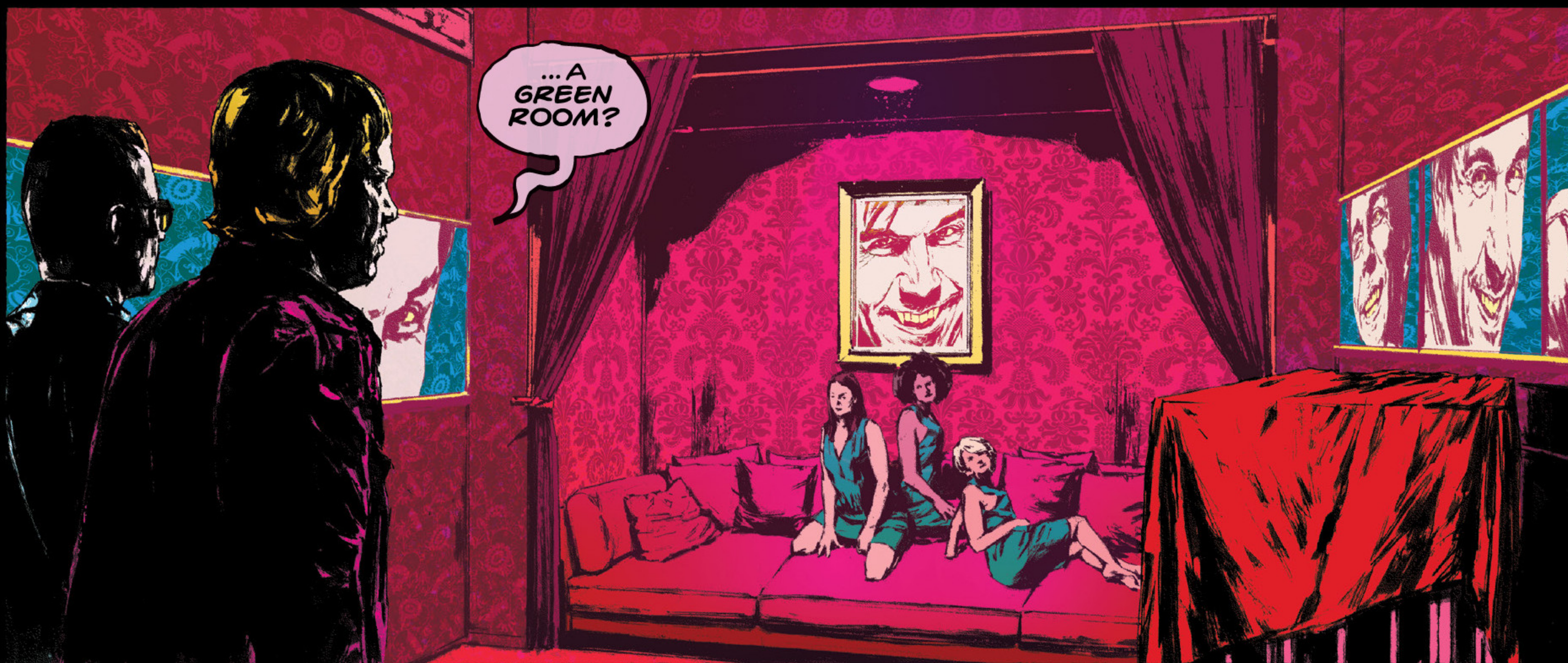
For decades, Atticus Sloane
has been turning humans
into Vampires. Referred to -
by the First Council -
as **'SIPS.'**

Now he has a month
to find all those
that he turned...

...or face **DEADLY
CONSEQUENCES.**







...A GREEN ROOM?



FLICKING SIPS. NO CLASS. MIGHT AS WELL HANG A SIGN, "HI, I'M A VAMPIRE AND THIS IS MY LAIR" ON THE DOOR.

EVERY-ONE KNOWS. WE JUST CAN'T CARE. HE WON'T LET US.

HE SAID HE WANTED TO READ MY SCRIPT.

I... WAS HIS SERVER. EVERY TIME, HE'D ASK FOR ME.



HE MAKES US LOVE HIM.



HE WAS
AUDITIONING ME...
I DON'T REMEMBER
THE PART
ANYMORE.



I KNOW
HE'S GOING
TO KILL ME--
US--
--SO WHY
CAN'T I
LEAVE?



HE'S A
VAMPIRE.
WE KEEP
OUR FOOD
CLOSE.



Oh.
YES, OF
COURSE.
YOU'RE LIKE
HIM, AREN'T
YOU?



NO.
HE'S
LESS THAN
HALF OF
WHAT I
AM.



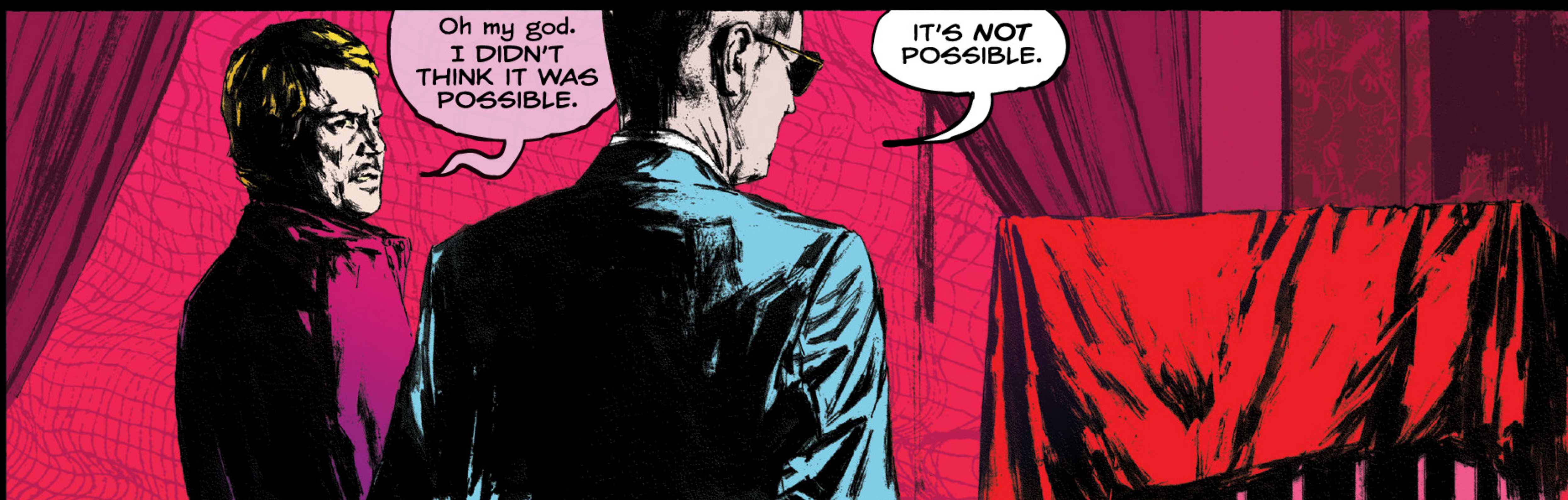
YES.
THAT'S
RIGHT.

HE CAN'T
HELP BUT
TALK. SHOWING
OFF WHILE
EVERYONE HAS
TO LISTEN.

HE'S BEEN
TRYING TO
DO WHAT
YOU DO.



HE'S BEEN TRYING TO
MAKE ANOTHER ONE
OF *HIM*. SOMEONE
WHO'LL LOVE HIM.
FOREVER.



Oh my god.
I DIDN'T
THINK IT WAS
POSSIBLE.

IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE.



SHE'S
HIS *FIFTH*
ATTEMPT.



"JENNIFER. SHE'S
A SCREENWRITER.
Was a screenwriter.
MOON WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE HER BIG BREAK.



"INSTEAD HE
TOOK A SHINE
TO HER AND
BROKE HER."



WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HER?

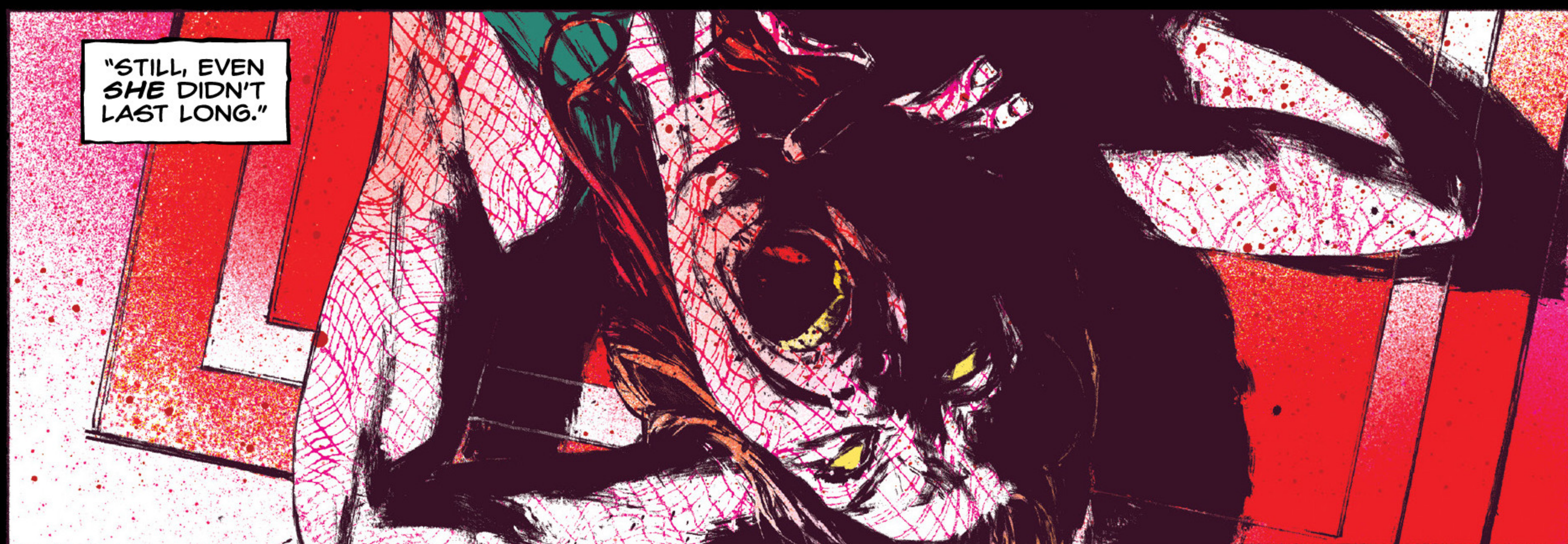
SHE'LL DIE.

They all die.



"THE LAST ONE... What was her name? Bobbi?"

"SHE FARED BETTER FOR A WHILE, HE DELIVERED HER LIKE A RATTLESNAKE IN A BOX TO SOME CRITIC WHO DEIGNED NOT TO RAVE ABOUT HIS LATEST FILM.



"STILL, EVEN *SHE* DIDN'T LAST LONG."



NONE OF US DO.



IT'S HIS BIG NIGHT
AND WE'RE WAITING IN
HIS LARDER. I PRAY
THAT HE DESIRES ONLY
MY BLOOD, AND CAN
DO WITHOUT MY...
LOVE.

I don't
want that.



TRUTH BE TOLD,
I DON'T WANT,
EITHER.

THAT'S
NOTHING TO
DO WITH ME.
I JUST CAME IN
HERE LOOKING
FOR HIM.



I FEEL HIS
INFLUENCE...

...wane...

... WHEN
I'M NEAR
YOU. I THINK
I KNOW WHY
YOU'RE
HERE...



... AND I GOT TO THINKING
WHEN YOU WALKED IN.
WHY *SHOULD* I LET
HIM HAVE ME?

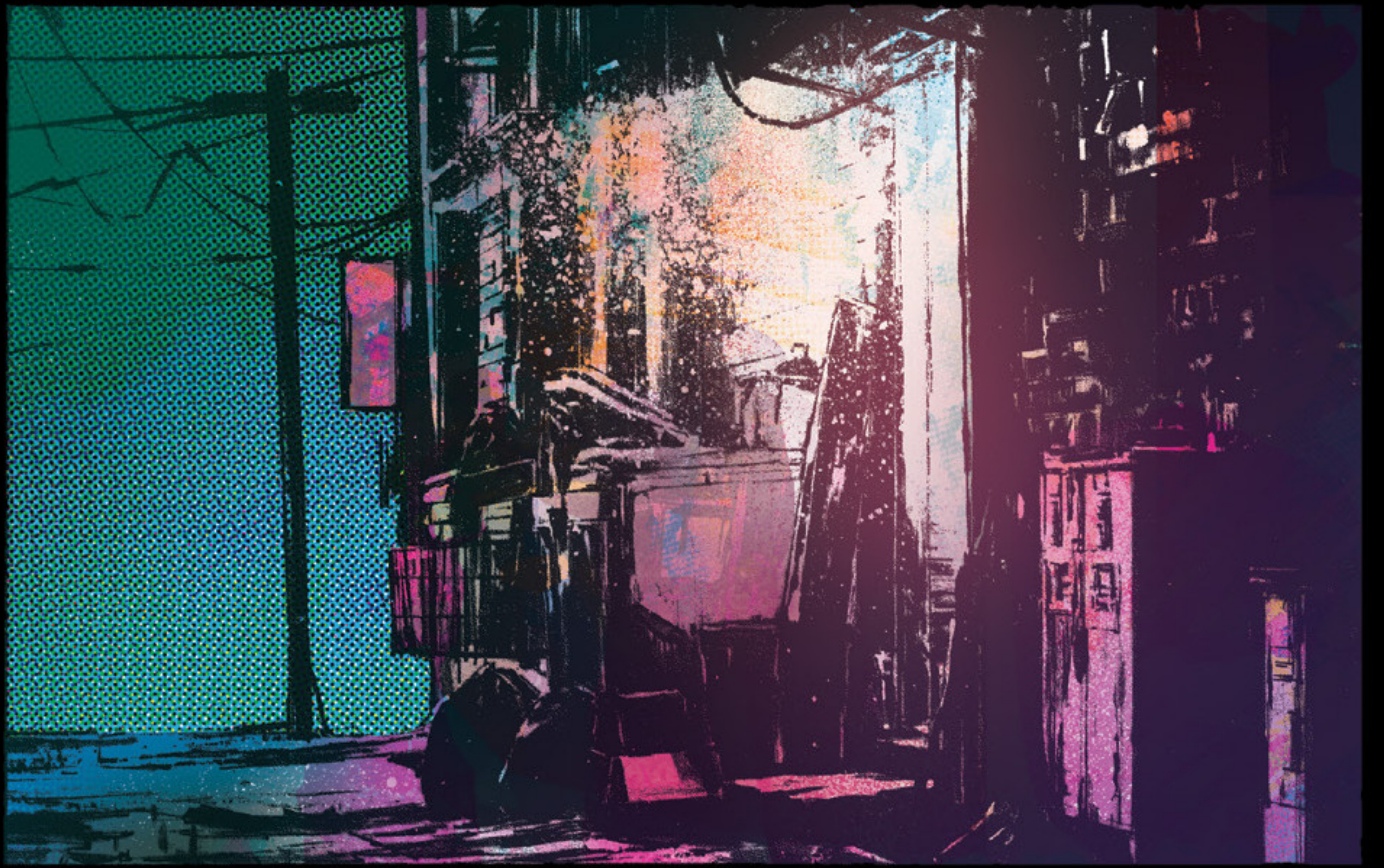
PERHAPS
WE CAN
HELP EACH
OTHER.

SO,
MR. VAMPIRE.
CAN I TEMPT
YOU?



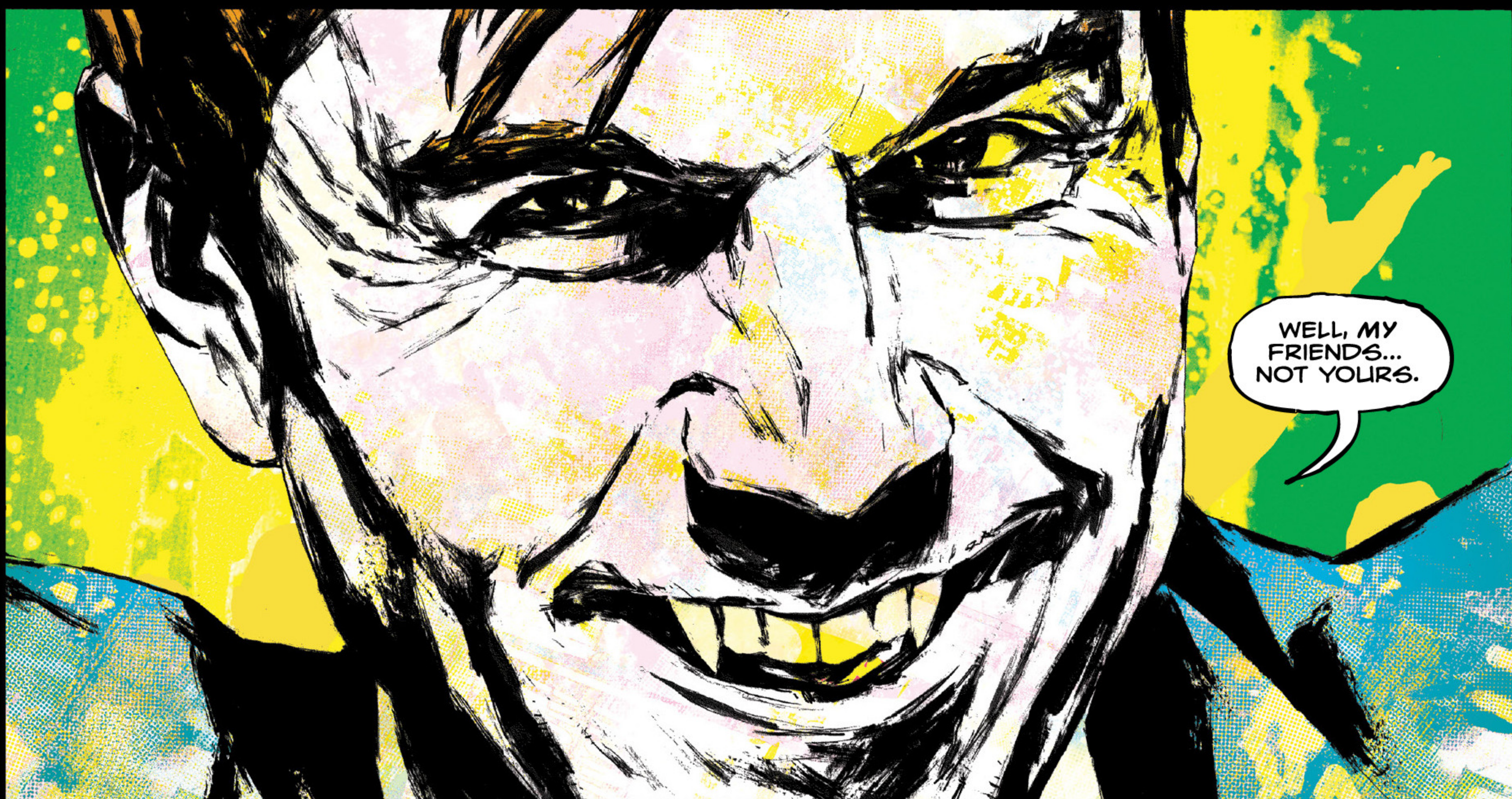
FANCY A
LITTLE...

...SIP?





...YOU'RE
AMONGST
FRIENDS.



WELL, MY
FRIENDS...
NOT YOURS.













"... REGARDLESS OF
WHATEVER MESS
THEY'VE GOT YOU
CLEANING UP."

JUST
HERE,
THANKS,
DAVE. THIS
IS THE
PLACE.



MX. STARR,
I DON'T
THINK THIS
IS A GOOD
IDEA.

THIS AIN'T
THE SORT OF
PLACE YOU OR
ANYONE WANTS
TO WANDER
AROUND IN.

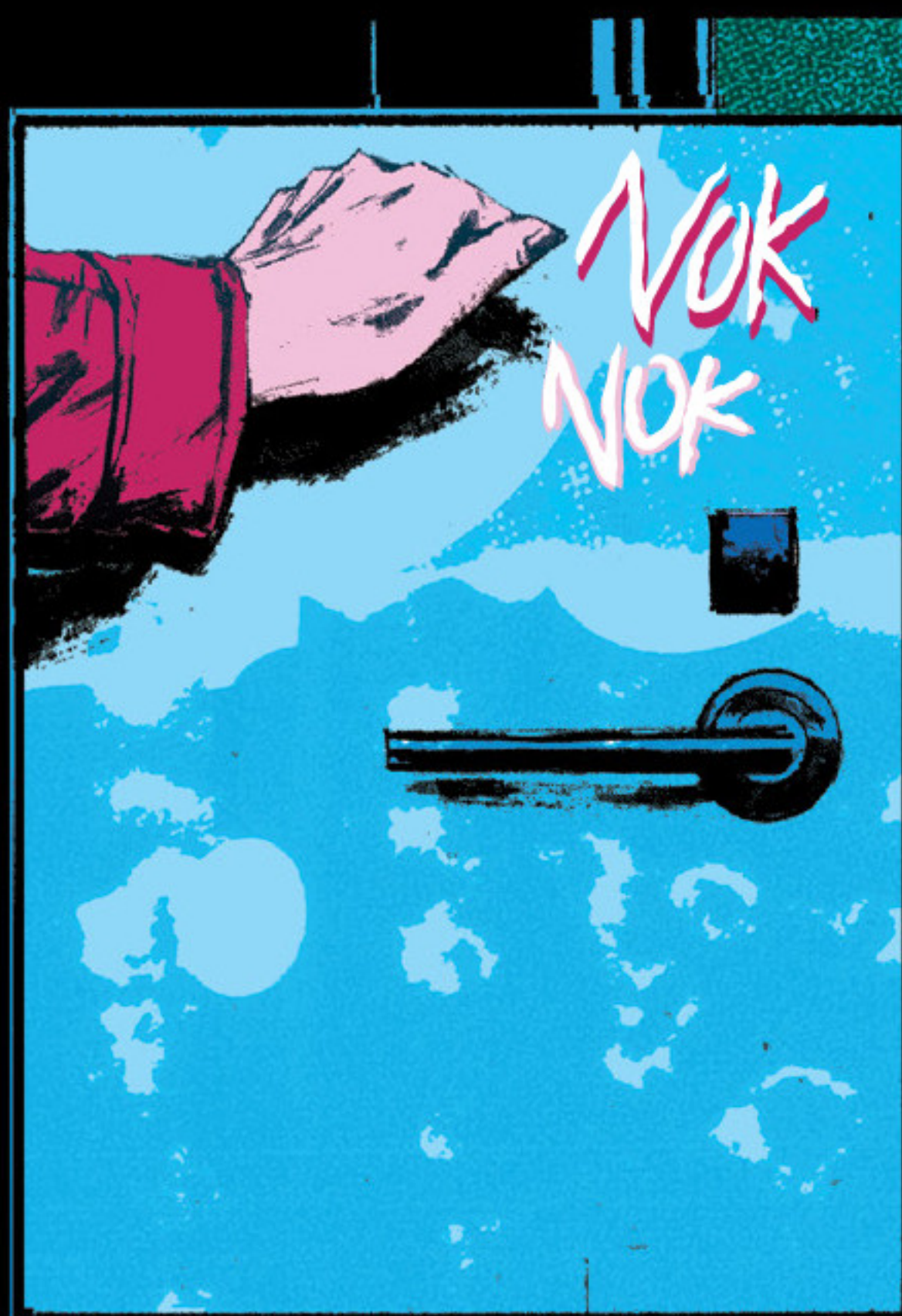


THANK
YOU, DAVE.
BUT DON'T
WORRY...

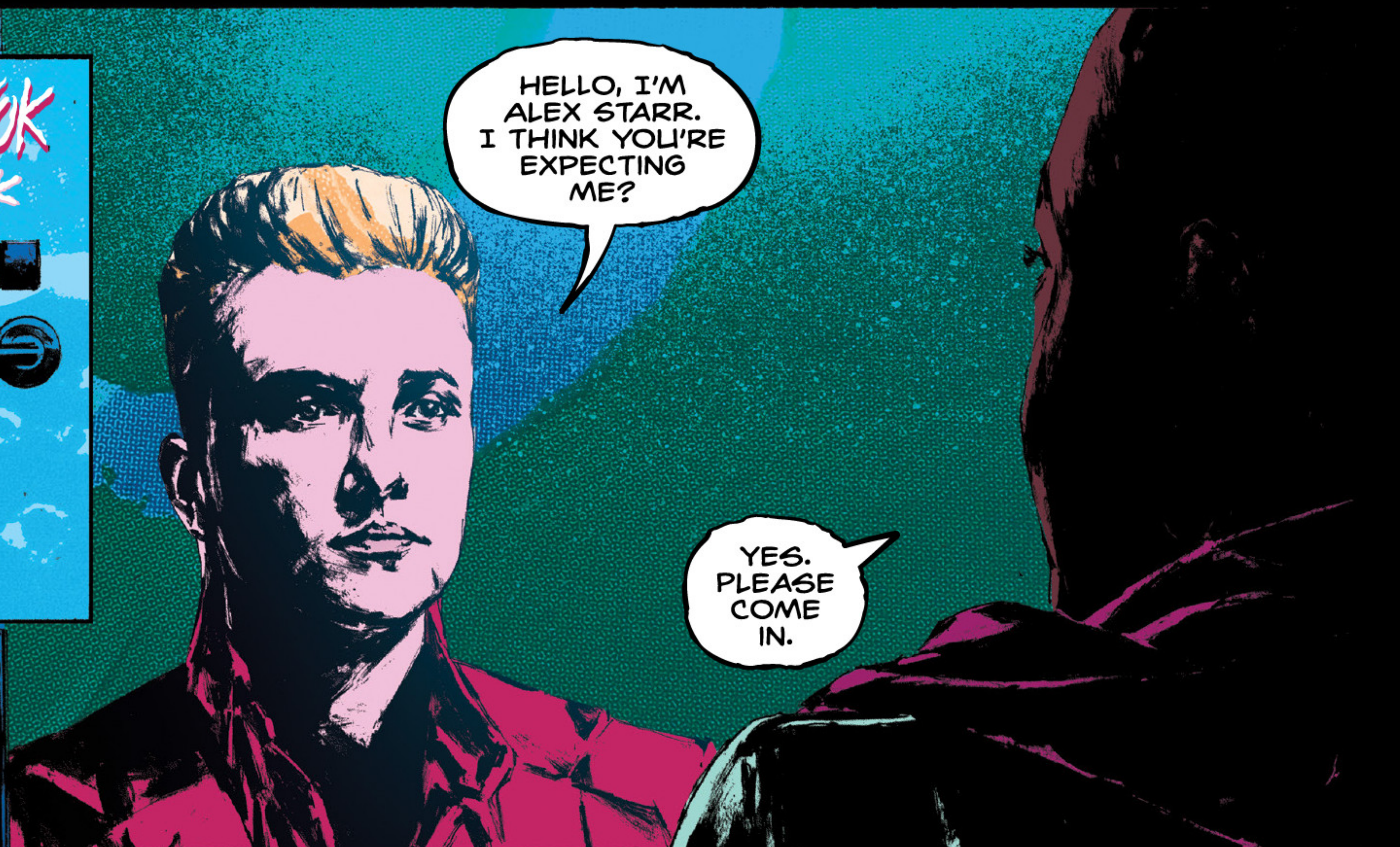


... THEY
CAN'T KILL ME
ANY WORSE
THAN THIS
CANCER.

GET
YOURSELF
HOME. I'LL
CALL IF I
NEED YOU.



NOK
NOK



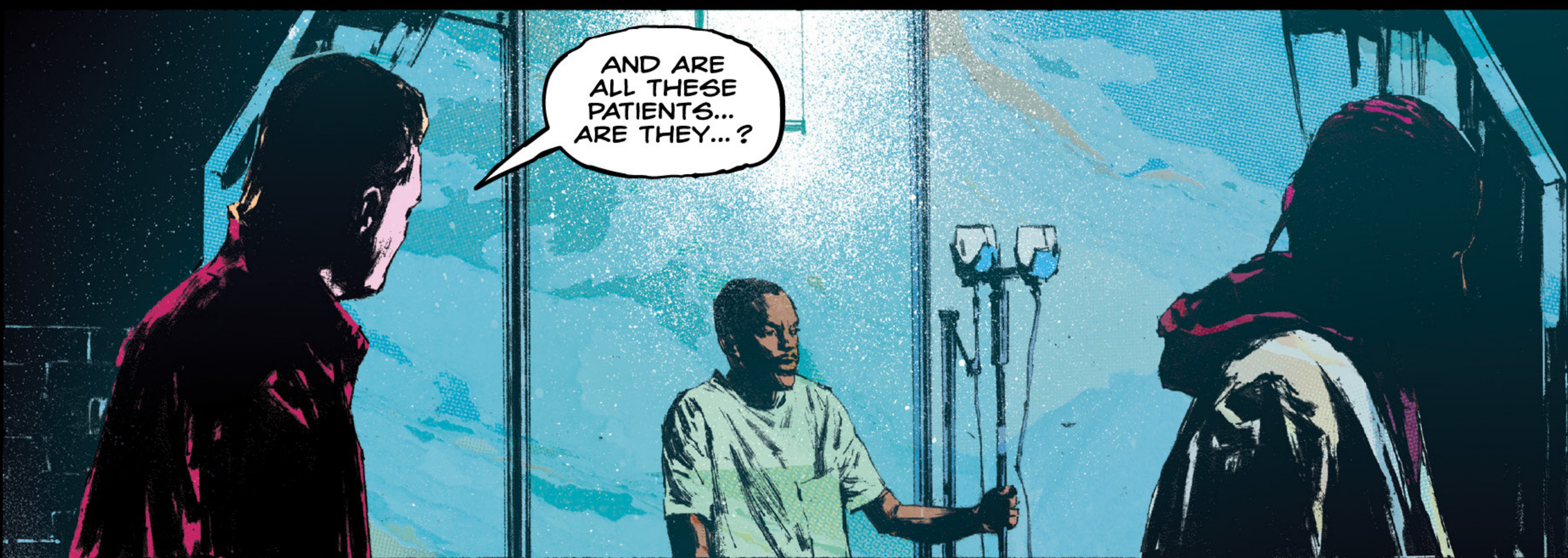
HELLO, I'M
ALEX STARR.
I THINK YOU'RE
EXPECTING
ME?

YES.
PLEASE
COME
IN.

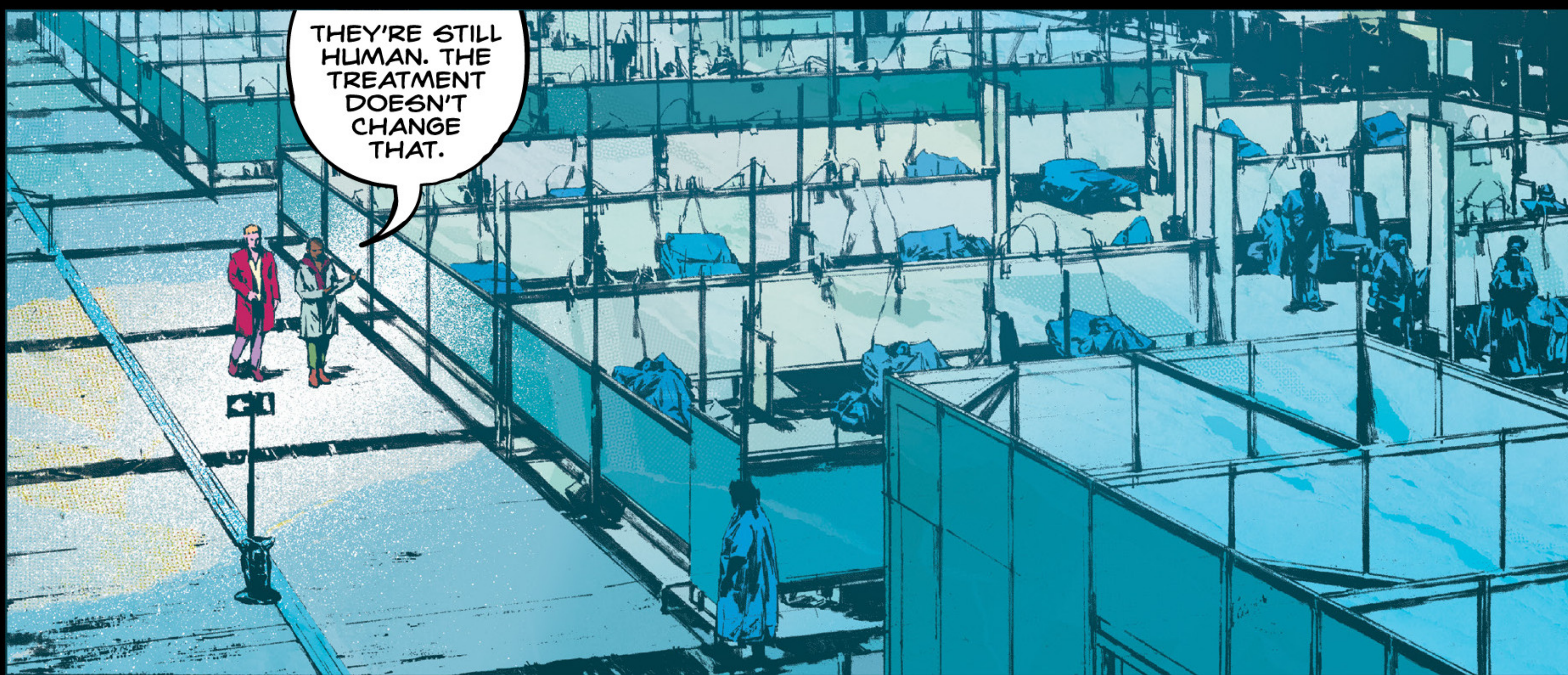


WOW. THIS IS QUITE SOMETHING.

YES, WE'RE DOING IMPORTANT WORK HERE.



AND ARE ALL THESE PATIENTS... ARE THEY... ?

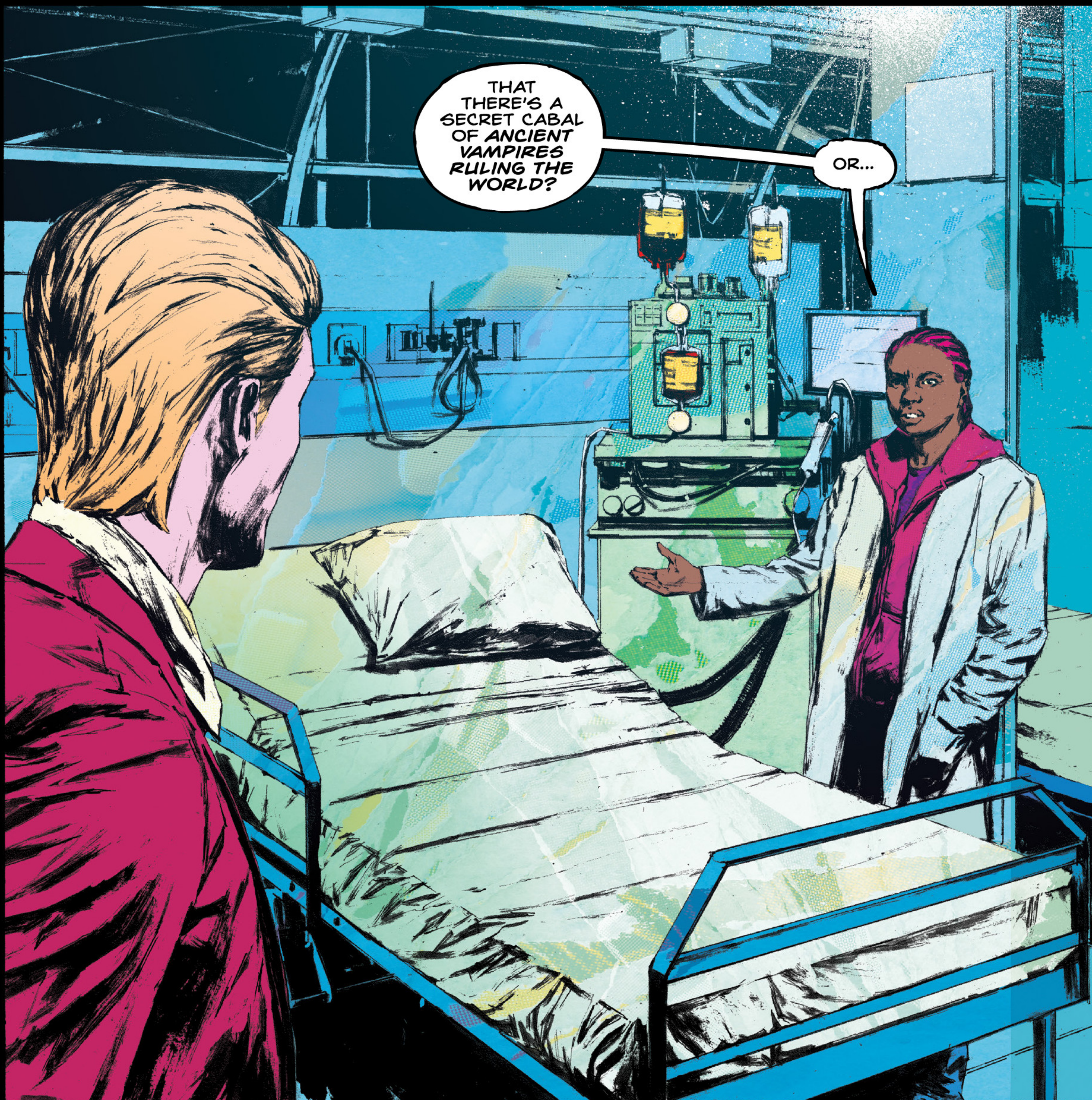


THEY'RE STILL HUMAN. THE TREATMENT DOESN'T CHANGE THAT.



IT'S... I don't quite believe it.

WHAT DON'T YOU BELIEVE?



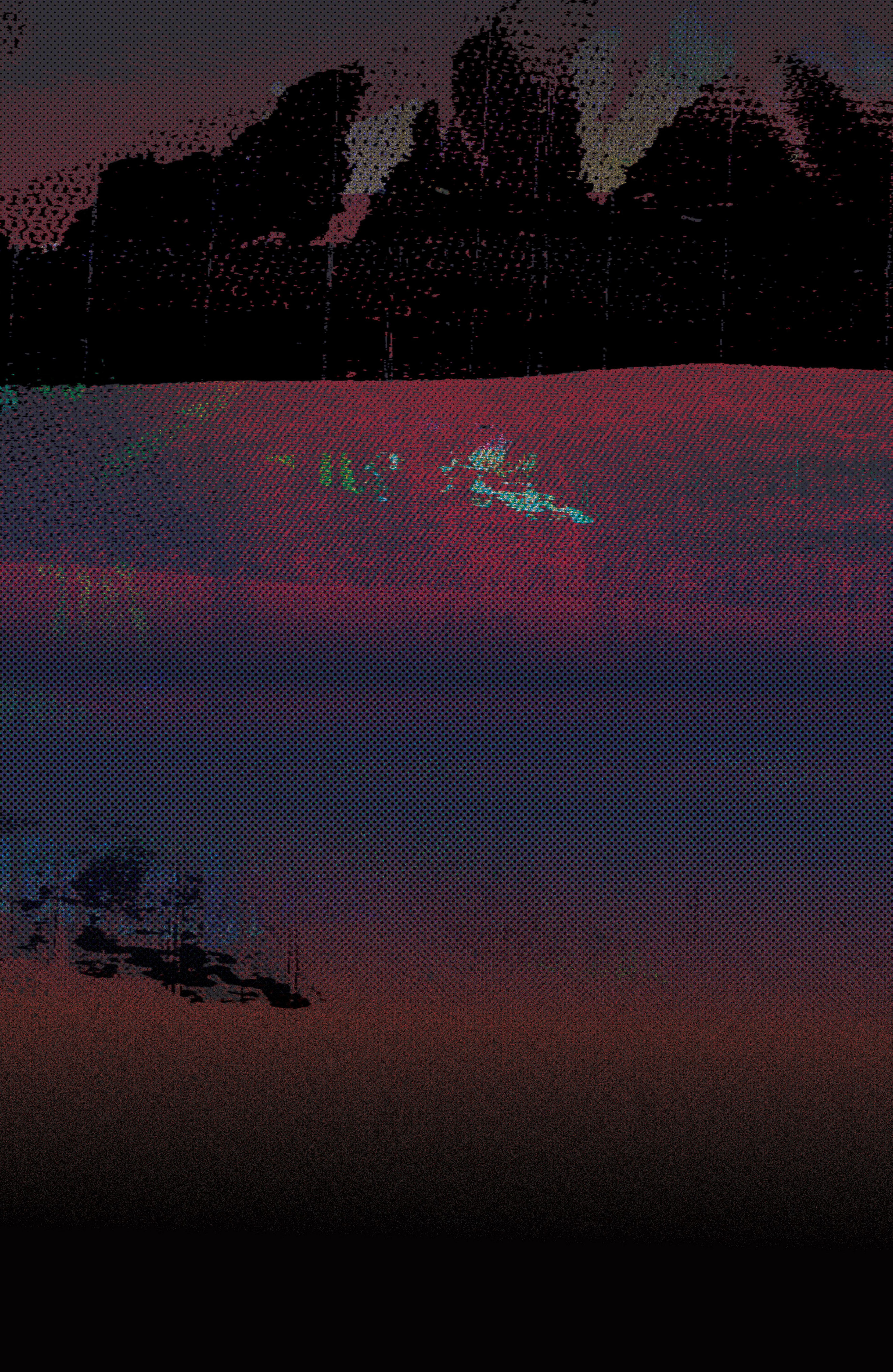
THAT
THERE'S A
SECRET CABAL
OF ANCIENT
VAMPIRES
RULING THE
WORLD?

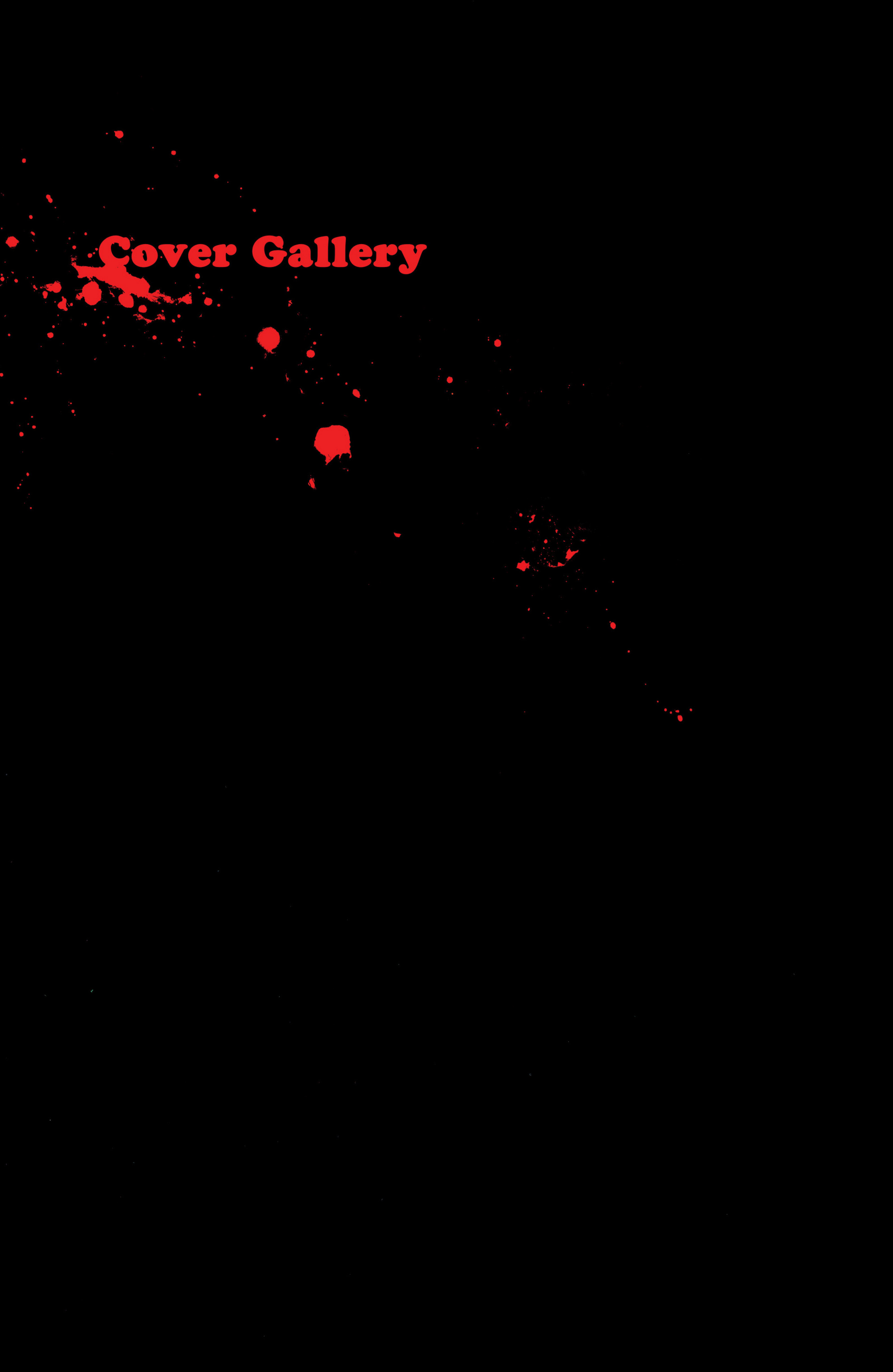
OR...



... THAT
WE'RE USING
THEIR BLOOD
TO CURE
CANCER?

TO BE
CONTINUED...





Cover Gallery





CJW

Christian Ward



Christian Ward

(CTW)



Christian Ward

CW



Christian Ward

CJW



Declan Shalvey

Declan
2021





Martin Simmonds







TM

Scott Forbes

Creator Bios



CHRISTIAN WARD

Christian is a multi-Eisner-winning comic book artist and writer. As an artist he is best known for his cosmic space operas *ODY-C* with Matt Fraction and *Invisible Kingdom* with G Willow Wilson. He's also the artist on the *Aquaman: Andromeda* and previously worked on *Black Bolt* as well contributing art to both *Thor* and *Batman*. In 2019 he released his first book as a writer, *Machine Gun Wizards* co-created with Sami Kivelä. Ward currently lives in Shrewsbury with his two daughters, his wife Catherine and his pug named Thor.



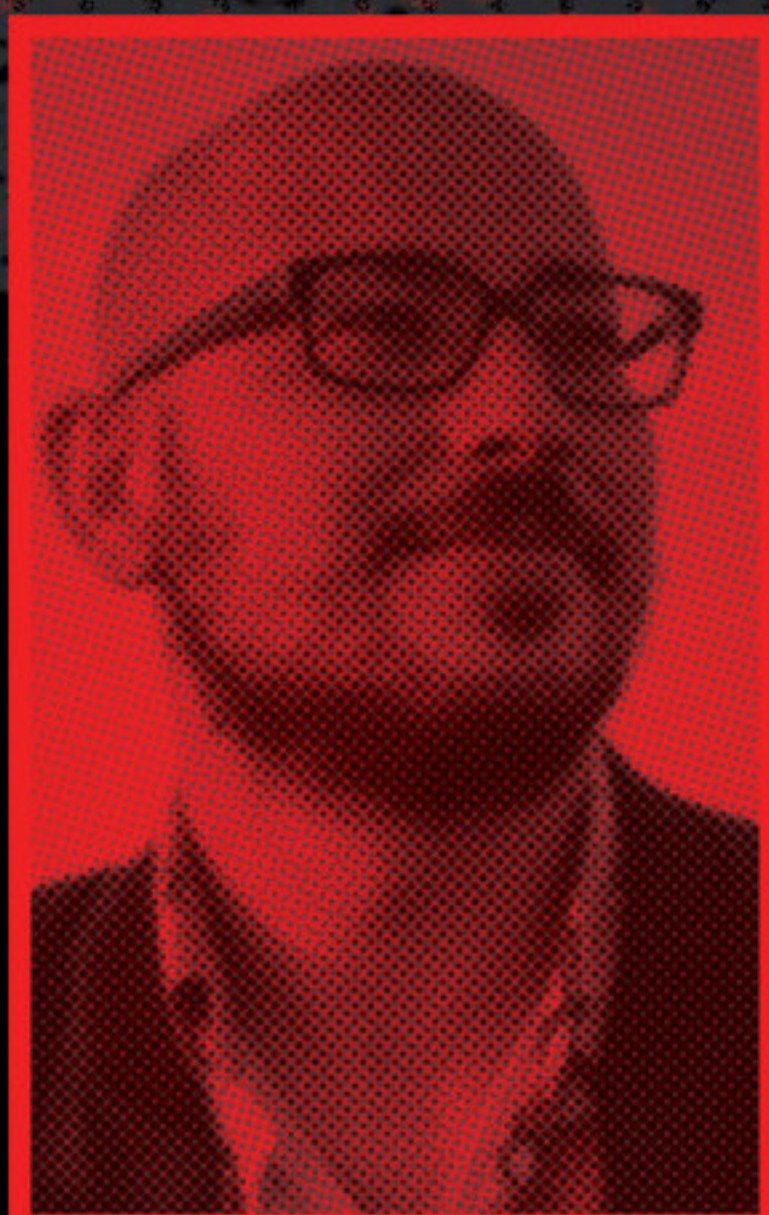
PATRIC REYNOLDS

Patric left his former life as a Las Vegas high school teacher with a house, a pension, and a new Toyota to go learn how to become a comic book artist. Since 2009, he has worked on several Dark Horse comics including *Aliens*, *Firefly* and several "Mignolaverse" titles. More recently he's worked with *Halt and Catch Fire* creator Christopher Cantwell on *The Mask* and Rodney Barnes and Jason Shawn Alexander on *Nita Hawes' Nightmare Blog*. *Blood Stained Teeth* is his first creator-owned comic. He now lives in Portland, Oregon with a sofa unit, Medicaid, and a bus pass. He couldn't be happier.



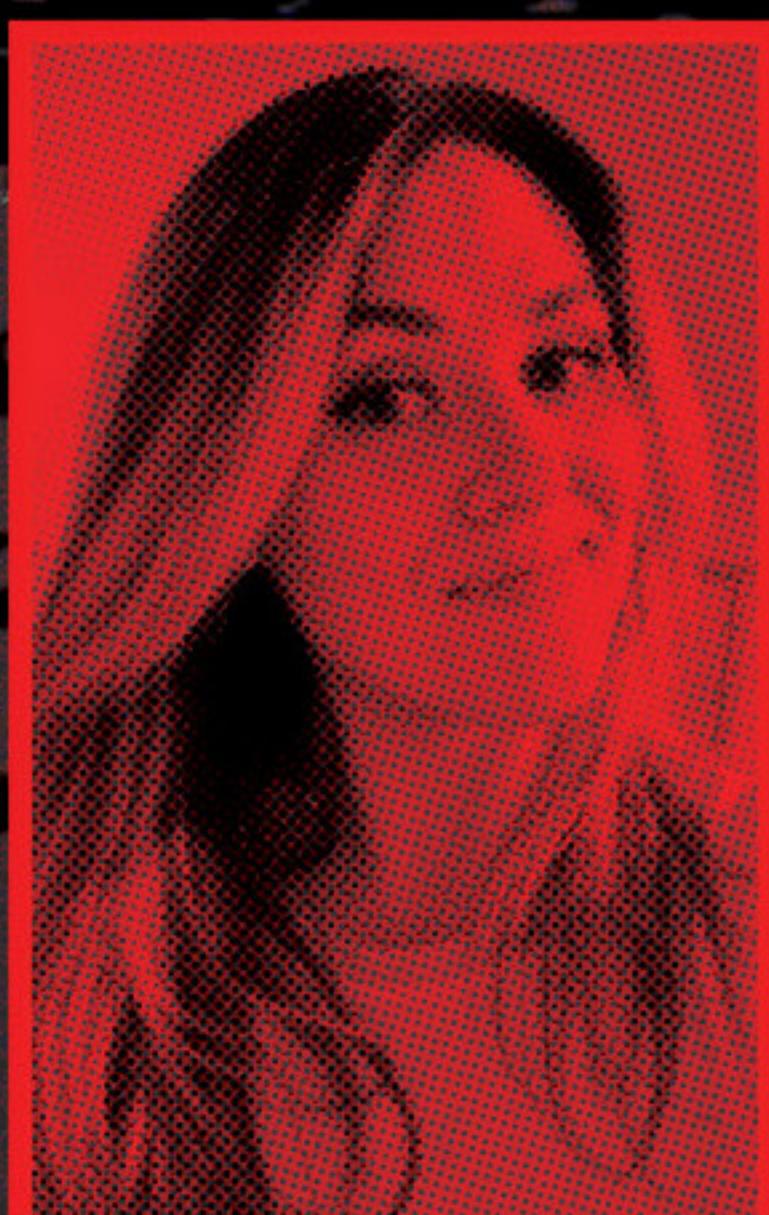
HEATHER MOORE

Heather is a colorist whose work with Image Comics includes *The New World* and *Lost Soldiers*.



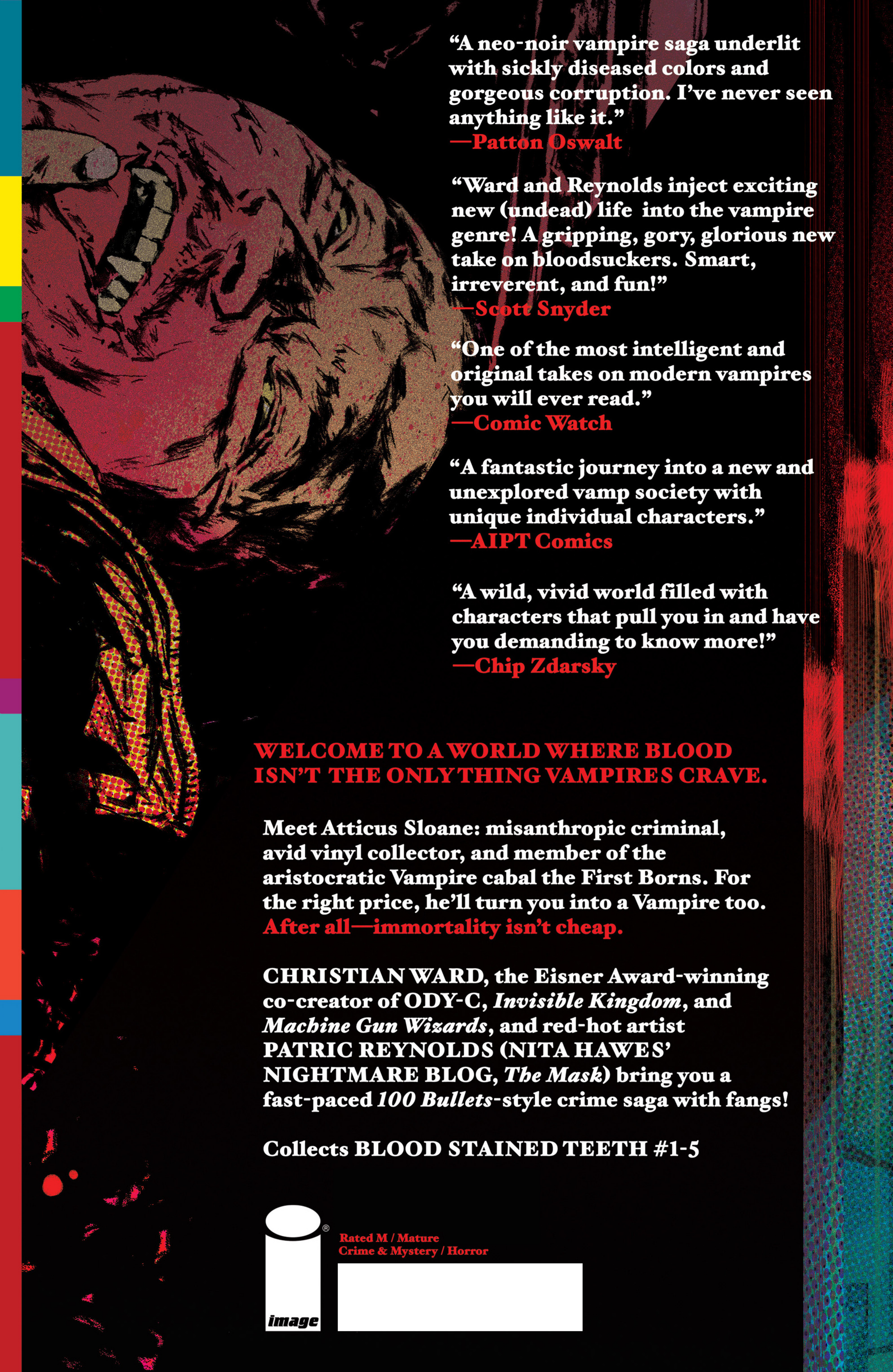
HASSAN OTSMANE-ELHAOU

Hassan is a British/Algerian letterer who has worked on comics like *What's the Furthest Place From Here?*, *Poison Ivy*, *Bloodshot* and many more. He's also the editor of the Eisner Award-winning *PanelxPanel* magazine, and voice of *Strip Panel Naked*.



HEATHER ANTOS

Heather is an award-winning comic book editor and writer most known for her work on *Marvel's Star Wars* and *Deadpool* lines, as well as one of the co-creators of *Gwenpool*. Now, you can find her editing various titles at Image Comics, IDW, and more!



“A neo-noir vampire saga underlit with sickly diseased colors and gorgeous corruption. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

—Patton Oswalt

“Ward and Reynolds inject exciting new (undead) life into the vampire genre! A gripping, gory, glorious new take on bloodsuckers. Smart, irreverent, and fun!”

—Scott Snyder

“One of the most intelligent and original takes on modern vampires you will ever read.”

—Comic Watch

“A fantastic journey into a new and unexplored vamp society with unique individual characters.”

—AIPT Comics

“A wild, vivid world filled with characters that pull you in and have you demanding to know more!”

—Chip Zdarsky

**WELCOME TO A WORLD WHERE BLOOD
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Meet Atticus Sloane: misanthropic criminal, avid vinyl collector, and member of the aristocratic Vampire cabal the First Borns. For the right price, he'll turn you into a Vampire too. After all—immortality isn't cheap.

CHRISTIAN WARD, the Eisner Award-winning co-creator of ODY-C, *Invisible Kingdom*, and *Machine Gun Wizards*, and red-hot artist PATRIC REYNOLDS (NITA HAWES' NIGHTMARE BLOG, *The Mask*) bring you a fast-paced *100 Bullets*-style crime saga with fangs!

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